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WIT AND WISDOM

OF

E. BULWER-LYTTON,

COMPILED BY

C. L. BONNEY.

NEW YORK:
JOHN B. ALDEN, PUBLISHER.
1885.

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BY
JOHN B. ALDEN

TROW'S
PRINTING AND BOOKBINDING COMPANY,
NEW YORK.

Tappan Presb. Church
11-20-1931

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BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

EDWARD GEORGE EARLE LYTTON BULWER was born in May, 1805, and died in London, January 18, 1873. He was the youngest son of General Bulwer of Haydon Hall and Wood Dalling, Norfolk, of an ancient family of Norman origin, whose wife, Elizabeth Barbara Lytton, was sole heiress of the Knebworth estate. General Bulwer died when his son Edward was a child, and he was brought up by his mother. Upon her death, in 1844, he succeeded to the Knebworth estate, and by royal licence exchanged the surname of Bulwer for that of Bulwer-Lytton.

He was instructed by private tutors, then entered Trinity Hall, Cambridge, where he graduated in 1826, having in the previous year gained the Chancellor's prize for English versification by a poem on "Sculpture."

In 1827 Bulwer married Rosina, a daughter of Mr. Francis Wheeler of Limerick. The marriage proved a most unhappy one, and a separation occurred in 1836. At the hustings at Hertford in 1858, Lady Bulwer appeared, and followed her husband's speeches of thanks for his election, by a violent harangue against him, in consequence of which she was for a short time confined in a lunatic asylum. She was a writer of several novels, and a number of her publications were reflections upon her husband and his family. Bulwer's only son, Edward Robert Bulwer Lytton (now Earl of Lytton), is an author of note, and has been intrusted with several important political missions. He has written largely under the *nom-de-plume* of "Owen Meredith."

In 1831 Mr. Bulwer was returned to the House of Commons for the small borough of St. Ives, joining the ranks of the Reformers. When this borough in 1832 was deprived of its representation by the Reform Bill, Bulwer was elected by the city of Lincoln which he represented until 1841. His prominent achievements at this period were his speeches on the copyright question, and his efforts to free newspapers from the stamp duties. He published in 1835 a political pamphlet entitled "The Crisis," which was serviceable to the Whigs, and ran through seven editions. In 1838 Bulwer was created a baronet. In June, 1841, and again in July, 1847, he was defeated by the conservative candi-

dates for the borough of Lincoln. In the general election of 1852 he reëntered Parliament for the county of Herts, as a Conservative, and supporter of the Earl of Derby. Here he made a number of effective speeches, and became a leader of the party. He supported in 1855 the repeal of the stamp duty on newspapers, in opposition to most of his associates. In 1857 at the general election, he was again returned as a member for Herts. In June, 1858, he became a member of the Derby Cabinet as successor to Lord Stanley in the office of Secretary of State for the Colonies, resigning this position in June, 1859. On July 14, 1866, he was raised to the peerage as Baron Lytton.

The following is a chronological list of his principal works, many of which have been translated into various languages, and are now accessible in a uniform edition.

Weeds and Wild Flowers		1826
O'Neil, or the Rebel. A Poem		1827
Falkland. His first Novel		1828
Pelham		1828
The Disowned		
Devereux		1829
Paul Clifford		1830
The Siamese Twins. A Satirical Poem.		1831
Eugene Aram		1832
England and the English		1833
The Last Days of Pompeii		1834
The Pilgrims of the Rhine		
The Student.		
Rienzi, The Last of the Tribunes		1835
The Duchess de La Vallière	Dramas	1836
The Lady of Lyons		
Richelieu		
Money. A Comedy		
Athens, its Rise and Fall.		1837
Ernest Maltravers		1838
Alice, or The Mysteries		
Leila, or The Siege of Granada		1840
Night and Morning		1841
Zanoni		1842
The Last of the Barons		1843
The Confessions of a Water Patient		1845
Lucretia, or The Children of the Night		1846
A Word to the Public.		
The New Timon. A Poetical Romance		1846

King Arthur. An Epic Harold, the Last of the Saxon Kings	1848
The Caxtons	1850
A Letter to John Bull	1851
My Novel	1851
Not so Bad as We Seem. A Comedy	1852
Political and Dramatic Works, 5 vols	1852–54
What Will He Do With It	1860
A Strange Story	1861
Caxtoniana (Essays)	1865
The Odes and Epodes of Horace (Metrical Translation)	1869
The Lost Tales of Miletus	1870
The Coming Race	1872
The Parisians Kenelm Chillingly	1873
Pausanias, the Spartan (unfinished.)	1875

Bulwer seems singularly free from the mean and petty jealousy which characterizes many men of letters, speaking of other authors with kindness and admiration. And notwithstanding adverse and unjust criticism, he is undeniably, if not the greatest one of the greatest novelists, not only of the age, but of the world. His works show a vast knowledge of human character, and marvellous skill in portraying it. Far from being an immoral writer as some of his enemies have alleged, he is entitled to rank as a true moralist: presenting vice not to entice or allure, but to warn, to deepen the horror of guilt and the dread of its consequences, and not in a single instance attempting to create for the criminals any interest save that of horror for their crimes.

I may not offer perhaps a better defence of the illustrious author's sincere and lofty purpose, than to quote from his essay entitled "A Word to the Public," the following:

"It is not given to all to have genius—it is given to all to have honesty of purpose; an ordinary writer may have this in common with the greatest—that he may compose his works with sincere and distinct views of promoting truth and administering to knowledge. I claim this intention fearlessly for myself. And if, contrary to my most solemn wishes, and my most thoughtful designs, any one of my writings can be shown, by dispassionate argument, to convey lessons tending to pervert the understanding and confound the eternal distinction between right and wrong, I will do my best to correct the error, by stamping on it my own condemnation, and omitting it from the list of those it does not shame me to acknowledge.

Every reader, who has honored my books with some attention, must long since have recognized in their very imperfections as works of art the favorite and peculiar studies of their author; some, especially, of the companions of my youth, must often have traced to those inquiries, which we pursued to-

gether through the labyrinth of metaphysics, and amid the ingenious speculations of writers who have sought by the analysis of our ideas to arrive at the springs of our manifold varieties in conduct, that over-indulgence of moralizing deductions, and those often tedious attempts to explain the workings of mind, which have weakened the effect of my characters, and interrupted the progress of my plots. But no man can have made the study of the great investigators of human conduct his passion and his habit, and ever consciously and wilfully meditate a work at variance with morality;—more likely is it that he will err in the opposite extreme, and undertake no work, however light, without a purpose too sharply definite. Even in the object on which he is most intent, it is true that he may err,—gravest moralists, the wisest divines, have so erred; human judgment cannot be infallible:

'Tacere
Tutum semper erit.'—

'if one would be safe, one has no resource but to be silent.' But an error of this kind is one only of mistaken, yet honest intention, and may surely be exposed, without heated invectives and calumnious personalities."

CALLIE L. BONNEY.

CHICAGO, *Jan.* 1885.

WIT AND WISDOM OF BULWER.

ZANONI.

LEADING CHARACTERS.

ZANONI, a type of eternal youth.
MEJNOUR, a type of eternal age.
VIOLA PISANI, prima donna of Naples, and later, wife of Zanoni.
CLARENCE GLYNDON, a young Englishman of fortune.
THOMAS MERVALE, friend to Glyndon.
JEAN NICOT, an infidel French painter, most unscrupulous.
PRINCE DI ——, a dissolute nobleman, "capable of every crime."
FILLIDE, Italian peasant girl.
MAXIMILIEN ROBESPIERRE.

THE Dedicatory Epistle of "Zanoni," which is addressed by Bulwer, to his sculptor friend, John Gibson, R.A., concludes as follows:—

"I, Artist in words, dedicate, then, to you, Artist, whose ideas speak in marble, this well-loved work of my matured manhood. I love it not the less because it has been little understood and superficially judged by the common herd: it was not meant for them. I love it not the more because it has found enthusiastic favorers amongst the Few. My affection for my work is rooted in the solemn and pure delight which it gave me to conceive and to perform. If I had graven it on the rocks of a desert, this apparition of my own innermost mind, in its least clouded moments, would have been to me as dear: And this ought, I believe, to be the sentiment with which he whose Art is born of faith in the truth and beauty of the principles he seeks to illustrate, should regard his work. Your serener existence, uniform and holy, my lot denies—if my heart covets. But our true nature is in our thoughts, not our deeds: And therefore, in Books—which *are* his Thoughts—the Author's character lies bare to the discerning eye. It is not in the life of cities—in the turmoil and the crowd; it is in the still, the lonely, and more sacred life, which for some hours, under every sun, the

student lives—(his stolen retreat from the Agora to the Cave), that I feel there is between us the bond of that secret sympathy, that magnetic chain—which unites the Everlasting Brotherhood, of whose being Zanoni is the type."

WHAT IT IS TO DIE.

Up from the earth he rose—he hovered over her—a thing not of matter—an IDEA of joy and light! Behind, Heaven opened, deep after deep; and the Hosts of Beauty were seen, rank upon rank afar; and "Welcome!" in a myriad melodies, broke from your choral multitude, ye People of the Skies—"Welcome! O purified by sacrifice, and immortal only through the grave—this it is to die." And radiant amid the radiant, the IMAGE stretched forth its arms, and murmured to the sleeper: "Companion of Eternity!—*this* it is to die!"—*Book VII. Chap.* 17.

STRUGGLE FOR THE LIGHT.

Said the cavalier, turning back, and gently laying his hand on hers—"And perhaps, before we meet, you may have suffered;—known the first sharp griefs of human life;—known how little what fame can gain, repays what the heart can lose; but be brave and yield not—not even to what may seem the piety of sorrow. Observe yon tree in your neighbor's garden. Look how it grows up, crooked and distorted. Some wind scattered the germ, from which it sprung, in the clefts of the rock; choked up and walled round by crags and buildings, by nature and man, its life has been one struggle for the light;—light which makes to that life, the necessity and the principle: you see how it has writhed and twisted—how, meeting the barrier in one spot, it has labored and worked, stem and branches, towards the clear skies at last. What has preserved it through each disfavor of birth and circumstances—why are its leaves as green and fair as those of the vine behind you, which, with all its arms, can embrace the open sunshine? My child, because of the very instinct that impelled the struggle—because the labor for the light won to the light at length. So with a gallant heart, through every adverse accident of sorrow, and of fate, to turn to the sun, to strive for the heaven; this it is that gives knowledge to the strong, and happiness to the weak. Ere we meet again, you will turn sad and heavy eyes to those quiet boughs, and when you hear the birds sing from them, and see the sunshine come aslant from crag and house-top to be the playfellow of their leaves, learn the lesson that Nature teaches you, and strive through darkness to the light!"—*Zanoni to Viola: Book I. Chap.* 4.

DEATH DIVIDES NOT THE WISE.

You observe those two men seated together, conversing earnestly. Years long have flown away since they met last—at least, bodily, and face to face. But if they are sages, thought can meet thought, and spirit spirit, though oceans divide the forms. Death itself divides not the wise. Thou meetest Plato when thine eyes moisten over the Phædo. May Homer live with all men forever!—*Book I. Chap.* 5.

WISDOM CONTEMPLATING MANKIND.

Wisdom contemplating mankind leads but to the two results —compassion or disdain. He who believes in other worlds can accustom himself to look on this as the naturalist on the revolutions of an ant-hill, or of a leaf. What is the Earth to Infinity —what its duration to the Eternal? Oh, how much greater is the soul of one man than the vicissitudes of the whole globe! Child of heaven, and heir of Immortality, how far from one star hereafter wilt thou look back on the ant-hill and its commotions, from Clovis to Robespierre, from Noah to the Final Fire. The spirit that can contemplate, that lives only in the intellect, can ascend to its star, even from the midst of the burial-ground called Earth, and while the sarcophagus called Life immures in its clay the Everlasting!—*Book I. Chap.* 5.

WRECKS OF WHAT MAKES LIFE GLORIOUS.

Broken instrument—broken heart—withered laurel-wreath!—the setting sun through the vine-clad lattice streamed on all! So smiles the eternal Nature on the wrecks of all that makes life glorious! And not a sun that sets not somewhere on the silenced music—on the faded laurel!—*On the death of Pisani: Book I. Chap.* 9.

TENDENCY TO BELIEVE.

Of all the weaknesses which little men rail against, there is none that they are more apt to ridicule than the tendency to believe. And of all the signs of a corrupt heart and a feeble head, the tendency of incredulity is the surest.

Real philosophy seeks rather to solve than to deny. While we hear, every day, the small pretenders to science talk of the absurdities of Alchemy and the dream of the Philosopher's Stone, a more erudite knowledge is aware that by Alchemists the greatest discoveries in science have been made, and much which still seems abstruse, had we the key to the mystic phraseology they were compelled to adopt, might open the way to yet more noble acquisitions.—*Book II. Chap.* 6

THE IDEAL AND FAITH.

Oh, when shall men learn, at last, that if the Great Religion inculcates so rigidly the necessity of FAITH, it is not alone that FAITH leads to the world to be; but that without faith there is no excellence in this—faith is something wiser, happier, diviner, than we see on earth!—the Artist calls it the Ideal—the Priest Faith. The Ideal and Faith are one and the same. Return, O wanderer! return. Feel what beauty and holiness dwelt in the Customary and the Old. Back to thy gateway glide, thou Horror! and calm, on the child-like heart, smile again, O azure Heaven, with thy night and thy morning star but as one, though under its double name of Memory and Hope!—*Book VII. Chap.* 9.

PRACTICE SQUARING WITH PRECEPT.

"If it were necessary that practice square with precept," said Zanoni, with a bitter smile, "our monitors would be but few. The conduct of the individual can affect but a small circle beyond himself; the permanent good or evil that he works to others lies rather in the sentiments he can diffuse. His acts are limited and momentary; his sentiments may pervade the universe, and inspire generations till the day of doom. All our virtues, all our laws, are drawn from books and maxims, which *are* sentiments, not from deeds. In conduct, Julian had the virtues of a Christian, and Constantine the vices of a Pagan. The sentiments of Julian reconverted thousands to Paganism; those of Constantine helped, under Heaven's will, to bow to Christianity the nations of the earth. In conduct, the humblest fisherman on yonder sea, who believes in the miracles of San Gennaro, may be a better man than Luther; to the sentiments of Luther the mind of modern Europe is indebted for the noblest revolutions it has known. Our opinions, young Englishman, are the angel part of us; our acts, the earthly."—*Zanoni to Glyndon: Book II. Chap.* 5.

THE GRANDER ART.

See you not that The Grander Art, whether of poet or of painter, ever seeking for the TRUE, abhors the REAL; that you must seize Nature as her master, not lackey her as her slave? You demand mastery over the past, a conception of the future. Has not the Art that is truly noble, for its domain the Future and the Past? You would conjure the invisible beings to your charm: and what is painting but the fixing into substance the Invisible? Are you discontented with this world? This world was never meant for genius! To exist, it must create another.

What magician can do more; nay, what science can do as much? There are two avenues from the little passions and the drear calamities of earth; both lead to heaven, and away from hell—Art and Science. But Art is more god-like than science; science discovers, art creates. You have faculties that may command art; be contented with your lot. The astronomer who catalogues the stars cannot add one atom to the universe; the poet can call a universe from the atom; the chemist may heal with his drugs the infirmities of the human form; the painter, or the sculptor, fixes into everlasting youth forms divine, which no disease can ravage, and no years impair.—*Zanoni to Glyndon: Book II. Chap.* 7.

FAITH IN WHAT IS SELF-SACRIFICING.

You must have a feeling—a faith in whatever is self-sacrificing and divine—whether in religion or in art, in glory or in love—or Common-sense will reason you out of the sacrifice, and a syllogism will debase the Divine to an article in the market.—*Book II. Chap.* 9.

FAITH THE BEAUTY OF THE SOUL.

"I feel so assured that my very being is become a part of thee, that I cannot believe that my life can be separated from thine; and in this conviction I repose, and smile even at thy words and my own fears. Thou art fond of one maxim, which thou repeatest in a thousand forms—that the beauty of the soul is faith—that as ideal loveliness to the sculptor, faith is to the heart—that faith, rightly understood, extends over all the works of the Creator, whom we can know but through belief—that it embraces a tranquil confidence in ourselves, and a serene repose as to our future—that it is the moon-light that sways the tides of the human sea. That faith I comprehend now. I reject all doubt—all fear. I know that I have inextricably linked the whole that makes the inner life to thee: and thou canst not tear me from thee, if thou wouldst! And this change from struggle into calm came to me with sleep—a sleep without a dream; but when I woke, it was with a mysterious sense of happiness—an indistinct memory of something blessed—as if thou hadst cast from afar off a smile upon my slumber. At night I was so sad; not a blossom that had not closed itself up as if never more to open to the sun; and the night itself, in the heart as on the earth, has ripened the blossoms into flowers. The world is beautiful once more, but beautiful in repose—not a breeze stirs thy tree—not a doubt my soul!"—*Viola to Zanoni: Book III. Chap.* 5.

THE IDEAL AND REAL.

Said Zanoni, with an encouraging smile, "Do you blame yourself for the natural and necessary return to earth, in which even the most habitual visitor of the Heavens of Invention seeks his relaxation and repose? Man's genius is a bird that cannot be always on the wing; when the craving for the actual world is felt, it is a hunger that must be appeased. They who command best the ideal, enjoy ever most the real. See the true artist, when abroad in men's thoroughfares, ever observant, ever diving into the heart, ever alive to the least as to the greatest of the complicated truths of existence; descending to what pedants would call the trivial and the frivolous. From every mesh in the social web, he can disentangle a grace. And for him each airy gossamer floats in the gold of the sunlight. Know you not that around the animalcule that sports in the water there shines a halo, as around the star that revolves in bright pastime through the space? True art finds beauty everywhere. In the street, in the market-place, in the hovel, it gathers food for the hive of its thoughts. In the mire of politics, Dante and Milton selected pearls for the wreath of song. Whoever told you that Raffaelle did not enjoy the life without, carrying everywhere with him the one inward idea of beauty which attracted and embedded in its own amber every straw that the feet of the dull man trampled into mud? As some lord of the forest wanders abroad for its prey, and scents and follows it over plain and hill, through break and jungle, but, seizing it at last, bears the quarry to its unwitnessed cave—so Genius searches through wood and waste, untiringly and eagerly, every sense awake, every nerve strained to speed and strength, for the scattered and flying images of matter, that it seizes at last with its mighty talons, and bears away with it into solitudes no footsteps can invade. Go, seek the world without; it is for art, the inexhaustible pasture-ground and harvest to the world within!"—*Book III. Chap.* 4.

MAN ARROGANT IN PROPORTION TO IGNORANCE.

Man is arrogant in proportion to his ignorance. Man's natural tendency is to egotism. Man, in his infancy of knowledge, thinks that all creation was formed for him.—*Book IV. Chap.* 4.

MIRROR OF THE SOUL.

The mirror of the soul cannot reflect both earth and heaven, and the one vanishes from the surface as the other is glassed upon its deeps.—*Book IV. Chap.* 9.

ART OF MEDICINE.

We have, my pupil, no arts by which we *can put Death out of our option*, or out of the will of Heaven. These walls may crush me as I stand. All that we profess to do is but this—to find out the secrets of the human frame, to know why the parts ossify and the blood stagnates, and to apply continual preventives to the effects of Time. This is not Magic; it is the Art of Medicine rightly understood. In our order we hold most noble—first, that knowledge which elevates the intellect; secondly, that which preserves the body. But the mere art (extracted from the juices and simples) which recruits the animal vigor and arrests the progress of decay, or that more noble secret which I will only hint to thee at present, by which HEAT or CALORIC, as ye call it, being, as Heraclitus wisely taught, the primordial principle of life, can be made its perpetual renovator—these, I say, would not suffice for safety. It is ours also to disarm and elude the wrath of men, to turn the swords of our foes against each other, to glide (if not incorporeal) invisible to eyes over which we can throw a mist and darkness. And this some seers have professed to be the virtue of a stone of agate. Abaris placed it in his arrow. I will find you an herb in yon valley that will give a surer charm than the agate and the arrow. In one word, know this, that the humblest and meanest products of Nature are those from which the sublimest properties are to be drawn.—*Mejnour to Glyndon: Book IV. Chap.* 2.

SENSE OF ETERNITY.

In a moment there often dwells the sense of Eternity; for when profoundly happy, we know that it is impossible to die. Whenever the soul *feels itself*, it feels everlasting life!—*Book IV. Chap.* 11.

FLUID RESEMBLING ELECTRICITY.

Mejnour professed to find a link between all intellectual beings in the existence of a certain all-pervading and invisible fluid resembling electricity, yet distinct from the known operations of that mysterious agency—a fluid that connected thought to thought with the rapidity and precision of the modern telegraph, and the influence of this influence, according to Mejnour, extended to the remotest past—that is to say, whenever and wheresoever man had thought. Thus, if the doctrine were true, all human knowledge became attainable through a medium established between the brain of the individual inquirer and all the farthest and obscurest regions in the universe of ideas.—*Book IV. Chap.* 5.

DEATH MAJESTIC AND BEAUTEOUS.

"Mejnour, I see here, for the first time, how majestic and beauteous a thing is Death! Of what sublime virtues we robbed ourselves, when, in the thirst for virtue, we attained the art by which we can refuse to die!—When in some happy clime, where to breathe is to enjoy, the charnel-house swallows up the young and fair—when, in the noble pursuit of knowledge, Death comes to the student, and shuts out the enchanted land, which was opening to his gaze, how natural for us to desire to live; how natural to make perpetual life the first object of research! But here, from my tower of time, looking over the darksome past, and into the starry future, I learn how great hearts feel what sweetness and glory there is to die for the things they love! I saw a father sacrificing himself for his son; he was subjected to charges which a word of his could dispel—he was mistaken for his boy. With what joy he seized the error—confessed the noble crimes of valor and fidelity which the son had indeed committed—and went to the doom, exulting that his death saved the life he had given not in vain! I saw women, young, delicate, in the bloom of their beauty; they had vowed themselves to the cloister. Hands smeared with the blood of saints opened the grate that had shut them from the world, and bade them go forth, forget their vows, forswear the Divine One these dæmons would depose, find lovers and helpmates, and be free. And some of these young hearts had loved, and even, though in struggles, loved yet. Did they forswear the vow? Did they abandon the faith? Did even love allure them? Mejnour, with one voice, they preferred to die! And whence comes this courage? because such *hearts live in some more abstract and holier life than their own. But to live forever upon this earth, is to live in nothing diviner than ourselves.* Yes, even amid this gory butcherdom, God, the Ever-living, vindicates to man the sanctity of His servant, Death!"—*Book VII. Chap.* 3.

THE FATHERLESS THE CARE OF GOD.

Daylight in the prison. From cell to cell they hurry with the news; crowd upon crowd;—the joyous captives mingled with the very jailers, who, for fear, would fain seem joyous too—they stream through the dens and alleys of the grim house they will shortly leave. They burst into a cell, forgotten since the previous morning. They found there a young female, sitting upon her wretched bed; her arms crossed upon her bosom, her face raised upward; the eyes unclosed, and a smile, of more than serenity—of bliss upon her lips.

Even in the riot of their joy, they drew back in astonishment and awe. Never had they seen life so beautiful; and, as they crept nearer, and with noiseless feet, they saw that the lips breathed not, that the repose was of marble, that the beauty and the ecstasy were of death. They gathered round in silence; and lo! at her feet there was a young infant, who, wakened by their tread, looked at them steadfastly, and with its rosy fingers played with its dead mother's robe. An orphan there in the dungeon vault! "Poor one!" said the female (herself a parent)—"and they say the father fell yesterday; and now the mother! Alone in the world, what can be its fate?"

The infant smiled fearlessly on the crowd as the woman spoke thus. And the old Priest, who stood among them, said, gently, "Woman, see! the orphan smiles! THE FATHERLESS ARE THE CARE OF GOD!"—*Book VII. Chap.* 17.

LOVE SACRIFICES ALL.

"Oh, shallow and mean heart of man!" exclaimed Zanoni, with unaccustomed passion and vehemence, "dost thou conceive so little of love as not to know that it sacrifices all—love itself—for the happiness of the thing it loves?—*Book III. Chap.* 4.

DESTINY LESS INEXORABLE THAN IT APPEARS.

Young man, Destiny is less inexorable than it appears. The resources of the great Ruler of the Universe are not so scanty and so stern as to deny to men the divine privilege of Free Will; all of us can carve out our own way, and God can make our very contradictions harmonize with His solemn ends.

FAITH AND PRAYER.

The despoilers of all that beautifies and hallows life had desecrated the altar, and denied the God!—they had removed from the last hour of their victims the Priest, the Scripture, and the Cross! But Faith builds in the dungeon and the lazar-house its sublimest shrines; and up, through roofs of stone, that shut out the eye of Heaven, ascends the ladder where the angels glide to and fro—PRAYER.—*Book VII. Chap.* 16.

WORDS COMMON PROPERTY.

Words themselves are the common property of all men; yet, from words themselves, Thou, Architect of Immortalities, pilest up temples that shall outlive the Pyramids, and the very leaf of the Papyrus becomes a Shinar, stately with towers, round which the Deluge of Ages shall roar in vain!—*Book V. Chap.* 7.

TWOFOLD SHAPE OF LOVE.

What a twofold shape there is in love! If we examine it coarsely—if we look but on its fleshly ties—its enjoyment of a moment—its turbulent fever and its dull reaction,—how strange it seems that this passion should be the supreme mover of the world; that it is this which has dictated the greatest sacrifices, and influenced all societies and all times; that to this the loftiest and loveliest genius has ever consecrated its devotion; that, but for love, there were no civilization—no music, no poetry, no beauty, no life beyond the brute's.

But examine it in its heavenlier shape—in its utter abnegation of self—in its intimate connection with all that is most delicate and subtile in the spirit—its power above all that is sordid in existence—its mastery over the idols of the baser worship—its ability to create a palace of the cottage, an oasis in the desert, a summer in the Iceland—where it breathes, and fertilizes, and glows; and the wonder rather becomes how so few regard it in its holiest nature. What the sensual call its enjoyments, are the least of its joys. True love is less a passion than a symbol.—*Book IV. Chap.* 10.

TWO WORST FOES.

Behold the two worst foes—the False Ideal that knows no God, and the False Love that burns from the corruption of the senses, and takes no lustre from the soul!—*Book VII. Chap.* 2.

A STRANGE STORY.

LEADING CHARACTERS.

DR. ALLEN FENWICK, the hero of the story, a young physician.
LILIAN ASHLEIGH, the heroine.
JULIUS FABER, a physician of great distinction, and friend to Dr. Fenwick.
SIR PHILIP DERVAL, an explorer in the realm of magic.
MARGRAVE, a young man supposed to possess occult powers.
MRS. COLONEL POYNTZ, a social autocrat.

SANCTITY OF THE SICK-ROOM.

To the true physician there is an inexpressible sanctity in the sick-chamber. At its threshold the more human passions quit their hold on his heart. Love there would be profanation. Even the grief permitted to others he must put aside. He must enter that room—a calm intelligence. He is disabled for his mission if he suffer aught to obscure the keen, quiet glance of his science. Age or youth, beauty or deformity, innocence or guilt, merge their distinctions in one common attribute—human suffering appealing to human skill. Woe to the households in which the trusted Healer feels not on his conscience the solemn obligations of his glorious art.—*Book I. Chap.* 10.

DOUBLE MYSTERY OF DIVINITY AND SOUL.

This idea, so miraculously abstract, of a Power that the infant has never seen, that cannot be symbolled forth and explained to him by the most erudite sage—a Power, nevertheless, that watches over him, and hears him, that sees him, that will carry him across the grave, that will enable him to live on forever;—this double mystery of a Divinity and of a Soul the infant learns with the most facile readiness, at the first glimpse of his reasoning faculty. Before you can teach him a rule in addition, before you can venture to drill him into his horn-book, he leaps, with one intuitive spring of all his ideas, to the comprehension of the truths which are only incomprehensible to blundering sages! And you, as you stand before me, *dare* not say, "Let the child pray for me no more!" But will the Creator accept the child's prayer for the man who refuses prayer for himself?—*Book I. Chap.* 46.

RELIGION A BRIDGE.

What a lovely bridge between old age and childhood is religion! How intuitively the world begins with prayer and worship on entering life, and how intuitively on quitting life the old man turns back to prayer and worship, putting himself again side by side with the infant!—*Book I. Chap.* 46.

EDUCATION FOR HEAVEN.

But in the trial below, man should recognize education for heaven.—*Book I. Chap.* 46.

THE SOUL HAS NEED OF REPOSE.

The soul has need of pauses of repose—intervals of escape, not only from the mind. A man of the loftiest intellect will experience times when mere intellect not only fatigues him, but amidst its most original conceptions, amidst its proudest triumphs, has a something trite and commonplace compared with one of those vague intimations of spiritual destiny which are not within the ordinary domain of reason; and, gazing abstractedly into space, will leave suspended some problem of severest thought, or uncompleted some golden palace of imperial poetry, to indulge in hazy reveries, that do not differ from those of an innocent quiet child! The soul has a long road to travel—from time through eternity. It demands its halting hours of contemplation. Contemplation is serene.—*Book I. Chap.* 48.

CEREMONIOUS FEE.

Is there a physician who has not felt at times how that ceremonious fee throws him back from the garden-land of humanity into the market-place of money—seems to put him out of the pale of equal friendship, and say, "True, you have given health and life. Adieu! there, you are paid for it."—*Book I. Chap.* 10.

MOCKERY IN FREEDOM.

Ah! what mockery there is in that grand word, the world's fierce war-cry—Freedom! Who has not known one period of life, and that so solemn that its shadows may rest over all life hereafter, when one human creature has over him a sovereignty more supreme and absolute than Orient servitude adores in the symbols of diadem and sceptre? What crest so haughty that has not bowed before a hand, which could exalt or humble! What heart so dauntless that has not trembled to call forth the voice at whose sound open the gates of rapture, of despair! That life alone is free which rules, and suffices for itself. That life we forfeit when we love!—*Book I. Chap.* 17.

THE CURRENT OF LIFE.

The current of our life, indeed, like that of the rivers, is most rapid in the midmost channel, where all streams are alike comparatively slow in the depth and along the shores in which each life, as each river, has a character peculiar to itself. And hence, those who would sail *with* the tide of the world, as those who sail with the tide of a river, hasten to take the middle of the stream, as those who sail *against* the tide are found clinging to the shore.—*Book I. Chap.* 53.

ATMOSPHERE IN LETTERS.

There is an atmosphere in the letters of the one we love, which we alone—we who love—can feel.—*Book I. Chap.* 38.

SOUL AND HEREAFTER.

Soul and Hereafter are the heritage of all men; the humblest journeyman in those streets, the pettiest trader behind those counters, has in those beliefs his prerogatives of royalty. You would dethrone and embrute the lords of the earth by your theories. For my part, having given the greater part of my life to the study and analysis of facts, I would rather be the author of the tritest homily, or the baldest poem, that inculcated that imperishable essence of the soul to which I have neither scalpel nor probe, than the founder of the subtlest school, or the framer of the loftiest verse, that robbed my fellow-men of their faith in a spirit that eludes the dissecting-knife—in a being that escapes the gravedigger.—*Book I. Chap.* 46.

SPECULATIONS ON DEITY.

What would matter all our speculations on a Deity who would cease to exist for us when we are in the grave? Why mete out, like Archytas, the earth and the sea, and number the sands on the shore that divides them, if the end of this wisdom be a handful of dust sprinkled over a skull!—*Book I. Chap.* 46.

MALIGNITY OF A WRONG WORLD.

Oh! the malignity of a wrong world! oh that strange lust of mangling reputations, which seizes on hearts the least, wantonly cruel! Let two idle tongues utter a tale against some third person, who never offended the babblers, and how the tale spreads, like fire, lighted none know how, in the herbage of an American prairie? Who shall put it out?

What right have we to pry into the secrets of other men's hearths? True or false, the tale that is gabbled to us what concern of ours can it be? I speak not of cases to which the law

has been summoned, which law has sifted, on which law has pronounced. But how, when the law is silent, can we assume its verdicts? How be all judges, where there has been no witness-box, no cross-examination, no jury? Yet, every day we put on our ermine, and make ourselves judges—judges sure to condemn, and on what evidence? That which no court of law will receive. Somebody has said something to somebody, which somebody repeats to everybody!—*Book I. Chap.* 56.

CONTRADICTION BETWEEN MAN AND AUTHOR.

How strange is that contradiction between our being as Man and our being as Author! Take any writer enamored of a system—a thousand things may happen to him every day which might shake his faith in that system; and while he moves about as mere man, his faith *is* shaken. But when he settles himself back into the phase of his being as author, the mere act of taking pen in hand and smoothing the paper before him, restores his speculations to their ancient mechanical train. The system—the beloved system—re-asserts its tyrannic sway, and he either ignores, or moulds into fresh proofs of his theory as author, all which, an hour before, had given his theory the lie in his living perceptions as man.—*Book I. Chap.* 74.

HAPPIEST ART OF INTELLECT.

Believe me that the happiest art of intellect, however lofty, is that which enables it to be cheerfully at home with the Real!—*Book I. Chap.* 73.

EVIDENCE OF MAN'S SOUL.

In all those capacities for the reception of impressions from external Nature which are given to Man, and not to the brutes, I see the evidence of Man's Soul. I can understand why the inferior animal has no capacity to receive the idea of a Deity and of worship—simply because the inferior animal, even if graciously admitted to a future life, may not therein preserve the sense of its identity. I can understand even why that sympathy with each other which we men possess, and which constitutes the great virtue we emphatically call Humanity, is not possessed by the lesser animals (or, at least, in a very rare and exceptional degree) even where they live in communities, like beavers, or bees, or ants; because men are destined to meet, to know, and to love each other in the life to come, and the bond between the brutes ceases here.—*Book I. Chap.* 73.

MIND NEEDS ACTION.

The heart loves repose and the soul contemplation, but the mind needs action.—*Book I. Chap.* 60.

MAN'S WILL.

"Man's will," answered Faber, "has over men's deeds and reason, habitual and daily power infinitely greater, and, when uncounterbalanced, infinitely more dangerous than that which superstition exaggerates in magic. Man's will moves a war that decimates a race, and leaves behind it calamities little less dire than slaughter. Man's will frames, but it also corrupts laws; exalts, but also demoralizes opinion; sets the world mad with fanaticism, as often as it curbs the heart's fierce instincts by the wisdom of brother-like mercy.—*Book I. Chap.* 71.

MAN WITHOUT FAITH.

Open biographical volumes wherever you please, and the man who has no faith in religion, is a man who has faith in a nightmare.—*Book I. Chap.* 71.

MAN COGS DICE FOR HIMSELF.

Man cogs the dice for himself ere he rattles the box for his dupes. Was there ever successful impostor who did not begin by a fraud on his own understanding?—*Book I. Chap.* 77.

WISDOM THROUGH JOY OR GRIEF.

Be prepared for either; wisdom through joy, or wisdom through grief. Enough that, looking only through the mechanism by which this mortal world is impelled and improved, you know that cruelty is impossible to wisdom. Even a man, or man's law, is never wise but when merciful. But mercy has general conditions; and that which is mercy to the myriads may seem hard to the one, and that which seems hard to the one in the pang of a moment may be mercy when viewed by the eye that looks on through eternity.—*Book I. Chap.* 79.

INSTINCT OF IMMORTALITY.

"What mourner can be consoled, if the dead die forever?" Through every pulse of my frame throbbed that dread question. All Nature around seemed to murmur it. And suddenly, as if by a flash from Heaven, the grand truth in Faber's grand reasoning shone on me, and lighted up all, within and without. Man alone, of all earthly creatures, asks, "Can the Dead die

forever?" and the instinct that urges the question is God's answer to man! No instinct is given in vain.

And, born with the instinct of soul is the instinct that leads the soul from the seen to the unseen, from time to eternity, from the torrent that foams towards the Ocean of Death, to the source of its stream, far aloft from the ocean.—*Book I. Chap.* 89.

THE DISOWNED.

LEADING CHARACTERS.

ALGERNON MORDAUNT, the last son of an old and honorable race.
CLARENCE LINDEN, alias CLINTON L'ESTRANGE, "The Disowned."
LORD BORDAILE, son and heir of the powerful Earl of Ulswater, and brother to Clinton L'Estrange.
KING COLE, a king of the gypsies.
MR. TALBOT, a vain old bachelor, whose life has been devoted to literature.
MR. BROWN, an eccentric vendor.
MR. and MRS. COPPERAS, the former, "a stock-jobber and wit," the latter, "a fine lady and sentimentalist."
RICHARD CRAWFORD, a commercial man and a villain.
WOLFE, an erratic would-be political reformer.
WARNER, a young artist.
ISABEL St. LEGER, an orphan, the only child of a captain in the army.
LADY FLORA ARDENNE, a young beauty, betrothed to L'Estrange.

AT the time this work was written I was deeply engaged in the study of metaphysics and ethics—and out of that study grew the character of Algernon Mordaunt. He is represented as a type of the Heroism of Christian Philosophy—an union of love and knowledge placed in the midst of sorrow, and laboring on through the pilgrimage of life, strong in the fortitude that comes from belief in Heaven.

E. B. L.

May, 1852.

GENERALLY ESTEEMED.

There are few men who do not console themselves for not being generally loved, if they can reasonably hope that they are generally esteemed.—*Book I. Chap.* 6.

MAN'S LOVE.

Man's love, in general, is a selfish and exacting sentiment: it demands every sacrifice, and refuses all. But the nature of Mordaunt was essentially high and disinterested, and his honor, like his love, was not that of the world: it was the ethereal and spotless honor of a lofty and generous mind, the honor which

custom can neither give nor take away; and, however impatiently he bore the deferring of a union in which he deemed that *he* was the only sufferer, he would not have uttered a sigh or urged a prayer for that union, could it, in the minutest or remotest degree, have injured or degraded *her*.

These are the hearts and natures which make life beautiful; these are the shrines which sanctify love: these are the diviner spirits for whom there was kindred and commune with everything holy and exalted in heaven and earth. For them, Nature unfolds her hoarded poetry, and her hidden spells: for their steps are the lonely mountains, and the still woods have a murmur for their ears: for them there is a strange music in the wave, and in the whispers of the light leaves, and rapture in the voices of the birds: their souls drink, and are saturated with the mysteries of the Universal Spirit, which the philosophy of old times believed to be God himself. They look upon the sky with a gifted vision, and its dove-like quiet descends and overshadows their hearts: the Moon and the Night are to them wells of Castalian inspiration and golden dreams; and it was one of *them* who, gazing upon the Evening Star, felt in the inmost sanctuary of his soul, its mysterious harmonies with his most worshipped hope, his most passionate desire, and dedicated it to—LOVE.—*Book I. Chap.* 19.

CHARACTERISTIC OF A VAIN MAN.

The great characteristic of a vain man, in contradistinction to an ambitious man, and his eternal obstacle to a high and honorable fame, is this: he requires for any expenditure of trouble too speedy a reward; he cannot wait for years, and climb, step by step, to a lofty object: whatever he attempts, he must seize at a single grasp. Added to this, he is incapable of an exclusive attention to one end; the universality of his cravings is not contented unless it devours all; and thus he is perpetually doomed to fritter away his energies by grasping at the trifling baubles within his reach, and in gathering the worthless fruit, which a single sun can mature.—*Book I. Chap.* 20.

EFFECT OF KINDNESS.

Is there one being, stubborn as the rock to misfortune, whom kindness does not affect? For my part, kindness seems to me to come with a double grace and tenderness from the old; it seems in them the hoarded and long-purified benevolence of years; as if it had survived and conquered the baseness and selfishness of the ordeal it had passed; as if the winds, which had broken the form, had swept in vain across the heart, and

the frosts which had chilled the blood and whitened the thin locks, had possessed no power over the warm tide of the affections. It is the triumph of nature over art; it is the voice of the angel which is yet within us. Nor is this all: the tenderness of age is twice blessed—blessed in its trophies over the obduracy of encrusting and withering years; blessed, because it is tinged with the sanctity of the grave—because it tells us that the heart will blossom even upon the precincts of the tomb, and flatters us with the inviolacy and immortality of love.—*Book I. Chap.* 22.

ART LOVED FOR ITSELF.

Art is to be loved for itself—and not for the rewards it may bestow upon the Artist.—*Book I. Chap.* 24.

THE SERAPH VIRTUE.

The vilest infamy is not too deep for the Seraph Virtue to descend and illumine its abyss!—*Book I. Chap.* 14.

LOVE CLOSER FOR THE DESERT.

As Faith clings the more to the cross of life, while the wastes deepen around her steps, and the adders creep forth upon her path, so love clasps that which is its hope and comfort the closer for the desert which encompasses, and the dangers which harass its way.—*Book I. Chap.* 27.

EFFECTS OF FAME.

If the certainty of future fame bore Milton rejoicing through his blindness, or cheered Galileo in his dungeon, what stronger and holier support shall not be given to *him* who has loved mankind as his brothers, and devoted his labors to their cause? —who has not sought, but relinquished, his own renown?—who has braved the present censures of men for their future benefit, and trampled upon glory in the energy of benevolence? Will there not be for him something more powerful than fame to comfort his sufferings and to sustain his hopes? If the wish of mere posthumous honor be a feeling rather vain than exalted, the love of our race affords us a more rational and noble desire of remembrance. Come what will, that love, if it animates our toils, and directs our studies, shall, when we are dust, make our relics of value, our efforts of avail, and consecrate the desire of fame, which were else a passion selfish and impure, by connecting it with the welfare of ages, and the eternal interest of the world and its Creator!—*Book I. Chap.* 39.

SECLUSION, WHEN JUSTIFIABLE.

They only are justifiable in seclusion who, like the Greek philosophers, make that very seclusion the means of serving and enlightening their race—who from their retreats send forth their oracles of wisdom, and render the desert which surrounds them eloquent with the voice of truth. But remember, Clarence (and let my life, useless in itself, have at least this moral), that for him who in nowise cultivates his talent for the benefit of others; who is contented with being a good hermit at the expense of being a bad citizen; who looks from his retreat upon a life wasted in the *difficiles nugæ* of the most frivolous part of the world, nor redeems in the closet the time he has misspent in the saloon; remember, that for him seclusion loses its dignity, philosophy its comfort, benevolence its hope, and even religion its balm. Knowledge, unemployed, may preserve us from vice—but *knowledge beneficently employed is virtue.* Perfect happiness, in our present state, is impossible; for Hobbes says justly, that our nature is inseparable from desires, and that the very word desire (the craving for something not possessed) implies that our present felicity is not complete. But there is one way of attaining what we may term, if not utter, at least mortal happiness: it is this—a sincere and unrelaxing activity for the happiness of others. In that one maxim is concentrated whatever is noble in morality, sublime in religion, or unanswerable in truth. In that pursuit we have *all* scope for whatever is excellent in our hearts, and *none* for the petty passions which our nature is heir to. Thus engaged, whatever be our errors, there will be nobility, not weakness, in our remorse; whatever our failure, virtue, not selfishness, in our regret; and, in success, vanity itself will become holy and triumph eternal. As astrologers were wont to receive upon metals "the benign aspect of the stars, so as to detain and fix, as it were, the felicity of that hour which would otherwise be volatile and fugitive," even so will that success leave imprinted upon our memory a blessing which cannot pass away—preserve forever upon our names, as on a signet, the hallowed influence of the hour in which our great end was effected, and treasure up "the relics of heaven" in the sanctuary of a human fame.—*Book I. Chap.* 48.

WHOM FORTUNE BLASTS TO RENDER HOLY.

There are some whom the lightning of fortune blasts, only to render holy. Amidst all that humbles and scathes—amidst all that shatters from their life its verdure, smites to the dust the pomp and summit of their pride, and in the very heart of existence writeth a sudden and "strange defeature," *they* stand

erect,—riven, not uprooted, a monument less of pity than of awe! There are some who pass through the Lazar-house of Misery with a step more august than a Cæsar's in his hall. The very things which seen alone, are despicable and vile, associated with them, become almost venerable and divine; and one ray, however dim and feeble, of that intense holiness which, in the INFANT GOD, shed majesty over the manger and the straw, not denied to those who, in the depth of affliction, cherish His patient image, flings over the meanest localities of earth an emanation from the glory of Heaven!—*Book I. Chap.* 49.

TEARS, NOT FOR THE DEAD, BUT THEIR SURVIVORS.

Tears are not for the dead, but their survivors. I would rather see thee drop inch by inch into the grave, and smile as I beheld it, than save thee for an inheritance of sin. What is there in this little and sordid life that we should strive to hold it? What in this dreadful dream that we should fear to wake? —*Book I. Chap.* 57.

VIRTUE HAS RESOURCES IN ITSELF.

Virtue has resources buried in itself, which we know not, till the invading hour calls them from their retreats. Surrounded by hosts without, and when Nature itself, turned traitor, is its most deadly enemy within; it assumes a new and a superhuman power, which is greater than Nature itself. Whatever be its creed—whatever be its sect—from whatever segment of the globe its orisons arise, Virtue is God's empire, and from his throne of thrones He will defend it. Though cast into the distant earth, and struggling on the dim arena of a human heart, all things above are spectators of its conflict, or enlisted in its cause. The angels have their charge over it—the banners of archangels are on its side, and from sphere to sphere, through the illimitable ether, and round the impenetrable darkness at the feet of God, its triumph is hymned by harps, which are strung to the glories of the Creator!—*Book I. Chap.* 57.

DISAPPOINTMENT IN RETROSPECT.

There are few persons, however fortunate, who can look back to eight years of their life, and not feel somewhat of disappointment in the retrospect: few persons, whose fortunes the world envy, to whom the token of past time, suddenly obtruded on their remembrance, does not awaken hopes destroyed, and wishes deceived, which that world has never known. We tell our triumphs to the crowd, but our own hearts are the sole confidants of our sorrows.—*Book I. Chap.* 59.

FRIENDS' DESIRE FOR OUR HAPPINESS.

All our friends, perhaps, desire our happiness; but, then, it must invariably be in their own way. What a pity that they do not employ the same zeal in making us happy *in ours!—Book I. Chap.* 61.

OUR FIRST ERA OF LIFE.

Our first era of life is under the influence of the primitive feelings: we are pleased, and we laugh; hurt, and we weep; we vent our little passions the moment they are excited; and so much of novelty have we to *perceive*, that we have little leisure to *reflect*. By and by, fear teaches us to restrain our feelings: when displeased, we seek to revenge the displeasure, and are punished; we find the excess of our joy, our sorrow, our anger, alike considered criminal, and chidden into restraint. From harshness we become acquainted with deceit: the promise made is not fulfilled; the threat not executed, the fear falsely excited, and the hope wilfully disappointed; we are surrounded by systematized delusion, and we imbibe the contagion.

From being forced into concealing the thoughts which we do conceive, we begin to affect those which we do not: so early do we learn the two main tasks of life, to Suppress and to Feign, that our memory will not carry us beyond that period of artifice to a state of nature when the twin principles of veracity and belief were so strong as to lead the philosophers of a modern school into the error of terming them innate.—*Book I. Chap.* 62.

IGNORANCE, THE CAUSE OF ERRORS AND VICES.

It is the petty, not the enlarged, mind, which prefers casuistry to conviction; it is the confined and short sight of Ignorance which, unable to comprehend the great bearings of truth pries only into its narrow and obscure corners, occupying itself in scrutinizing the atoms of a part, while the eagle eye of Wisdom contemplates, in its widest scale the luminous majesty of the whole. Survey our faults, our errors, our vices—fearful and fertile field; trace them to their causes—all those causes resolve themselves into one—Ignorance! For, as we have already seen, that from this source flow the abuses of Religion, so, also, from this source flow the abuses of all other blessings—of talents, of riches, of power; for we abuse things, either because we know not their real use, or because, with an equal blindness, we imagine the abuse more adapted to our happiness. But as Ignorance, then, is the sole spring of evil—so, as the antidote to ignorance is Knowledge, it necessarily follows that, were we consummate in knowledge, we should be perfect in

good. He therefore who retards the progress of intellect, countenances crime—nay, to a state, is the greatest of criminals; while he who circulates that mental light more precious than the visual, is the holiest improver, and the surest benefactor of his race! Nor let us believe, with the dupes of a shallow policy, that there exists upon the earth one prejudice that can be called salutary, or one error beneficial to perpetuate. As the petty fish, which is fabled to possess the property of arresting the progress of the largest vessel to which it clings, even so may a single prejudice, unnoticed or despised, more than the adverse blast, or the dead calm, delay the barque of Knowledge in the vast sea of Time.—*Book I. Chap.* 62.

STEP IN KNOWLEDGE ONE STEP FROM SIN.

It is true that the sanguineness of philanthropists may have carried them too far: it is true (for the experiment has not yet been made) that God may have denied to us, in this state, the consummation of knowledge, and the consequent perfection in good; but because we cannot be perfect, are we to resolve we will be evil? One step in knowledge is one step from sin; one step from sin is one step nearer to Heaven. Oh! never let us be deluded by those, who, for *political* motives, would adulterate the divinity of *religious* truths: never let us believe that our Father in Heaven rewards most the one talent unemployed, or that prejudice, and indolence, and folly, find the most favor in His sight! The very heathen has bequeathed to us a nobler estimate of his nature; and the same sentence which so sublimely declares "TRUTH IS THE BODY OF GOD," declares also "AND LIGHT IS HIS SHADOW."—*Book I. Chap.* 62.

UPON THE DEATH OF MORDAUNT.

But for Him, the husband and the father, whose trials through this wrong world I have portrayed—for him let there be neither murmurs at the blindness of Fate, nor sorrow at the darkness of his doom. Better that the lofty and bright spirit should pass away before the petty business of life had bowed it, or the sordid mist of this low earth breathed a shadow on its lustre! Who would have asked *that* spirit to have struggled on for years in the intrigues—the hopes—the objects of meaner souls? Who would have desired that the heavenward and impatient heart should have grown inured to the chains and toil of this enslaved state, or hardened into the callousness of age? Nor would we claim the vulgar pittance of compassion for a lot which is exalted *above* regret! Pity is for our weaknesses—to our weaknesses only be it given. It is the aliment of love—it is the

wages of ambition—it is the rightful heritage of error! But why should pity be entertained for the soul which never fell?—for the courage which never quailed?—for the majesty never humbled?—for the wisdom which, from the rough things of the common world, raised an empire above earth and destiny?—for the stormy life?—it was a triumph!—for the early death?—it was immortality!

I have stood beside Mordaunt's tomb: his will had directed that he should sleep not in the vaults of his haughty line—and his last dwelling is surrounded by a green and pleasant spot. The trees shadow it like a temple; and a silver, though fitful brook, wails with a constant, yet not ungrateful dirge, at the foot of the hill on which the tomb is placed. I have stood there in those ardent years when our wishes know no boundary, and our ambition no curb; yet, even then, I would have changed my wildest vision of romance for that quiet grave, and the dreams of the distant spirit whose relics reposed beneath it.—*Final Chapter.*

DEVEREUX.

LEADING CHARACTERS.

SIR WILLIAM DEVEREUX, knighted by Charles II. At the date of the story "a fine wreck, vain, but good-natured."
MORTON DEVEREUX, }
GERALD DEVEREUX, } Nephews of Sir William.
AUBREY DEVEREUX, }
ABBE MONTREUIL, a designing priest.
HENRY ST. JOHN, Lord Bolingbroke.
COLLEY CIBBER.
STEELE.
SWIFT.
ADDISON.
FIELDING.
PHILIP OF ORLEANS.
LOUIS XIV.
PETER THE GREAT and CATHERINE, the Czar and Czarina.
BISHOP OF FREJUS.
RICHARD CROMWELL.
DON DIEGO D'ALVAREZ, a Spaniard of high birth. An exile.
ISORA, the heroine of the story, daughter to D'Alvarez, and wife to Morton Devereux.
MADAME DE MAINTENON.
MADAME DE BALZAC.
MR. OSWALD, a lawyer.
MR. MARIE OSWALD, a valet.
DESMARAIS, valet to Morton Devereux, at the same time acting as spy in the service of the Abbé.

DEDICATORY EPISTLE TO JOHN AULDJO, ESQ.

MY DEAR AULDJO:

PERMIT me, as a memento of the pleasant hours we passed together, and the intimacy we formed, by the winding shores and the rosy seas of the old Parthenope, to dedicate to you this romance. It was written in, perhaps, the happiest period of my literary life—when success began to brighten upon my labors, and it seemed to me a fine thing to make a name. Reputation, like all possessions, fairer in the hope than the reality, shone before me, in the gloss of novelty—and I had neither felt the envy it excites, the weariness it occasions, nor (worse than all) that coarse and painful notoriety, that something between

the gossip and the slander, which attends every man whose writings become known—surrendering the grateful privacies of life to

"The gaudy, babbling, and remorseless day."

No man, I believe, ever wrote anything really good, who did not feel that he had the ability to write something better. Writing, after all, is a cold and a coarse interpreter of thought. How much of the imagination,—how much of the intellect, evaporates and is lost while we seek to embody it in words!—Man made language, and God the genius. Nothing short of an eternity could enable men to imagine, think, and feel, to express *all* they have imagined, thought and felt. Immortality, the spiritual desire, is the intellectual *necessity*.

In "Devereux," I wished to portray a man flourishing in the last century, with the train of mind and sentiment peculiar to the present;—describing a life, and not its dramatic epitome, the historical characters introduced are not closely woven with the main plot, like those in the fictions of Sir Walter Scott—but are rather, like the narrative romances of an earlier school, designed to relieve the predominant interest, and give a greater air of truth and actuality to the supposed memoir. It is a fiction which deals less with the picturesque than the real. Of the principal character thus introduced (the celebrated and graceful but charlatanic, Bolingbroke) I still think that my sketch, upon the whole, is substantially just. We must not judge of the politicians of one age by the lights of another. Happily we now demand in a statesman a desire for other aims than his own advancement; but, at that period, ambition was almost universally selfish—the statesman was yet a courtier—a man whose very destiny it was to intrigue, to plot, to glitter, to deceive. It is in proportion as politics have ceased to be a secret science, in proportion as courts are less to be flattered, and tools to be managed, that politicians have become useful and honest men: and the statesman now directs a people, where once he outwitted an ante-chamber. Compare Bolingbroke—not with the men and by the rules of this day—but with the men and by the rules of the last. He will lose nothing in comparison with a Walpole, with a Marlborough on the one side—with an Oxford or a Swift upon the other.

LOVER OF A LADY OF THE MODE.

It is a charming thing to be the lover of a lady of the mode! One so honored does with his hours as a miser with his guineas, viz.: nothing but count them.—*Book II. Chap.* 2.

THE GLASS OF LIFE.

The glass of life is the best book—and one's natural wit, the only diamond that can write legibly on it.—*Book I. Chap.* 2.

OUR FEELINGS.

Our feelings, especially in youth, resemble that leaf, which, in some old traveller, is described as expanding itself to warmth, but, when chilled, not only shrinking and closing, but presenting to the spectator, thorns which had laid concealed upon the opposite side of it before.—*Book I. Chap.* 2.

CONSCIOUSNESS OF STRENGTH.

If ever the consciousness of strength is pleasant, it is when we are thought most weak.—*Book I. Chap.* 2.

GOOD-BREEDING.

I learnt that nothing can constitute good-breeding that has not good-nature for its foundation.—*Book I. Chap.* 5.

LOVE OF KINDRED.

Ah, earth! what hast thou more beautiful than the love of those whose ties are knit by nature, and whose union seems ordained to begin from the very moment of their birth.—*Book I. Chap.* 7.

FEELINGS REAL AND PRETENDED.

Vain hope! to forget one's real feelings by pretending those one never felt.—*Book I. Chap.* 15.

FINE SAYINGS.

"All the world knows, Colonel Cleland, that you are a wit, and therefore we take your fine sayings, as we take change from an honest tradesman,—rest perfectly satisfied with the coin we get, *without paying any attention to it.*"—*Book II. Chap.* 3.

DIFFERENCE BETWEEN RELIGION AND PRIESTCRAFT.

Alas! when will men perceive the difference between religion and priestcraft? when will they perceive that reason, so far from extinguishing religion by a more gaudy light, sheds on it all its lustre? when will they perceive that nothing contrary to sense is pleasing to virtue, and that virtue itself is only valuable because it is the road to happiness? It is fabled that the first legislator of the Peruvians received from the Deity a golden rod, with which in his wanderings he was to strike the earth,

until in some destined spot the earth entirely absorbed it, and there—and there alone—was he to erect a temple to the Divinity. What is this fable but the cloak of an inestimable moral? Our reason is the rod of gold; the vast world of truth gives the soil, which it is perpetually to sound; and only where without resistance the soil receives the rod which guided and supported us, will our altar be sacred and our worship be accepted.—*Book II. Chap.* 9.

LOVE—A DIVISION FROM THE WORLD.

What is love but a division from the world, and a blending of two souls, two immortalities divested of clay and ashes, into one? It is a severing of a thousand ties from whatever is harsh and selfish, in order to knit them into a single and sacred bond! Who loves hath attained the anchorite's secret; and the hermitage has become dearer than the world. O respite from the toil and the curse of our social and banded state, a little interval art thou, suspended between two eternities—the past and the future—a star that hovers between the morning and the night, sending through the vast abyss one solitary ray from heaven, but too far and faint to illumine while it hallows the earth.—*Book II. Chap.* 11.

HUMAN NATURE A BEAUTIFUL FABRIC.

After all, human nature is a beautiful fabric; and even its imperfections are not odious to him who has studied the science of its architecture, and formed a reverent estimate of its Creator.—*Book II. Chap.* 2.

INSECTS DANGEROUS.

The insects we despise as they buzz around us, become dangerous when they settle on ourselves and we feel their sting!—*Book IV. Chap.* 2.

FEAR INCREASES LOVE.

It is a noticeable thing how much fear increases love. I mean—for the aphorism requires explanation—how much we love, in proportion to our fear of losing (or even to our fear of injury done to) the beloved object. 'Tis an instance of the reaction of the feelings—the love produces the fear, and the fear reproduces the love. This is one reason, among many, why women love so much more tenderly and anxiously than we do; and it is also one reason among many, why frequent absences are, in all stages of love, the most keen exciters of the passion.—*Book III. Chap.* 2.

DISTINCTION BETWEEN POLITICS AND POLICY.

Ah, there is a nice distinction between politics and policy, and Madame de Balzac knew it. The distinction is this: Politics is the art of being wise for others! Policy is the art of being wise for one's self.—*Book IV. Chap.* 4.

AFFLICTION THE EBON-GATE.

A re-entrance into life through the ebon-gate, affliction.—*Book IV. Chap.* 1.

A MEETING OF WITS.

A meeting of wits—Conversation gone out to supper in her dress of velvet and jewels.—*Book IV. Chap.* 5.

MAN HIS OWN SHARPER AND BUBBLE.

Man is at once his own sharper and his own bubble. We make vast promises to ourselves, and a passion, an example, sweeps even the remembrance of those promises from our minds. One is too apt to believe men hypocrites, if their conduct squares not with their sentiments, but *perhaps no vice is more rare, for no task is more difficult, than systematic hypocrisy:* and the same susceptibility which exposes men to be easily impressed by the allurements of vice, renders them at heart most struck by the loveliness of virtue. Thus, their language and their hearts worship the divinity of the latter, while their conduct strays the most erringly towards the false shrines over which the former presides. Yes! I have never been blind to the surpassing excellence of GOOD. The still sweet whispers of virtue have been heard, even when the storm has been loudest, and the bark of reason been driven the most impetuously over the waves: and at this moment, I am impressed with a foreboding, that sooner or later, the whispers will not only be heard, but their suggestion be obeyed; and that far from courts and intrigues, from dissipation and ambition, I shall learn, in retirement, the true principles of wisdom, and the real objects of life.—Thus did Bolingbroke converse.—*Book IV. Chap.* 11.

PETER THE GREAT.

Pattern and teacher of kings, if each country had produced one such ruler as you, either all mankind would *now* be contented with despotism, or all mankind would be *free.* O! when kings have only to be good, to be kept forever in our hearts and souls as the gods and benefactors of the earth, by what monstrous fatality have they been so blind to their fame? When we remember the millions, the generations, they can degrade,

destroy, elevate, or save, we might almost think—even if the other riddles of the present existence did not require a future existence to solve them—we might almost think an hereafter necessary, were it but for the sole purpose of requiting the virtues of princes, or their SINS.—*Book V. Chap.* 4.

CHARITY—DIVINE MERCY.

At this moment I am, in the strictest acceptation of the words, a believer and a Christian. I have neither anxiety nor doubt upon the noblest and the most comforting of all creeds, and I am grateful, among the other blessings which faith has brought me—I am grateful that it has brought me CHARITY! Dark to all human beings was Bezoni's doctrine—dark, above all, to those who have mourned on earth—so withering to all the hopes which cling the most enduringly to the heart, was his unhappy creed—that he who knows how inseparably, though insensibly, our moral legislation is woven with our supposed self-interest, will scarcely marvel at, even while he condemns, the unwise and unholy persecution which that creed universally sustains! Many a most wretched hour, many a pang of agony and despair, did those doctrines inflict upon myself; but I know that the intention of Bezoni was benevolence, and that the practice of his life was virtue: and while my reason tells me that God will not punish the reluctant and involuntary error of one to whom all God's creatures were so dear, my religion bids me hope that I shall meet him in that world where no error *is*, and where the Great Spirit to whom all human passions are unknown avenges the momentary doubt of His justice by a proof of the infinity of His mercy.—*Book V. Chap.* 6.

DAWN OF IMMORTALITY.

Never shall I forget the rapture with which I hailed the light that dawned upon me at last! Never shall I forget the suffocation—the full—the ecstatic joy, with which I saw the mightiest of all human hopes accomplished; and felt, as if an angel spoke, that there is a life beyond the grave! Tell me not of the pride of ambition—tell me not of the triumphs of science: never had ambition so lofty an end as the search after immortality! never had science so sublime a triumph as the conviction that immortality will be gained! I had been at my task the whole night,—pale alchymist, seeking from meaner truths to exact the greatest of all! At the first hour of day, lo! the gold was there: the labor, for which I would have relinquished life, was accomplished; the dove descended upon the waters of my soul. I fled from the house. I was possessed as with a spirit.

I ascended a hill, which looked for leagues over the sleeping valley. A gray mist hung around me like a veil; I paused, and the great sun broke slowly forth; I gazed upon its majesty, and my heart swelled. "So rises the soul," I said, "from the vapors of this dull being; but the soul waneth not, neither setteth it, nor knoweth it any night, save that from which it dawneth!"—The mists rolled gradually away, the sunshine deepened, and the face of nature lay in smiles, yet silently, before me. It lay before me, a scene that I had often witnessed, and hailed, and worshipped; *but it was not the same:* a glory had passed over it; it was steeped in a beauty and a holiness, in which neither youth, nor poetry, nor even love, had ever robed it before! The change which the earth had undergone was like that of some being we have loved—*when death is past, and from a mortal it becomes an angel!—Book VI. Chap. 2.*

STRONGEST PRINCIPLES BORN FROM WEAKNESS.

I spent the day upon the hills. It was evening when I returned. I lingered by the old fountain, and saw the stars rise, and tremble, one by one, upon the wave. The hour was that which Isora had loved the best, and that which the love of her had consecrated the most to me. And never, O never, did it sink into my heart with a deeper sweetness, or a more soothing balm. I had once more knit my soul to Isora's: I could once more look from the toiling and the dim earth, and forget that Isora had left me, in dreaming of our re-union. Blame me not, you who indulge in a religious hope more severe and more sublime—you who miss no footstep from the earth, nor pine for a voice that your human wanderings can hear no more—blame me not, you whose pulses beat not for the wild love of the created, but whose spirit languishes only for a nearer commune with the Creator—blame me not too harshly for my mortal wishes, nor think that my faith was the less sincere because it was tinted in the most unchanging dyes of the human heart, and indissolubly woven with the memory of the dead! Often from our weakness our strongest principles of conduct are born; and from the acorn, which a breeze has wafted, springs the oak which defies the storm.—*Book VI. Chap. 2.*

USE OF KNOWLEDGE.

"For my part, I think the use of knowledge is to make us happier. I would compare the mind to the beautiful statue of Love by Praxiteles—when its eyes were bandaged, the countenance seemed grave and sad, but the moment you removed the

bandage, the most serene and enchanting smile diffused itself over the whole face."

So passed the morning, till the hour of dinner, and this repast was served with an elegance and a luxury which the sons of Apollo seldom command. As the evening closed, our conversation fell upon friendship, and the increasing disposition toward it which comes with increasing years. "Whilst my mind," said Bolingbroke, "shrinks more and more from the world, and feels in its independence less yearning to external objects, the ideas of friendship return oftener: they busy me, they warm me more. Is it that we grow more tender as the moment of our great separation approaches? or is that they who are to live together in another state (for friendship exists not but for the good) begin to feel more strongly that divine sympathy which is to be the great bond of their future society?"—*Book VI. Chap.* 6.

BENEFITS OF EXPERIENCE.

Here, then, at the age of thirty-four I conclude the history of my life. Whether in the star, which, as I now write, shines in upon me, and which a romance, still unsubdued, has often dreamt to be the bright prophet of my fate, something of future adventure, suffering, or excitation, is yet predestined to me; or whether life will muse itself away in the solitudes which surround the home of my past childhood, and the scene of my present retreat, creates within me but slight food for anticipation or conjecture. I have exhausted the sources of those feelings which flow, whether through the channels of anxiety or of hope, toward the future; and the restlessness of my manhood, having attained its last object, has done the labor of time, and bequeathed me the indifference of age.

If love exists for me no more, I know well that the memory of that which has been, is to me far more than a living love is to others; and, perhaps, there is no passion so full of tender, of soft, and of hallowing associations, as the love which is stamped by death. If I have borne much, and my spirit has worked out its earthly end in travail and in tears, yet I would not forego the lessons which my life has bequeathed me, even though they be deeply blended with sadness and regret. No! were I asked what best dignifies the present, and consecrates the past; what enables us alone to draw a just moral from the tale of life; what sheds the purest light upon our reason; what gives the firmest strength to our religion; and, whether our remaining years pass in seclusion or in action, is best fitted to soften the heart to man, and elevate the soul to God, I would answer with Lassus, it is "EXPERIENCE!"—*Final Chapter.*

WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT.

LEADING CHARACTERS.

LIONEL HAUGHTON, an ambitious young Englishman.
FRANK VANCE, an artist, friend to Lionel.
GUY DARRELL, of high birth and senatorial fame. At date of story a childless widower.
GEORGE MORLEY, a young clergyman, related to Lady Montfort.
COL. ALBAN MORLEY, intimate friend of Guy Darrell.
MR. FAIRTHORN, secretary to Guy Darrell.
GENTLEMAN WAIFE, *alias* WILLIAM LOSELY, transported for a felony committed by his son Jasper.
JASPER LOSELY, an unscrupulous adventurer. Married Darrell's daughter Matilda.
MR. RUGGE, manager of a small theatre.
LADY MONTFORT, *née* CAROLINE LINDSEY, the early love of Guy Darrell.
SOPHY, the heroine, supposed to be the daughter of Jasper Losely, in reality the child of Vance's sister, Mrs. Branthwaite.
MRS. ARABELLA CRANE, *née* FOSSETT, in early life governess to Matilda Darrell.

BEWARE OF PARTING.

There is one warning lesson in life which few of us have not received, and no book that I can call to memory has noted down with an adequate emphasis. It is this, "Beware of parting!" The true sadness is not in the pain of the parting, it is in the When and the How you are to meet again with the face about to vanish from your view! From the passionate farewell to the woman who has your heart in her keeping, to the cordial good-by exchanged with pleasant companions at a watering-place, a country-house, or the close of a festive day's blithe and careless excursion—a cord, stronger or weaker, is snapped asunder in every parting, and Time's busy fingers are not practised in re-splicing broken ties. Meet again you may: will it be in the same way?—with the same sympathies?—with the same sentiments? Will the souls, hurrying on in diverse paths, unite once more, as if the interval had been a dream? Rarely, rarely! Have you not, after even a year, even a month's absence, returned to the same place, found the same groups reassembled, and yet sighed to yourself, "But where is the charm that once breathed from the spot, and once smiled from the

faces?" A poet has said—"Eternity itself cannot restore the loss struck from the minute." Are you happy in the spot on which you tarry with the persons whose voices are now melodious to your ear?—beware of parting; or, if part you must, say not in insolent defiance to Time and Destiny—"What matters?—we shall soon meet again."—*Book I. Chap.* 18.

POVERTY BETTER THAN SOILING OF HONOR.

Better a million times enter life as a penniless gentleman, who must work his way up like a man, than as one who creeps on his knees into fortune, shaming birthright of gentleman, or soiling honor of man. Therefore, taking into account the poor cousin's vigilant pride on the *qui vive* for offence, and the rich cousin's temper (as judged by his letters) rude enough to present it, we must own that if Lionel Haughton has at this moment what is commonly called "a chance," the question as yet is not, what is that chance, but *what will he do with it?* And as the reader advances in this history, he will acknowledge that there are few questions in this world so frequently agitated, to which the solution is more important to each puzzled mortal, than that upon which starts every sage's discovery, every novelist's plot—that which applies to MAN'S LIFE, from its first sleep in the cradle, "WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT?"—*Book I. Chap.* 18.

CHARM OF HUMAN FACES.

There are living human faces which, independently of mere physical beauty, charm and enthrall us more than the most perfect lineaments which Greek sculptor ever lent to a marble face: there are keynotes in the thrilling human voice, simply uttered, which can haunt the heart, rouse the passions, lull rampant multitudes, shake into dust the thrones of guarded kings, and effect more wonders than ever yet have been wrought by the most artful chorus or the deftest quill.—*Book II. Chap.* 2.

LIVERY OF UNVARYING GLOOM.

It is only in the poetry of young gentlemen, or the prose of lady novelists, that a man in good health, and of sound intellect, wears the livery of unvarying gloom. However great his causes of sorrow, he does not forever parade its ostentatious mourning, nor follow the hearse of his hopes with the long face of an undertaker. He will still have his gleams of cheerfulness —his moments of good-humor. The old smile will sometimes light the eye, and awake the old playfulness of the lip. But

what a great and critical sorrow does leave behind is often far worse than the sorrow itself has been. It is a change in the inner man, which strands him, as Guy Darrell seemed stranded, upon the shoal of the Present; which, the more he strive manfully to bear his burden, warns him the more from dwelling on the Past; and the more impressively it enforce the lesson of the vanity of human wishes, strikes the more from his reckoning illusive hopes in the Future. Thus out of our threefold existence two parts are annihilated—the what has been—the what shall be. We fold our arms, stand upon the petty and steep cragstone, which alone looms out of the Measureless Sea, and say to ourselves, looking neither backward nor beyond, "Let us bear what is;" and so for the moment the eye can lighten and the lip can smile.—*Book II. Chap.* 9.

EVERY MAN'S HOUSE HIS CASTLE.

In our happy country every man's house is his castle. But, however stoutly he fortify it, Care enters, as surely as she did in Horace's time, through the porticoes of a Roman's villa. Nor, whether ceilings be fretted with gold and ivory, or whether only colored with whitewash, does it matter to Care any more than it does to a house-fly. But every tree, be it cedar or blackthorn, can harbor its singing-bird; and few are the homes in which, from nooks least suspected, there starts not a music. Is it quite true that "*non* avium citharæque cantus somnum reducent?" Would not even Damocles himself have forgotten the sword, if the lute player had chanced upon the notes that lull?—*Book II. Chap.* 3.

MAN IN HIS ART.

Out of an art a man may be so trivial you would mistake him for an imbecile—at best, a grown infant. Put him into his art, and how high he soars above you! How quietly he enters into a heaven of which he has become a denizen, and unlocking the gates with his golden key, admits you to follow, an humble, reverent visitor.—*Book II. Chap.* 5.

TEARS AKIN TO PRAYERS.

Shallow judges of human nature are they who think that tears in themselves ever misbecome boy or even man. Well did the sternest of Roman writers place the arch distinction of humanity, aloft from all meaner of heaven's creatures, in the prerogative of tears! Sooner mayst thou trust thy purse to a professional pickpocket than give loyal friendship to the man who boasts of eyes to which the heart never mounts in dew! Only,

when man weeps, he should be alone—not because tears are weak, but because they should be sacred. Tears are akin to prayers. Pharisees parade prayer; impostors parade tears. O Pegasus, Pegasus—softly, softly!—thou hast hurried me off amidst the clouds: drop me gently down—there by the side of the motionless boy in the shadowy glen.—*Book II. Chap.* 6.

NOT ENOUGH TO SOLVE ANOTHER'S PROBLEM.

"Never think it enough to have solved the problem started by another mind, till you have deduced from it a corollary of your own."—*Book II. Chap.* 9.

SACRIFICE AND PROGRESS.

"Without sacrificing bright summer days, one finds one has made little progress when the long winter nights come."—*Book II. Chap.* 2.

A GOOD HEART A LETTER OF CREDIT.

If a good face is a letter of recommendation, a good heart is a letter of credit.—*Book II. Chap.* 11.

GIFT OF PRAISING.

Certainly praise was rare upon Darrell's lips; but, when he did praise, he knew how to do it! And no man will ever command others who has not by nature that gift. It cannot be learned. Art and experience can only refine its expression.—*Book II. Chap.* 12.

MAN'S HEIR.

He who sees his heir in his own child, carries his eye over hopes and possessions lying far beyond his gravestone; viewing his life, even here, as a period but closed with a comma. He who sees his heir in another man's child, sees the full stop at the end of the sentence.—*Book II. Chap.* 13.

OLD MEN.

Old men do seem happy; behind them all memories faint, save those of childhood and sprightly youth; before them, the narrow ford, and the sun dawning up the clouds on the other shore. 'Tis the critical descent into age in which man is surely most troubled; griefs gone, still rankling; nor, strength yet in his limbs, passion yet in his heart, reconciled to what loom nearest in the prospect—the arm-chair and the palsied head. Well! life is a quaint puzzle. Bits the most incongruous join into each other, and the scheme thus gradually becomes sym-

metrical and clear; when, lo! as the infant claps his hands, and cries, "See, see! the puzzle is made out!" all the pieces are swept back into the box—black box with the gilded nails. —*Book II. Chap.* 14.

EVERY STREET HAS TWO SIDES.

Every street has two sides, the shady side and the sunny. When two men shake hands and part, mark which of the two takes the sunny side; he will be the younger man of the two.—*Book II. Chap.* 14.

GUARDIAN SPIRITS.

A vague remembrance of some tale of "Guardian Spirits," with which Waife had once charmed her wonder, stirred through her lulling thoughts, linking itself with the presence of that encircling moonlight. There! see, the eyelids are closed—no tear upon their fringe. See the dimples steal out as the sweet lips are parted. She sleeps, she dreams already! Where and what is the rude world of waking now? Are there *not* guardian spirits? Deride the question if thou wilt, stern man, the reasoning and self-reliant: but thou, O fair mother, who hast marked the strange happiness on the face of a child that has wept itself to sleep—what sayest *thou*, to the soft tradition, which surely had its origin in the heart of the earliest mother? —*Book III. Chap.* 14.

DISAGREEABLE TRUTHS.

There is no man so friendless but what he can find a friend sincere enough to tell him disagreeable truths.—*Book III. Chap.* 15.

THE THOROUGHBRED ANTHROPOPHAGITE.

In every civilized society there is found a race of men who retain the instincts of the aboriginal cannibal, and live upon their fellow-men as a natural food. These interesting but formidable bipeds, having caught their victim, invariably select one part of his body on which to fasten their relentless grinders. The part thus selected is peculiarly susceptible, Providence having made it alive to the least nibble; it is situated just above the hip-joint, it is protected by a tegument of exquisite fibre, vulgarly called "THE BREECHES POCKET." The thoroughbred Anthropophagite usually begins with his own relations and friends; and so long as he confines his voracity to the domestic circle, the Laws interfere little, if at all, with his venerable propensities. But when he has exhausted all that allows itself to

be edible in the bosom of private life, the Man-eater falls loose on Society, and takes to prowling—then "*Sauve qui peut!*" the Laws rouse themselves, put on their spectacles, call for their wigs and gowns, and the Anthropophagite turned prowler is not always sure of his dinner. It is when he has arrived at this stage of development that the Man-eater becomes of importance, enters into the domain of History, and occupies the thoughts of Moralists.—*Book III. Chap.* 16.

ENEMIES AND FRIENDS.

In life it is difficult to say who do you the most mischief, enemies with the worst intentions or friends with the best.—*Book III. Chap.* 17.

CONVERSE OF KING AND BEGGAR.

Let a king and a beggar converse freely together, and it is the beggar's fault if he does not say something which makes the king lift his hat to him.—*Book III. Chap.* 18.

ELECTRIC CHAIN OF UNDERSTANDING.

Yet were the Mayor's sympathetic liking and respectful admiration wholly unaccountable? Runs there not between one warm human heart and another the electric chain of a secret understanding? In that maimed outcast, so stubbornly hard to himself—so tremulously sensitive for his sick child—was there not the majesty to which they who have learned that Nature has her nobles reverently bow the head? A man, true to man's grave religion, can no more despise a life wrecked in all else, while a hallowing affection stands out sublime through the rents and chinks of fortune, than he can profane with rude mockery a temple in ruins—if still left there the altar.—*Book III. Chap.* 18.

TEMPER AND DISPOSITION.

Happy the man on whose marriage-hearth temper smiles kind from the eyes of woman! "No deity present," saith the heathen proverb, "where absent—Prudence"—no joy long a guest where Peace is not a dweller. Peace, so like Faith, that they may be taken for each other, and poets have clad them with the same veil. But in childhood, in early youth, expect not the changeless green of the cedar. Wouldst thou distinguish fine temper from spiritless dulness, from cold simulation—ask less what the temper, than what the disposition.

Is the nature sweet and trustful, is it free from the morbid self-love which calls itself "sensitive feeling," and frets at im-

aginary offences; is the tendency to be grateful for kindness—yet take kindness meekly, and accept as a benefit what the vain call a due? From dispositions thus blessed, sweet temper will come forth to gladden thee, spontaneous and free. Quick with some, with some, slow, word and look emerge out of the heart. By the first question, "Is the heart itself generous and tender?" If it be so, self-control comes with deepening affection. Call not that a good heart which, hastening to sting if a fibre be ruffled, cries, "I am no hypocrite." Accept that excuse, and revenge becomes virtue. But where the heart, if it give the offence, pines till it win back the pardon; if offended itself, bounds forth to forgive, even longing to soothe, ever grieved if it wound; then be sure that its nobleness will need but few trials of pain in each outbreak, to refine and chastise its expression. Fear not then; be but noble thyself, thou art safe!

Yet what in childhood is often called, rebukingly, "temper," is but the cordial and puissant vitality which contains all the elements that make temper the sweetest at last. Who among us, how wise soever, can construe a child's heart? who conjecture all the springs that secretly vibrate within, to a touch on the surface of feeling? Each child, but especially the girl-child, would task the whole lore of a sage, deep as Shakespeare, to distinguish those subtle emotions which we grown folks have outlived.—*Book III. Chap.* 21.

PREPARATION OF MAN'S GENIUS.

Could we know by what strange circumstances a man's genius became prepared for practical success, we should discover that the most serviceable items in his education were never entered in the bills which his father paid for it.—*Book V. Chap.* 3.

TO RIGHTLY JUDGE CHARACTER.

To judge human character rightly, a man may sometimes have very small experience, provided he has a very large heart. —*Book V. Chap.* 4.

SCALES OF EARLY JUSTICE.

The scales of early justice are poised in their quivering equilibrium, not by huge hundred-weights, but by infinitesimal grains, needing the most wary caution—the most considerate patience—the most delicate touch, to arrange or readjust. Few of our errors, national or individual, come from the design to be unjust—most of them from sloth, or incapacity to grapple with the difficulties of being just. Sins of commission may

not, perhaps, shock the retrospect of conscience. Large and obtrusive to view, we have confessed, mourned, repented, possibly atoned them. Sins of omission, so veiled amidst our hourly emotions—blent, confused, unseen, in the conventional routine of existence.—Alas! could *these* suddenly emerge from their shadow, group together in serried mass and accusing order—alas, alas! would not the best of us then start in dismay, and would not the proudest humble himself at the Throne of Mercy!—*Book IV. Chap.* 18.

CRITICAL PLACES IN LIFE.

In every life, go it fast, go it slow, there are critical pausing places. When the journey is renewed the face of the country is changed.—*Book V. Chap.* 10.

HOW TO LIVE.

Would you throughout life be up to the height of your century—always in the prime of man's reason—without crudeness and without decline—live habitually, while young, with persons older, and when old, with persons younger than yourself.—*Book VI. Chap.* 2.

POWER OF FAITH.

"There is so much power in faith," said Lionel, "even when faith is applied but to things human and earthly, that let a man be but firmly persuaded that he is born to do, some day, what at the moment seems impossible, and it is fifty to one but what he does it before he dies.—*Book VI. Chap.* 3.

TRUE MARRIAGE.

Not the *mariage de convenance*, not the *mariage de raison*, but the *mariage d'amour*. All other marriage, with vows of love so solemn, with intimacy of commune so close—all other marriage, in my eyes, is an acted falsehood—a varnished sin.—*Book VI. Chap.* 4.

HARD TO CLIMB.

Who among my readers that may have risen on the glittering steep, ("Ah, who can tell how hard it is to climb") has not been similarly attracted toward the roof, at the craggy foot of the ascent, under which golden dreams refreshed his straining sinews? Somewhat quickening in his steps, now that a bourne was assigned to them, the man growing old in years, but, unhappily for himself, too tenacious of youth in its grand discontent, and keen susceptibilities to pain, strode noiselessly on, under the

gaslights, under the stars; gaslights primly marshalled at equidistance; stars that seem, to the naked eye, dotted over space without symmetry or method—Man's order, near and finite, is so distinct; the Maker's order, remote, infinite, is so beyond Man's comprehension even of *what* is order!—*Book VI. Chap.* 5.

THE PUBLIC MAN'S NEED.

The public man needs but one patron—viz., THE LUCKY MOMENT.—*Book VI. Chap.* 6.

CALAMITIES,—TWO GREAT DIVISIONS.

Most persons will agree that the toad is ugly and venomous, but few indeed are the persons who can boast of having actually discovered that "precious jewel in its head" which the poet assures us is placed there. But calamity may be classed in two great divisions—1st, The affections, which no prudence can avert: 2d, The misfortunes, which men take all possible pains to bring upon themselves. Afflictions of the first class may but call forth our virtues, and result in our ultimate good. Such is the adversity which may give us the jewel. But to get at the jewel we must kill the toad. Misfortunes of the second class but too often increase the errors or the vices by which they were created. Such is the adversity which is all toad and no jewel. If you choose to breed and fatten your own toads, the increase of the venom absorbs every bit of the jewel.—*Book VII. Chap.* 10.

EACH GENERATION ITS OWN CANONS.

Each generation has its own critical canons in poetry as well as in political creeds, financial systems, or whatever other changeable matters of taste are called "Settled Questions" and "Fixed Opinions."—*Book VII. Chap.* 20.

INFLICTIONS PROVIDENT MERCY.

Heaven often veils its most provident mercy in what to man seems its sternest inflictions.—*Book VII. Chap.* 20.

PERCEPTION OF THE BEAUTIFUL.

Be it a work of art, a scene in nature, or, rarest of all, a human face divine, a beauty never before beheld strikes us with hidden pleasure, like a burst of light; and it is a pleasure that elevates. The imagination feels itself richer by a new idea of excellence; for not only is real beauty wholly original, having no prototype, but its immediate influence is spiritual. It may seem strange—I appeal to every observant artist if the assertion

be not true—but the first sight of the most perfect order of female beauty, rather than courting, rebukes and strikes back every grosser instinct that would alloy admiration. There must be some meanness and blemish in the beauty which the sensualist no sooner beholds than he covets. In the higher incarnation of the abstract idea which runs through all our notions of moral good and celestial purity—even if the moment the eye sees the heart loves the image—the love has in it something of the reverence with which it was said the charms of Virtue would produce could her form be made visible; nor could mere human love obtrude itself till the sweet awe of the first effect had been familiarized away. And I apprehend that it is this exalting or etherealizing attribute of beauty to which all poets, all writers who would poetize the realities of life, have unconsciously rendered homage, in the rank to which they elevate what, stripped of such attribute, would be but a gaudy idol of painted clay. If from the loftiest epic to the tritest novel a heroine is often little more than a name to which we are called upon to bow, as to a symbol representing beauty; and if we ourselves (be we ever so indifferent in our common life to fair faces) feel that in art, at least, imagination needs an image of the Beautiful—if, in a word, both poet and reader here would not be left excuseless, it is because in our inmost hearts there is a sentiment which links the ideal of beauty with the Supersensual. Wouldst thou, for instance, form some vague conception of the shape worn by a pure soul released? wouldst thou give to it the likeness of an ugly hag? or wouldst thou not ransack all thy remembrances, all thy conceptions of forms most beauteous, to clothe the holy image? Do so: now bring it thus robed with the richest graces before thy mind's eye. Well, seest thou now the excuse for poets in the rank they give to BEAUTY? Seest thou now how high from the realm of the senses soars the mysterious Archetype? Without the idea of beauty, couldst thou conceive a form in which to clothe a soul that has entered heaven?—*Book VII. Chap.* 23.

THE AUTHOR'S TEMPERAMENT.

What is the author's temperament? Too long a task to be defined. But without it a man may write a clever book, a useful book, a book that may live a year, ten years, fifty years. He will not stand out to distant ages a representative of the age that rather lived in him than he in it. The author's temperament is that which makes him an integral, earnest, original unity, distinct from all before and all that may succeed him. And as a Father of the Church has said that the consciousness of indi-

vidual being is the sign of immortality, not granted to the inferior creatures—so it is in this individual temperament one and indivisible; and in the intense conviction of it, more than in all the works it may throw off, that the author becomes immortal. Nay, his works may perish like those of Orpheus or Pythagoras; but he himself, in his name, in the foot-print of his being, remains, like Orpheus or Pythagoras, undestroyed, indestructible. —*Book VIII. Chap.* 1.

SCIENCE AS A DISTRACTION.

So long as you take science only as a distraction, science will not lead you to discovery.—*Book VIII. Chap.* 1.

THE COLORS OF LOVE.

The learned compute that seven hundred and seven millions of millions of vibrations have penetrated the eye before the eye can distinguish the tints of a violet. What philosophy can calculate the vibrations of the heart before it can distinguish the colors of love?—*Book VIII. Chap.* 2.

REASONING FROM THE HEART.

A woman too often reasons from her heart—hence two-thirds of her mistakes and her troubles. A man of genius, too, often reasons from his heart—hence, also, two-thirds of his troubles and mistakes. Wherefore, between woman and genius there is a sympathetic affinity; each has some intuitive comprehension of the secrets of the other, and the more feminine the woman, the more exquisite the genius, the more subtle the intelligence between the two. But note well that this tacit understanding becomes obscured if human love pass across its relations. Shakespeare interprets aright the most intricate riddles in woman. A woman was the first to interpret aright the art that is latent in Shakespeare. But did Anne Hathaway and Shakespeare understand each other?—*Book VIII. Chap.* 4.

DIANA—LUNA—HECATE.

There is a place at which three roads meet, sacred to that mysterious goddess called Diana on earth, Luna (or the Moon) in heaven, and Hecate in the infernal regions. At this place pause the Virgins permitted to take their choice of these three roads. Few give their preference to that which is vowed to the goddess in her name of Diana; that road, cold and barren, is clothed by no roses and myrtles. Roses and myrtles veil the entrance to both the others, and in both the others Hymen has much the same gay-looking temples. But which of those two

leads to the celestial Luna, or which of them conducts to the infernal Hecate, not one nymph in fifty divines. If thy heart should misgive thee, O nymph!—if, though cloud veil the path to the Moon, and sunshine gild that to pale Hecate—thine instinct recoils from the sunshine, while thou darest not adventure the cloud—thou hast still a choice left,—thou hast still the safe road of Diana. Hecate, O nymph! is the goddess of ghosts. If thou takest *her* path, look not back, for the ghosts are behind thee.—*Book IX. Chap.* 2.

NUMBER OF FRIENDS.

Whatever the number of a man's friends, there will be times in his life when he has one too few; but if he has only one enemy, he is lucky indeed if he has not one too many.—*Book IX. Chap.* 3.

GRIEF AT DIFFERENT STAGES OF LIFE.

Lo, how contrasted the effect of a similar cause of grief at different stages of life! Chase the first day-dreams of our youth, and we cry, "Action—Strife!" In that cry, unconsciously to ourselves, HOPE speaks, and proffers worlds of emotion not yet exhausted. Disperse the last golden illustration in which the image of happiness cheats our experienced manhood, and HOPE is silent; she has no more words to offer—unless, indeed, she drop her earthly attributes, change her less solemn name, and float far out of sight as "FAITH!"—*Book IX. Chap.* 3.

No wind so cutting as that which sets in the quarter from which the sun rises.—*Book X. Chap.* 5.

PHYSICAL POWER BRUTE-LIKE OR GOD-LIKE.

O young Reader, whosoever thou art, on whom Nature has bestowed her magnificent gift of physical power with the joys it commands, with the daring that springs from it—on closing this chapter, pause a moment and think—"What wilt thou do with it?" Shall it be brute-like or God-like? With what advantage for life—its delights or its perils—toils borne with ease, and glories cheap bought—dost thou start at life's onset? Give thy sinews a Mind that conceives the Heroic, and what noble things thou mayest do! But value thy sinews for rude Strength alone and that strength may be turned to thy shame and thy torture. The Wealth of thy life will but tempt to its waste. Abuse, at first felt not, will poison the uses of Sense. Wild bulls gore and trample their foes. Thou hast SOUL! Wilt thou trample and gore it?—*Book X. Chap.* 7.

COURSE OF TRUE LOVE.

"The course of true love never does run smooth!" May it not be because where there are no obstacles, there are no tests to the truth of Love? Where the course is smooth, the stream is crowded with pleasure-boats. Where the wave swells, and the shoals threaten, and the sky lowers, the pleasure-boats have gone back into harbor. Ships fitted for rough weather are those built and stored for long voyage.—*Book XI. Chap.* 1.

RECONCILIATION OF THE HEART WITH LOSS.

Now, as he sits and thinks, and gazes abstractedly into that far, pale, winter sky—now, the old man is still scheming how to reconcile a human loving heart to the eternal loss of that affection which has so many perishable counterfeits, but which, when true in all its elements—complete in all its varied wealth of feeling—is never to be forgotten, and never to be replaced.—*Book XI. Chap.* 1.

YOUNG MAN'S HOPE.

Nothing so obstinate as a young man's hope; nothing so eloquent as a lover's tongue.—*Book XI. Chap.* 3.

INDIVIDUAL CONCESSIONS.

Individual concessions are like political; when you once begin, there is no saying where you will stop.—*Book XI. Chap.* 6.

TREES WHICH SHELTER.

Trees that, like the poplar, lift upward all their boughs, give no shade and no shelter, whatever their height. Trees the most lovingly shelter and shade us, when, like the willow, the higher soar their summits, the lowlier droop their boughs.—*Book XI. Chap.* 10.

FORTUNE'S WORKINGS.

Let Fortune strike down a victim, and even the heathen cries "This is the hand of God!" But where Fortune brings no vicissitude; where her wheel runs smooth, dropping wealth or honors as it rolls—where Affliction centres its work within the secret, unrevealing heart—there, even the wisest man may not readily perceive by what means Heaven is admonishing, forcing or wooing him nearer to itself. I take the case of a man in whom Heaven acknowledges a favored son. I assume his outward life crowned with successes, his mind stored with opulent gifts, his nature endowed with lofty virtues; what an heir to

train through the brief school of earth for due place in the ages that roll on forever! But this man has a parasite weed in each bed of a soul rich in flowers; weed and flowers intertwined, stem with stem—their fibres uniting even deep down to the root. Can you not conceive with what untiring vigilant care Heaven will seek to disentangle the flower from the weed?—how (dropping inadequate metaphor) Heaven will select for its warning chastisements that very error which the man has so blent with his virtues that he holds it a virtue itself?—how, gradually, slowly, pertinaciously, it will gather this beautiful nature all to itself—insist on a sacrifice it would ask from no other?—*Book XII. Chap.* 2.

HUMAN LIVES SEPARATE CIRCLES.

"All human lives are as separate circles; they may touch at one point in friendly approach, but even where they touch, each rounds itself from off the other.—*Book XII. Chap.* 2.

RELENTING OF FINE NATURES.

More bounteous run rivers when the ice that locked their flow melts into their waters. And when fine natures relent, their kindness is swelled by the thaw.—*Book XII. Chap.* 5.

DEATH-BED REPENTANCE.

"You believe," asked the Man of the World, "in the efficacy of a death-bed repentance, when a sinner has sinned till the power of sinning be gone?"

"I believe," replied the Preacher, "that in health there is nothing so unsafe as trust in a death-bed repentance; I believe that on the death-bed it cannot be unsafe to repent!"—*Book XII. Chap.* 12.

MAN AND THE HELPMATE.

And the lake is as smooth as glass; and the swans, hearkening the music, rest still, with white breasts against the grass margin; and the doe, where she stands, her fore-feet in the water, lifts her head wistfully, with nostrils distended, and wondering soft eyes that are missing the master. Now full on the beech-groves shines the westering sun; out from the gloomy beech-grove into the golden sunlight—they come, they come—Man and the Helpmate, two lives rebetrothed—two souls reunited. Be it evermore! Amen.—*Final Chapter.*

"MY NOVEL;"

OR,

VARIETIES IN ENGLISH LIFE.

LEADING CHARACTERS.

PARSON DALE, "quite a beau in a clerical way," a patient man and pattern husband.

MRS. DALE, wife of the parson, and with all her "tempers" an excellent woman.

SQUIRE HAZELDEAN, "with a hearty affection for country life." Half brother to Audley Egerton.

MRS. HAZELDEAN, the squire's wife and the lady of the parish.

FRANK HAZELDEAN, son of the squire.

MISS JEMIMA HAZELDEAN, the squire's first cousin, finally married to Dr. Riccabocca.

CAPT. BARNABAS HIGGINBOTHAM, a distant relation of the Hazeldeans, at whose house he visited ten months of the year.

AUDLEY EGERTON, a widower, and member of Parliament.

HARLEY, LORD L'ESTRANGE, the only son of the Earl of Lansmere, a nobleman of considerable wealth, and allied to the most powerful families of England. The dearest friend of Audley Egerton.

DR. RICCABOCCA, an Italian exile, *alias* the Duke di Serrano.

VIOLANTE, daughter to Dr. Riccabocca. A child when the story opens. She marries Harley L'Estrange.

LEONARD FAIRFIELD, supposed to be the son of widow Fairfield. In reality the son of Egerton.

MRS. FAIRFIELD, a plain, middle-aged working-woman. A widow.

HENRY NORREYS, a man of letters.

RANDAL LESLIE, a scheming hypocrite. Protegé of Audley Egerton, and related to his second wife, who was a Miss Leslie.

DR. MORGAN, a homœopathic physician.

JOHN AVERNEL, and his wife. Grandfather and mother to Leonard Fairfield, on his mother's side.

RICHARD AVERNEL, a self-made man, son of John Avernel.

NORA AVERNEL, daughter of John Avernel. First wife of Egerton, and mother of Leonard.

CAPT. ALGERNON DIGBY, an improvident and invalid soldier.

HELEN DIGBY, Captain Digby's daughter, finally married to Leonard Fairfield, alias Egerton.

BEATRICE, Marchessa di Negra, an Italian beauty. A widow, and sister of Count di Peschiera.

GIULIO FRANZINI, Count di Peschiera. A kinsman of Dr. Riccabocca, and seeking to possess himself of the Doctor's fortune. The Count is well known as an Italian adventurer.

BARON LEVY, a money-lender.

JOHN BURLEY, devoted to literature and whiskey.

JACKEYMO, servant to Dr. Riccabocca.

PEASANT FOND OF HOME.

How well it speaks for peasant and landlord, when you see that the peasant is fond of his home, and has some spare time and heart to bestow upon mere embellishment. Such a peasant is sure to be a bad customer to the ale-house, and a safe neighbor to the Squire's preserves. All honor and praise to him, except a small tax upon both, which is due to the landlord!—*Book I. Chap.* 3.

ANECDOTE OF THE EMPEROR ADRIAN.

"Once in a time," pursued Riccabocca, "the Emperor Adrian, going to the public baths, saw an old soldier, who had served under him, rubbing his back against the marble wall. The Emperor, who was a wise, and therefore a curious, inquisitive man, sent for the soldier, and asked him why he resorted to that sort of friction. 'Because,' answered the veteran, 'I am too poor to have slaves to rub me down.' The Emperor was touched, and gave him slaves and money. The next day, when Adrian went to the baths, all the old men in the city were to be seen rubbing themselves against the marble as hard as they could. The Emperor sent for them, and asked them the same question which he had put to the soldier; the cunning old rogues, of course, made the same answer. 'Friends,' said Adrian, 'since there are so many of you, you will just rub one another!' Mr. Dale, if you don't want to have all the donkeys in the country with holes in their shoulders, you had better not buy the Tinker's!"—*Book I. Chap.* 6.

TREATISE ON "DEAR."

While the Parson and his wife are entertaining their guest, I propose to regale the reader with a small treatise apropos of that "Charles dear," murmured by Mrs. Dale—a treatise expressly written for the benefit of THE DOMESTIC CIRCLE.

It is an old jest that there is not a word in the language that conveys so little endearment as the word "dear." But though the saying itself, like most truths, be trite and hackneyed, no little novelty remains to the search of the inquirer into the varieties of inimical import comprehended in that malign monosyllable. For instance, I submit to the experienced that the degree of hostility it betrays is in much proportion to its collocation in the sentence. When, gliding indirectly through the rest of the period, it takes its stand at the close, as in that "Charles dear" of Mrs. Dale, it has spilt so much of its natural bitterness by the way that it assumes even a smile, "amara

lento temperet risu." Sometimes the smile is plaintive, sometimes arch. *Ex. gr.*

(*Plaintive.*)—"I know very well that whatever I do is wrong, Charles dear."

"Nay, I am very glad you amused yourself so much without me, Charles dear."

"Not quite so loud! If you had but my poor head, Charles dear," etc.

(*Arch.*)—"If you could spill the ink anywhere but on the best table-cloth, Charles dear!"

"But though you must always have your own way, you are not *quite faultless*, own, Charles dear," etc.

When the enemy stops in the middle of the sentence, its venom is naturally less exhausted. *Ex. gr.*

"Really, I must say, Charles dear, that you are the most fidgety person," etc.

"And if the house bills were so high last week, Charles dear, I should just like to know whose fault it was—that's all."

"But you know, Charles dear, that you care no more for me and the children than—" etc.

But if the fatal word spring up, in its primitive freshness, at the head of the sentence, bow your head to the storm. It then assumes the majesty of "my" before it; it is generally more than objurgation—it prefaces a sermon. My candor obliges me to confess that this is the mode in which the hateful monosyllable is more usually employed by the marital part of the one flesh; and has something about it of the odious assumption of the Petruchian *pater-familias*—the head of the family—boding, not perhaps "peace and love, and quiet life," but certainly "awful rule and right supremacy." *Ex. gr.*

"My dear Jane—I wish you would just put by that everlasting crochet, and listen to me for a few moments," etc.

"My dear Jane—I wish you would understand me for once—don't think I am angry—no; but I am hurt. You must consider," etc.

"My dear Jane—I don't know if it is your intention to ruin me, but I only wish you would do as all other women do who care three straws for their husband's property," etc.

"My dear Jane—I wish you to understand that I am the last person in the world to be jealous; but I'll be d——d if that puppy, Captain Prettyman," etc.

Now, few so carefully cultivate the connubial garden, as to feel much surprise at the occasional sting of a homely nettle or two; but who ever expected, before entering that garden, to find himself pricked and lacerated by an insidious exotical

"dear," which he had been taught to believe only lived in a hothouse, along with myrtles and other tender and sensitive shrubs, which poets appropriate to Venus?—*Book I. Chap.* 7.

EVERY MAN HIS BURDEN.

Brethren, every man has his burden. If God designed our lives to end at the grave, may we not believe that he would have freed an existence so brief from the cares and sorrows to which, since the beginning of the world, mankind has been subjected? Suppose that I am a kind father, and have a child whom I dearly love, but I know by a Divine revelation that he will die at the age of eight years, surely I should not vex his infancy by needless preparations for the duties of life. If I am a rich man, I should not send him from the caresses of his mother to the stern discipline of school. If I am a poor man, I should not take him with me to hedge and dig, to scorch in the sun, to freeze in the winter's cold; why inflict hardships on his childhood for the purpose of fitting him for manhood, when I know that he is doomed not to grow into man? But if, on the other hand, I believe my child is reserved for a more durable existence, then should I not, out of the very love I bear to him, prepare his childhood for the struggle of life, according to that station in which he is born, giving many a toil, many a pain, to the infant, in order to rear and strengthen him for his duties as man? So it is with our Father that is in heaven. Viewing this life as our infancy, and the next as our spiritual maturity, where, "in the ages to come, he may show the exceeding riches of his grace," it is in his tenderness, as in his wisdom, to permit the toil and the pain which, in tasking the powers and developing the virtues of the soul, prepare it for "the earnest of our inheritance." Hence it is that every man has his burden. Brethren, if you believe that God is good, yea, but as tender as a human father, you will know that your troubles in life are a proof that you are reared for an eternity. But each man thinks his own burden the hardest to bear; the poor man groans under his poverty, the rich man under the cares that multiply with wealth. Grant all conditions the same—no reverse, no rise, and no fall—nothing to hope for, nothing to fear—what a moral death you would at once inflict upon all the energies of the soul, and what a link between the Heart of man and the Providence of God would be snapped asunder! If we could annihilate evil, we should annihilate hope; and hope, my brethren, is the avenue to faith. If there be "a time to weep and a time to laugh," it is that he who mourns may turn to eternity for comfort, and he who rejoices may bless God

for the happy hour. Ah! my brethren, were it possible to annihilate the inequalities of human life, it would be the banishment of our worthiest virtues, the torpor of our spiritual nature, the palsy of our mental faculties. The moral world, like the world without us, derives its health and its beauty from diversity and contrast.

"Every man shall bear his own burden." True; but now turn to an earlier verse in the same chapter,—"Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ." Yes; while heaven ordains to each his peculiar suffering, it connects the family of man into one household, by that feeling which, more perhaps than any other, distinguishes us from the brute creation—I mean the feeling to which we give the name of *sympathy*—the feeling for each other! The flock heedeth not the sheep that creeps into the shade to die; but man has sorrow and joy not in himself alone, but in the joy and sorrow of those around him. He who feels only for himself abjures his very nature as man; for do we not say of one who has no tenderness for mankind that he is *inhuman?* and do we not call him who sorrows with the sorrowful, *humane?*—*Book II. Chap* 12.

AN APOLOGY.

Of all the wares and commodities in exchange and barter, wherein so mainly consists the civilization of our modern world, there is not one which is so carefully weighed—so accurately measured—so plumbed and gauged—so doled and scraped—so poured out in *minima* and balanced with scruples—as that necessity of social commerce called "an apology!" If the chemists were half so careful in vending their poisons, there would be a notable diminution in the yearly average of victims to arsenic and oxalic acid. But, alas, in the matter of apology, it is not from the excess of the dose, but the timid, niggardly, miserly manner in which it is dispensed, that poor Humanity is hurried off to the Styx!—*Book III. Chap.* 14.

CHILDREN,—PLEASURE OF BEING USEFUL.

There is not a greater pleasure you can give children, especially female children, than to make them feel they are already of value in the world, and serviceable as well as protected.—*Book IV. Chap.* 7.

APPEALS TO OPERATIVES.

Noble and generous spirits are ye, who, with small care for fame, and little reward from pelf, have opened to the intellects of the poor the portals of wisdom! I honor and revere ye;

only do not think ye have done all that is needful. Consider, I pray ye, whether so good a choice from the Tinker's bag would have been made by a boy whom religion had not scared from the pestilent, and genius had not led to the self-improving. And Lenny did not wholly escape from the mephitic portions of the motley elements from which his awakening mind drew its nurture. Think not it was all pure oxygen that the panting lip drew in. No; there were still those inflammatory tracts. Political I do not like to call them, for politics means the art of government, and the tracts I speak of assailed all government which mankind has hitherto recognized. Sad rubbish, perhaps, were such tracts to you, O sound thinker, in your easy-chair! Or to you practised statesman, at your post on the Treasury Bench—to you, calm dignitary of a learned Church—or to you, my lord judge, who may often have sent from your bar to the dire Orcus of Norfolk's Isle the ghosts of men whom that rubbish, falling simultaneously on the bumps of acquisitiveness and combativeness, hath untimely slain! Sad rubbish to you! But seems it such rubbish to the poor man, to whom it promises a paradise on the easy terms of upsetting a world? For ye see, those "Appeals to Operatives" represent that same world upsetting as the simplest thing imaginable—a sort of two-and-two-make-four proposition. The poor have only got to set their strong hands to the axle, and heave-a-hoy! and hurrah for the topsy-turvy! Then, just to put a little wholesome rage into the heave-a-hoy! it is so facile to accompany the eloquence of "Appeals" with a kind of stir-the-bile-up statistics—"Abuses of the Aristocracy"—"Jobs of the Priesthood"—"Expenses of the Army kept up for Peers' younger sons"—"Wars contracted for the villanous purpose of raising the rents of the land-owners"—all arithmetically dished up, and seasoned with tales of every gentleman who has committed a misdeed, every clergyman who has dishonored his cloth; as if such instances were fair specimens of average gentlemen and ministers of religion! All this passionately advanced (and observe, never answered, for that literature admits no controversialists, and the writer has it all his own way) may be rubbish; but it is out of such rubbish that operatives build barricades for attack, and legislators prisons for defence.—*Book IV. Chap.* 7.

INDULGENCE OF POETIC TASTE AND REVERIE.

To many minds, at the commencement of our grave and earnest pilgrimage, I am Vandal enough to think that the indulgence of poetic taste and reverie does great and lasting harm; that it serves to enervate the character, give false ideas of life,

impart the semblance of drudgery to the noble toils and duties of the active man. All poetry would not do this—not, for instance, the Classical, in its diviner masters—not the poetry of Homer, of Virgil, of Sophocles—not, perhaps, even that of the indolent Horace. But the poetry which youth usually loves and appreciates the best—the poetry of mere sentiment—does so in minds already over-predisposed to the sentiment, and which require bracing to grow into healthful manhood.

On the other hand, even this latter kind of poetry, which is peculiarly modern, does suit many minds of another mould—minds which our modern life, with its hard positive forms, tends to produce. And as in certain climates plants and herbs, particularly adapted as antidotes to those diseases most prevalent in the atmosphere, are profusely sown, as it were, by the benignant providence of nature—so it may be that the softer and more romantic species of poetry, which comes forth in harsh, money-making, unromantic times, is intended as curatives and counter-poisons. The world is so much with us, now-a-days, that we need have something that prates to us, albeit even in too fine an euphuism, of the moon and stars.—*Book IV. Chap.* 9.

SOMETHING NOBLER THAN FORTUNE.

Certes, to Leonard Fairfield, at that period of his intellectual life, the softness of out Helicon descended as healing dews. In his turbulent and unsettled ambition, in his vague grapple with the giant forms of political truths, in his bias toward the application of science to immediate practical purposes, this lovely vision of the Muse came in the white robe of the Peacemaker; and with upraised hand, pointing to serene skies, she opened to him fair glimpses of the Beautiful, which is given to Peasant as to Prince—showed to him that on the surface of the earth there is something nobler than fortune—that he who can view the world as a poet is always at soul a king; while to practical purpose itself, that larger and more profound invention, which poetry stimulates, supplied the grand design and the subtle view—leading him beyond the mere ingenuity of the mechanic, and habituating him to regard the inert force of the matter at his command with the ambition of the Discoverer. But above all, the discontent that was within him finding a vent, not in deliberate war upon this actual world, but through the purifying channels of song—in the vent itself it evaporated, it was lost. By accustoming ourselves to survey all things with the spirit that retains and reproduces them only in their lovelier or grander aspects, a vast philosophy of toleration for what we before gazed on with scorn or hate insensibly grows upon us.

Leonard looked into his heart after the Enchantress had breathed upon it; and through the mists of the fleeting and tender melancholy which betrayed where she had been, he beheld a new sun of delight and joy dawning over the landscape of human life.

Thus, though she was dead and gone from his actual knowledge, this mysterious kinswoman—"a voice, and nothing more"—had spoken to him, soothed, elevated, cheered, attuned each discord into harmony; and, if now permitted from some serener sphere to behold the life that her soul thus strangely influenced, verily with yet holier joy, the saving and lovely spirit might have glided onward in the Eternal Progress.

We call the large majority of human lives *obscure*. Presumptuous that we are! How know we what lives a single thought retained from the dust of nameless graves may have lighted to renown?—*Book IV. Chap.* 9.

HAPPINESS.

"Come hither, my child," said Mr. Dale, turning round to Violante, who still stood among the flowers, out of hearing, but with watchful eyes. "Come hither," he said, opening his arms.

Violante bounded forward, and nestled to the good man's heart.

"Tell me, Violante, when you are alone in the fields or the garden, and have left your father looking pleased and serene, so that you have no care for him at your heart,—tell me, Violante, though you are alone, with the flowers below, and the birds singing overhead, do you feel that life itself is happiness or sorrow?"

"Happiness!" answered Violante, half shutting her eyes, and in a measured voice.

"Can you explain what kind of happiness it is?"

"Oh, no, impossible! and it is never the same. Sometimes it is so still—so still, and sometimes so joyous, that I long for wings to fly up to God, and thank him!"—*Book IV. Chap.* 16.

DESIRE TO KNOW.

Certainly it is a glorious fever that desire to know! And there are few sights in the moral world more sublime than that which many a garret might afford, if Asmodeus would bare the roofs to our survey—viz., a brave, patient, earnest human being toiling his own arduous way, athwart the iron walls of penury, into the magnificent Infinite, which is luminous with starry souls.—*Book IV. Chap.* 18.

INTELLECTUAL CULTURE NOT NECESSARY TO VIRTUE.

Let me here, my child, invite you to observe, that He who knew most of our human hearts and our immortal destinies, did not *insist* on this intellectual culture as essential to the virtues that form our well-being here, and conduce to our salvation hereafter. Had it been essential, the Allwise One would not have selected humble fishermen for the teachers of His doctrine, instead of culling His disciples from Roman portico or Athenian academe. And this, which distinguishes so remarkably the Gospel from the ethics of heathen philosophy, wherein knowledge is declared to be necessary to virtue, is a proof how slight was the heathen sage's insight into the nature of mankind, when compared with the Saviour's; for hard, indeed, would it be to men, whether high or low, rich or poor, if science and learning, or contemplative philosophy, were the sole avenues to peace and redemption; since, in this state of ordeal requiring active duties, very few in any age, whether they be high or low, rich or poor, ever are or can be devoted to pursuits merely mental. Christ does not represent heaven as a college for the learned; therefore the rules of the Celestial Legislator are rendered clear to the simplest understanding as to the deepest. —*Book IV. Chap.* 20.

"I WISH" AND "I WILL."

"Oh," continued Violante, again raising her head loftily, "what it is to be a man! A woman sighs 'I wish,' but a man should say 'I will.'"—*Book IV. Chap.* 22.

DESCRIPTION OF L'ESTRANGE.

He was not L'Estrange with them, he was Harley; and by that familiar baptismal I will usually designate him. He was not one of those men whom author or reader wish to view at a distance, and remember as "my Lord," it was so rarely that he remembered it himself. For the rest, it had been said of him by a shrewd wit,—"He is so natural, that every one calls him affected." Harley L'Estrange was not so critically handsome as Audley Egerton; to a commonplace observer he was only rather good-looking than otherwise. But women said that he had "a beautiful countenance"—and they were not wrong. He wore his hair, which was of a fair chestnut, long, and in loose curls; and instead of the Englishman's whiskers, indulged in the foreigner's mustache. His complexion was delicate, though not effeminate; it was rather the delicacy of a student than of a woman. But in his clear gray eye there was wonderful vigor of life. A skilful physiologist, looking only into that

eye, would have recognized rare stamina of constitution,—a nature so rich, that, while easily disturbed, it would require all the effects of time, or all the fell combinations of passion and grief, to exhaust it. Even now, though so thoughtful, and even so sad, the rays of that eye were as concentrated and steadfast as the light of the diamond."—*Book V. Chap.* 6.

WOMAN CHANGEABLE.

"Hush! Audley, hush! or I shall think the world has indeed corrupted you. Excuse for the friend who deceives, who betrays! No, such is the true outlaw of Humanity; and the Furies surround him even while he sleeps in the temple."

The man of the world lifted his eyes slowly on the animated face of one still natural enough for the passions. He then once more returned to his book, and said, after a pause, "It is time you should marry, Harley."

"No," answered L'Estrange, with a smile at this sudden turn in the conversation—"not time yet; for my chief objection to that change in life is, that the women nowadays are too old for me, or I am too young for them. A few, indeed, are so infantine that one is ashamed to be their toy; but most are so knowing that one is afraid to be their dupe. The first, if they condescend to love you, love you as the biggest doll they have yet dandled, and for a doll's good qualities—your pretty blue eyes and your exquisite millinery. The last, if they prudently accept you, do so on algebraical principles; you are but the X or the Y that represents a certain aggregate of goods matrimonial—pedigree, title, rent-roll, diamonds, pin-money, opera-box. They cast you up with the help of mamma, and you wake some morning to find that *plus* wife *minus* affection equals—the Devil!"

"Nonsense," said Audley, with his quiet grave laugh. "I grant that it is often the misfortune of a man in your station to be married rather for what he has than for what he is; but you are tolerably penetrating, and not likely to be deceived in the character of the woman you court."

"Of the woman I *court?*—No! But of the woman I *marry*, very likely indeed. Woman is a changeable thing, as our Virgil informed us at school; but her change *par excellence* is from the fairy you woo to the brownie you wed. It is not that she has been a hypocrite, it is that she is a transmigration. You marry a girl for her accomplishments. She paints charmingly, or plays like St. Cecilia. Clap a ring on her finger, and she never draws again—except perhaps your caricature on the back of a letter, and never opens a piano after the honey-moon. You marry her for her sweet temper; and next year, her nerves are

so shattered that you can't contradict her but you are whirled into a storm of hysterics. You marry her because she declares she hates balls and likes quiet; and ten to one but what she becomes a patroness at Almack's, or a lady-in-waiting."—*Book V. Chap.* 6.

THE POET—CREATIVE FACULTY—FAME.

Gazing on his last effort, Leonard felt that there, at length, spoke forth the Poet. It was a work which, though as yet but half completed, came from a strong hand; not that shadow trembling on unsteady waters, which is but the pale reflex and imitation of some bright mind, sphered out of reach and afar, but an original substance—a life—a thing of the *Creative* Faculty,—breathing back already the breath it had received. This work had paused during Leonard's residence with Mr. Avenel, or had only now and then, in stealth, and at night, received a rare touch. Now, as with a fresh eye, he reperused it, and with that strange, innocent admiration, not of self—for a man's work is not, alas! himself,—it is the beautified and idealized essence (extracted, he knows not how, from his own human elements of clay), admiration known but to poets—their purest delight, often their sole reward. And then, with a warmer and more earthly beat of his full heart, he rushed in fancy to the Great City, where all rivers of Fame meet, but not to be merged and lost,—sallying forth again, individualized and separate, to flow through that one vast Thought of God which we call THE WORLD.—*Book VI. Chap.* 5.

MAN LIKE A BOOK.

"Man is like a book, Mr. Prickett; the commonalty only look to his binding. I am better bound, it is very true."—*Book VI. Chap.* 19.

PATIENCE, COURAGE OF THE CONQUEROR.

Patience is the courage of the conqueror; it is the virtue, *par excellence*, of Man against Destiny—of the One against the World, and of the Soul against Matter. Therefore this is the courage of the Gospel; and its importance, in a social view—its importance to races and institutions—cannot be too earnestly inculcated.—*Book VII. Chap.* 1.

STRANGE HUMAN HEART.

Oh strange human heart! no epic ever written achieves the Sublime and the Beautiful which are graven, unread by human eye, in thy secret leaves.—*Book VII. Chap.* 15.

THOUGHT PRESIDING OVER ALL.

He read what poets must read if they desire to be great—*Sapere principium et fons*—strict reasonings on the human mind: the relations between motive and conduct, thought and action, the grave and solemn truths of the past world; antiquities, history, philosophy. He was taken out of himself. He was carried along the ocean of the universe. In that ocean, O seeker, study the law of the tides; and seeing Chance nowhere—Thought presiding over all,—Fate, that dead phantom, shall vanish from creation, and Providence alone be visible in heaven and on earth!—*Book VII. Chap.* 2.

LITERATURE AS A CALLING.

"Lord L'Estrange tells me that you wish to enter literature as a calling, and no doubt to study it as an art. I may help you in this, and you meanwhile can help me. I want an amanuensis—I offer you that place. The salary will be porportioned to the services you will render me. I have a room in my house at your disposal. When I first came up to London, I made the same choice that I hear you have done. I have no cause, even in a worldly point of view, to repent my choice. It gave me an income larger than my wants. I trace my success to these maxims, which are applicable to all professions—1st, Never to trust to genius for what can be obtained by labor; 2dly, Never to profess to teach what we have not studied to understand; 3rdly, Never to engage our word to what we do not our best to execute. With these rules, literature—provided a man does not mistake his vocation for it, and will, under good advice, go through preliminary discipline of natural powers, which all vocations require—is as good a calling as any other. Without them, a shoe-black's is infinitely better."—*Book VII. Chap.* 19.

HEART MATCHING THE HEAD.

It has, doubtless, been already remarked by the judicious reader, that of the numerous characters introduced into this work, the larger portion belong to that species which we call the INTELLECTUAL—that through them are analyzed and developed human intellect, in various forms and directions. So that this History, rightly considered, is a kind of humble familiar Epic, or, if you prefer it, a long Serio-Comedy, upon the Varieties of English Life in this our Century, set in movement by the intelligences most prevalent. And where more ordinary and less refined types of the species round and complete the survey of our passing generation, they will often suggest, by contrast, the deficiencies which mere intellectual culture leaves in the human being.

Certainly, I have no spite against intellect and enlightenment. Heaven forbid I should be such a Goth! I am only the advocate for common sense and fair play. I don't think an able man necessarily an angel; but I think if his heart match his head, and both proceed in the Great March under the divine Oriflamme, he goes as near to the angel as humanity will permit: if not, if he has but a penn'orth of heart to a pound of brains, I say, "*Bon jour, mon ange!* I see not the starry upward wings, but the grovelling cloven-hoof."—*Book VIII. Chap.* 1.

LIFE A RIDDLE.

"Life is a dark riddle," said he, smiting his breast.

And he walked slowly on, gained the recess where he had stood several nights before with Helen, and, dizzy with want of food, and worn out for want of sleep, he sank down into the dark corner; while the river that rolled under the arch of stone muttered dirge-like in his ear—as under the social key-stone wails and rolls on forever the mystery of Human Discontent. Take comfort, O Thinker by the stream! 'Tis the river that founded and gave pomp to the city; and without the discontent, where were progress—what were Man? Take comfort, O THINKER! wherever the stream over which thou bendest, or beside which thou sinkest, weary and desolate, frets the arch that supports thee;—never dream that, by destroying the bridge, thou canst silence the moan of the wave!—*Book VII. Chap.* 15.

GAIT AND MIEN INDICATIONS OF SPIRIT AND DISPOSITION.

One may judge of the spirits and disposition of a man by his ordinary gait and mien in walking. He who habitually pursues abstract thought, looks down on the ground. He who is accustomed to sudden impulses, or is trying to seize upon some necessary recollection, looks up with a kind of jerk. He who is a steady, cautious, merely practical man, walks on deliberately, his eyes straight before him; and even in his most musing moods, observes things around sufficiently to avoid a porter's knot or a butcher's tray. But the man with strong ganglions—of pushing, lively temperament, who, though practical, is yet speculative—the man who is emulous and active, and ever trying to rise in life—sanguine, alert, bold—walks with a spring—looks rather above the heads of his fellow-passengers—but with a quick, easy turn of his own, which is lightly set on his shoulders; his mouth is a little open—his eye is bright, rather restless, but penetrative—his port has something of defiance—his form is erect, but without stiffness.—*Book IX. Chap.* 5.

UNION OF TWO HEARTS.

Who shall say—who conjecture how near two hearts can become, when no guilt lies between them, and time brings the ties all its own? Rarest of all things on earth is the union in which both, by their contrasts, make harmonious their blending; each supplying the defects of the helpmate, and completing, by fusion, one strong human soul! Happiness enough, where even Peace does but seldom preside, when each can bring to the altar if not the flame, still the incense. Where man's thoughts are all noble and generous, woman's feelings all gentle and pure, love may follow, if it does not precede;—and if not,—if the roses be missed from the garland, one may sigh for the rose, but one is safe from the thorn.—*Book IX. Chap.* 8.

APPROACH OF THE PARVENU TO THE EXQUISITE.

It is noticeable that it is your *parvenu* who always comes nearest in fashion (so far as externals are concerned) to your genuine exquisite. It is your *parvenu* who is most particular as to the cut of his coat, and the precision of his equipage, and the minutiæ of his *ménage*. Those between the *parvenu* and the exquisite, who know their own consequence, and have something solid to rest upon, are slow in following all the caprices of fashion, and obtuse in observation as to those niceties which neither give them another ancestor, nor add another thousand to the account at their banker's;—as to the last, rather, indeed, the contrary!—*Book IX. Chap.* 13.

DEVELOPMENT OF IDEAS.

The education of a superior human being is but the development of ideas in one for the benefit of others. To this end, attention should be directed—1st, To the value of the ideas collected; 2ndly, To their discipline; 3rdly, To their expression. For the first, acquirement is necessary; for the second, discipline; for the third, art. The first comprehends knowledge, purely intellectual, whether derived from observation, memory, reflection, books or men, Aristotle or Fleet Street. The second demands *training*, not only intellectual, but moral; the purifying and exaltation of motives; the formation of habits; in which method is but a part of a divine and harmonious symmetry—an union of intellect and conscience. Ideas of value, stored by the first process; marshalled into force, and placed under guidance, by the second; it is the result of the third, to place them before the world in the most attractive or commanding form. This may be done by actions no less than words; but the adaptation of means to end, the passage of ideas from the brain of one man

into the lives and souls of all, no less in action than in books, requires study. Action has its art as well as literature. Here Norreys had but to deal with the calling of the scholar, the formation of the writer, and so to guide the perceptions toward those varieties in the sublime and beatiful, the just combination of which is at once CREATION. Man himself is but a combination of elements. He who combines in nature, creates in art.—*Book IX. Chap.* 16.

FINE NATURES LIKE FINE POEMS.

Fine natures are like fine poems,—a glance at the first two lines suffices for a guess into the beauty that waits you if you read on.—*Book X. Chap.* 3.

PITY AND ADMIRATION BOTH FELT.

Ah! wherever pity and admiration are both felt, something nobler than mere sorrow must have gone before; the heroic must exist.—*Book X. Chap.* 3.

GENIUS AND ITS INFLUENCE.

VIOLANTE (with enthusiasm).—How I envy you that past which you treat so lightly! To have been something, even in childhood, to the formation of a noble nature; to have borne on those slight shoulders half the load of a man's grand labor. And now to see Genius moving calm in its clear career; and to say inly, "Of that genius I am a part!"

HELEN (sadly and humbly).—A part! Oh, no! I don't understand you.

VIOLANTE.—Take the child Beatrice from Dante's life, and should we have a Dante? What is a poet's genius but the voice of its emotions? All things in life and in Nature influence genius; but what influences it the most are its own sorrows and affections.—*Book XI. Chap.* 7.

DEATH OF EGERTON.

Egerton reared his head, as if to answer; and all present were struck and appalled by the sudden change that had come over his countenance. There was a film upon the eye—a shadow on the aspect; the words failed his lips—he sunk on the seat beside him. The left hand rested droopingly upon the piles of public papers and official documents, and the fingers played with them, as the bed-ridden sufferer plays with the coverlid he will soon exchange for the winding-sheet. But his right hand seemed to feel, as through the dark, for the recovered son; and having touched what it sought, feebly drew Leonard near and nearer.

Alas! that blissful PRIVATE LIFE—that close centre round the core of being in the individual man—so long missed and pined for—slipped from him, as it were, the moment it reappeared; hurried away, as the circle on the ocean, which is scarce seen ere it vanishes amidst infinity. Suddenly both hands were still; the head fell back. Joy had burst asunder the last ligaments, so fretted away in unrevealing sorrow. Afar, their sound borne into that room, the joy-bells were pealing triumph; mobs roaring out huzzas; the weak cry of John Avenel might be blent in those shouts, as the drunken zealots reeled by his cottage-door, and startled the screaming ravens that wheeled round the hollow oak. The boom which is sent from the waves on the surface of life, while the deeps are so noiseless in their march, was wafted on the wintry air into the chamber of the statesman it honored, and over the grass sighing low upon Nora's grave. But there was one in the chamber, as in the grave, for whom the boom on the wave had no sound, and the march of the deep had no tide. Amidst promises of home, and union, and peace, and fame, Death strode into the household ring, and seating itself, calm and still, looked life-like; warm hearts throbbing round it; lofty hopes fluttering upward; Love kneeling at its feet; Religion, with lifted finger, standing by its side.—*Book XII. Chap.* 34.

EVERMORE.

There are certain moments in life in which we say to ourselves, "All is over; no matter what else changes, that which I have made my all is gone evermore—evermore." And our own thought rings back in our ears, "Evermore—evermore!"—*Book XI. Chap.* 7.

AN IMPRUDENT MARRIAGE.

Nothing but real love (how rare it is! has one human heart in a million ever known it?)—nothing but real love can repay us for the loss of freedom—the cares and fears of poverty—the cold pity of the world that we both despise and respect. And all these, and much more, follow the step you would inconsiderately take—an imprudent marriage."—*Book XI. Chap.* 14.

ANGELS OF LOVE, AND KNOWLEDGE.

You can regulate the warm tide of wild passion—you can light into virtue the dark errors of ignorance; but where the force of the brain does but clog the free action of the heart—where you have to deal, not with ignorance misled, but intelligence corrupted—small hope of reform; for reform here will need reorganization. I have somewhere read (perhaps in Hebrew tradition) that of the two orders of fallen spirits—the An-

gels of Love, and the Angels of Knowledge—the first missed the stars they had lost, and wandered back through the darkness, one by one into heaven; but the last, lighted on by their own lurid splendors, said, "Wherever *we* go, there is heaven!" And deeper and lower descending, lost their shape and their nature, till, deformed and obscene, the bottomless pit closed around them."—*Final Chapter.*

THE HEIGHT OF BLISS.

A Greek poet implies, that the height of bliss is the sudden relief of pain; there is a nobler bliss still—the rapture of the conscience at the sudden release from a guilty thought.—*Book XII. Chap.* 31.

TRUTH A VITAL NECESSITY.

For so vital a necessity to all living men is TRUTH, that the vilest traitor feels amazed and wronged—feels the pillars of the world shaken, when treason recoils on himself.—*Book XII. Chap.* 33.

DUTY OF THE INTELLECT—BLESSED THE WOMAN WHO CONSOLES.

Leonard thinks over the years that his still labor has cost him, and knows that he has exhausted the richest mines of his intellect, and that long years will elapse before he can recruit that capital of ideas which is necessary to sink new shafts, and bring to light fresh ore; and the deep despondency of intellect, frustrated in its highest aims, has seized him, and all he has before done is involved in failure by the defeat of the crowning effort. Failure, and irrecoverable, seems his whole ambition as writer; his whole existence in the fair Ideal seems to have been a profitless dream, and the face of the Ideal itself is obscured. And even Norreys frankly, though kindly, intimates that the life of a metropolis is essential to the healthful intuition of a writer in the intellectual wants of his age; since every great writer supplies a want in his own generation, for some feeling to be announced, some truth to be revealed; and as this maxim is generally sound, as most great writers have lived in cities, Leonard dares not dwell on the exceptions; it is only success that justifies the attempt to be an exception to the common rule; and with the blunt manhood of his nature, which is not a poet's, Norreys sums up with, "What then? One experiment has failed; fit your life to your genius, and try again." Try again! Easy counsel enough to the man of ready resource and quick combative mind; but to Leonard, how hard and how harsh! "Fit his life to his genius!"—renounce contemplation and Nature for the jostle of Oxford Street?—would that life not scare away the genius forever?

Perplexed and despondent, though still struggling for fortitude he returns to his home, and there at his hearth awaits the Soother, and there is the voice that repeats the passages most beloved, and prophesies so confidently of future fame; and gradually all around smiles from the smile of Helen. And the profound conviction that Heaven places human happiness beyond the reach of the world's contempt or praise, circulates through his system and restores its serene calm. And he feels that the duty of the intellect is to accomplish and perfect itself —to harmonize its sounds into music that may be heard in Heaven, though it wake not an echo on the earth. If this be done, as with some men, best amidst the din and the discord, be it so; if, as with him, best in silence, be it so too. And the next day he reclines with Helen by the sea-shore, gazing calmly as before on the measureless sunlit ocean; and Helen, looking into his face, sees that it is sunlit as the deep. His hand steals within her own, in the gratitude that endears beyond the power of passion, and he murmurs gently, "Blessed be the woman who consoles."—*Final Chapter.*

BLESSED THE WOMAN WHO EXALTS.

The old Countess, who had remained silent and listening on her elbow-chair, rose and kissed the Earl's hand reverently. Perhaps in that kiss there was the repentant consciousness how far the active goodness she had often secretly undervalued had exceeded, in its fruits, her own cold unproductive powers of will and mind. Then passing on to Harley, her brow grew elate, and the pride returned to her eye.

"At last," she said, laying on his shoulder that light firm hand, from which he no longer shrunk—"at last, O my noble son, you have fulfilled all the promise of your youth!"

"If so," answered Harley, "it is because I have found what I then sought in vain." He drew his arm around Violante, and added, with a half tender half solemn smile—"Blessed is the woman who exalts!"

So, symbolled forth in these twin and fair flowers which Eve saved for Earth out of Paradise, each with the virtue to heal or to strengthen, stored under the leaves that give sweets to the air;—here, soothing the heart when the world brings the trouble —here, recruiting the soul which our sloth or our senses enervate, leave we woman, at least, in the place Heaven assigns to her amidst the multiform "Varieties of Life."

Farewell to thee, gentle Reader; and go forth to the world, O My Novel!—*Final Chapter.*

ERNEST MALTRAVERS.

LEADING CHARACTERS.

ERNEST MALTRAVERS, the hero and heir to affluent fortunes.

MR. FREDERICK CLEVELAND, a younger son of the Earl of Byrnsham, and guardian of Ernest Maltravers.

ALICE DARVIL, the heroine, the early and last love of Ernest Maltravers.

LUKE DARVIL, a hardened criminal, father to Alice.

JOHN WALTERS, Darvil's companion in crime.

LUMLEY FERRERS, a man who had seen a great deal of the world. His rule in life to make all persons and things subservient to himself. He succeeds to the title of his uncle Lord Vargrave.

MADAME DE VENTADOUR, descended from one of the most illustrious houses of France.

MONSIEUR DE VENTADOUR, Madame's husband.

MONSIEUR DE MONTAIGNE, forty-eight, tall and handsome, a true philosopher, employed with distinction in civil affairs.

MADAME DE MONTAIGNE, a celebrated personage in Italy, her earlier life spent on the stage and her promise of vocal excellence brilliant. But after a brief, though splendid career, she marries De Montaigne, and retires to private life. She is also gifted as an improvisatrice.

SIGNOR CASTRUCCIO CESARINE, a poet and brother of Madame De Montaigne.

MRS. LESLIE, friend to Alice. A woman of the finest intellect and the softest heart.

MR. TEMPLETON, an opulent man, a banker, and once in Parliament. He becomes Lord Vargrave.

EVELYN TEMPLETON, the banker's daughter.

LADY FLORENCE LASCELLES, the daughter of the Earl of Saxingham, and supposed to be the richest heiress in England. Also intellectual and handsome.

LORD SAXINGHAM, in political life. Lumley Ferrers' great relation.

COLONEL DANVERS, sat next to Maltravers in Parliament; his friend politically more than socially.

THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS.

Nine times out of ten it is over the Bridge of Sighs that we pass the narrow gulf from Youth to Manhood. That interval is usually occupied by an ill-placed or disappointed affection. We recover and we find ourselves a new being. The intellect has become hardened by the fire through which it has passed. The mind profits by the wrecks of every passion, and we may measure our road to wisdom by the sorrows we have undergone. —*Book I. Chap.* 14.

BEGIN LIFE WITH BOOKS.

We should begin life with books; they multiply the sources of employment; so does capital; but capital is of no use, unless we live on the interest,—books are waste paper unless we spend in action the wisdom we get from thought.—*Book I. Chap.* 15.

CRISES IN LIFE.

And Ernest Maltravers one night softly stole to his room and opened the New Testament, and read its heavenly moralities with purged eyes; and when he had done, he fell upon his knees, and prayed the Almighty to pardon the ungrateful heart that, worse than the Atheist's, had confessed His Existence, but denied His goodness. His sleep was sweet and his dreams were cheerful. Did he rise to find that the penitence which had shaken his reason would henceforth suffice to save his life from all error? Alas! remorse overstrained has too often re-actions as dangerous; and homely Luther says well, that "the mind, like the drunken peasant on horseback, when propped on one side, nods and falls on the other."—All that can be said is, that there are certain crises in life which leave us long weaker; from which the system recovers with frequent revulsion and weary relapse,—but from which, looking back, after years have passed on, we date the foundation of strength or the cure of disease. It is not to mean souls that creation is darkened by a fear of the anger of Heaven.—*Book I. Chap.* 16.

THE BEAUTY-MAN.

The air, the manner, the tone, the conversation, the something that interests, and the something to be proud of—these are the attributes of the man made to be loved. And the Beauty-man is, nine cases out of ten, little more than the oracle of his aunts, and the "*sitch* a love" of the housemaid!—*Book II. Chap.* 2.

EXPERIENCE AN OPEN GIVER.

I fear that as yet Ernest Maltravers had gained little from Experience, except a few current coins of worldly wisdom (and not very valuable those!), while he had lost much of that nobler wealth with which youthful enthusiasm sets out on the journey of life. Experience is an open giver, but a stealthy thief. There is, however, this to be said in her favor, that we retain her gifts; and if ever we demand restitution in earnest, 'tis ten to one but what we recover her thefts.—*Book II. Chap.* 3.

TO LIVE HAPPILY.

People, to live happily with each other, must *fit in* as it were —the proud be mated with the meek, the irritable with the gentle, and so forth.—*Book II. Chap.* 4.

NIGHT AND LOVE.

When stars are in the quiet skies,
Then most I pine for thee;
Bend on me, then, thy tender eyes,
As stars look on the sea!

For thoughts, like waves that glide by night,
Are stillest where they shine;
Mine earthly love lies hushed in light,
Beneath the heaven of thine.

There is an hour when angels keep
Familiar watch on men;
When coarser souls are wrapt in sleep,—
Sweet spirit, meet me then.

There is an hour when holy dreams,
Through slumber, fairest glide;
And in that mystic hour, it seems
Thou shouldst be by my side.

The thoughts of thee too sacred are
For daylight's common beam;—
I can but know thee as my star,
My angel, and my dream!

Book III. Chap. 1.

INTELLECTUAL AMBITION.

"It is an excitement," said Valerie, "to climb a mountain, though it fatigue; and though the clouds may even deny us a prospect from its summit—it is an excitement that gives a very universal pleasure, and that seems almost as if it were the result of common human instinct, which makes us desire to rise—to get above the ordinary thoroughfares and level of life. Some such pleasure you must have in intellectual ambition, in which the mind is the upward traveller."

"It is not the *ambition* that pleases," replied Maltravers, "it is the following a path congenial to our tastes, and made dear to us in a short time by habit. The moments in which we look beyond our work, and fancy ourselves seated beneath the Everlasting Laurel, are few. It is the work itself, whether of action or literature, that interests and excites us. And at length the dryness of toil takes the familiar sweetness of custom. But in intellectual labor there is another charm—we become more intimate with our own nature. The heart and the soul grow friends, as

it were, and the affections and aspirations unite. Thus, we are never without society—we are never alone; all that we have read, learned, and discovered, is company to us.—*Book V. Chap.* 9.

FORCING INFANTS UNDER KNOWLEDGE-FRAMES.

He was far too clever a man not to despise all the systems of forcing infants under knowledge-frames, which are the present fashion. He knew that philosophers never made a greater mistake than in insisting so much upon beginning abstract education from the cradle. It is quite enough to attend to an infant's temper, and correct that cursed predilection for telling fibs which falsifies all Dr. Reid's absurd theory about innate propensities to truth, and makes the prevailing epidemic of the nursery. Above all, what advantage ever compensates for hurting a child's health or breaking his spirit? Never let him learn, more than you can help it, the crushing bitterness of fear. A bold child who looks you in the face, speaks the truth, and shames the devil; that is the stuff of which to make good and brave—ay, and wise men!—*Book III. Chap.* 4.

FIDELITY OF BOOKS.

We may talk of the fidelity of books, but no man ever wrote even his own biography, without being compelled to omit at least nine-tenths of the most important materials. What are three—what are six volumes? We live six volumes in a day! Thought, emotion, joy, sorrow, hope, fear, how prolix they would be, if they might each tell their hourly tale! But man's life itself is a brief epitome of that which is infinite and everlasting; and his most accurate confessions are a miserable abridgment of a hurried and confused compendium!—*Book IV. Chap.* 2.

PERIODICALS AN EXCELLENT MODE OF COMMUNICATION.

Periodicals form an excellent mode of communication between the public and an author *already* established, who has lost the charm of novelty, but gained the weight of acknowledged reputation; and who, either upon politics or criticism, seeks for frequent and continuous occasions to enforce his peculiar theses and doctrines. But, upon the young writer, this mode of communication, if too long continued, operates most injuriously both as to his future prospects and his own present taste and style. With respect to the first, it familiarizes the public to his mannerism (and all writers worth reading have mannerism) in a form to which the said public are not inclined to attach much weight. He forestalls in a few months what ought to be the effect of years;

namely, the wearying a world soon nauseated with the *toujours perdrix*. With respect to the last, it induces a man to write for momentary effects; to study a false smartness of style and reasoning; to bound his ambition of durability to the last day of the month; to expect immediate returns for labor; to recoil at the "hope deferred" of serious works on which judgment is slowly formed. The man of talent who begins young at periodicals, and goes on long, has generally something crude and stunted about both his compositions and his celebrity. He grows the oracle of small coteries; and we can rarely get out of the impression that he is cockneyfied and conventional. Periodicals sadly mortgaged the claims that Hazlitt, and many others of his contemporaries, had upon a vast reversionary estate of Fame. But I here speak too politically; to some, the *res angustæ domi* leave no option. And, as Aristotle and the Greek proverb have it, we cannot carve out all things with the knife of the Delphic cutler.—*Book V. Chap.* 4.

LONG ABSENCES.

Long absences extinguish all the false lights, though not the true ones. The lamps are dead in the banquet-room of yesterday; but a thousand years hence, and the stars we look on to-night will burn as brightly.—*Book V. Chap.* 8.

THE EXERCISE OF INTELLECT.

"Do you think," replied De Montaigne, "that the dead did not feel the same when they first trod the path that leads to the life beyond life? Continue to cultivate the mind, to sharpen by exercise the genius, to attempt to delight or to instruct your race; and even supposing you fall short of every model you set before you—supposing your name moulder with your dust, still you will have passed life more nobly than the unlaborious herd. Grant that you win not that glorious accident, 'a name below,' how can you tell but what you may have fitted yourself for high destiny and employ in the world not of men, but of spirits? The powers of the mind are things that cannot be less immortal than the mere sense of identity; their acquisitions accompany us through the Eternal Progress; and we may obtain a lower or a higher grade hereafter, in proportion as we are more or less fitted by the exercise of our intellect to comprehend and execute the solemn agencies of God. The wise man is nearer to the angels than the fool is. This may be an apocryphal dogma, but it is not an impossible theory."

"But we may waste the sound enjoyments of actual life in

chasing the hope you justly allow to be 'apocryphal;' and our knowledge may go for nothing in the eyes of the Omniscient."

"Very well," said De Montaigne, smiling; "but answer me honestly. By the pursuits of intellectual ambition *do* you waste the sound enjoyments of life? If so, you do not pursue the system rightly. Those pursuits ought only to quicken your sense for such pleasures as are the true relaxations of life. And this, with you peculiarly, since you are fortunate enough not to depend for subsistence upon literature;—did you do so, I might rather advise you to be a trunk-maker than an author. A man ought not to attempt any of the highest walks of Mind and Art, as the mere provision of daily bread; not literature alone, but everything else of the same degree. He ought not to be a statesman, or an orator, or a philosopher, as a thing of pence and shillings: and usually all men, save the poor poet, feel this truth insensibly."—*Book V. Chap.* 5.

CONSCIOUSNESS OF POWER IN CORRECT INTELLECT.

There is in a sound and correct intellect, with all its gifts fairly balanced, a calm consciousness of power, a certainty that when its strength is fairly put out, it must be to realize the usual result of strength. Men of second-rate faculties, on the contrary, are fretful and nervous, fidgeting after a celebrity which they do not estimate by their own talents, but by the talents of some one else. They see a tower, but are occupied only with measuring its shadow, and think their own height (which they never calculate) is to cast as broad a one over the earth. It is the short man who is always throwing up his chin, and is as erect as a dart. The tall man stoops and the strong man is not always using the dumb-bells.—*Book III. Chap.* 2.

NO REPOSE IN A CAREER.

When we have commenced a career, what stop is there till the grave?—where is the definite barrier of that ambition which, like the eastern bird, seems ever on the wing, and never rests upon the earth? Our names are not settled till our death: the ghosts of what we have done are made our haunting monitors—our scourging avengers—if ever we cease to do, or fall short of the younger past. Repose is oblivion; to pause is to unravel all the web that we have woven—until the tomb closes over us, and men, just when it is too late, strike the fair balance between ourselves and our rivals; and we are measured, not by the least, but by the greatest, triumphs we have achieved. Oh, what a crushing sense of impotence comes over us, when we feel that our fame cannot support our mind—when the hand can no

longer execute what the soul, actively as ever, conceives and desires!—the quick life tied to the dead form—the ideas fresh as immortality, gushing forth rich and golden, and the broken nerves, and the aching frame, and the weary eyes!—the spirit athirst for liberty and heaven—and the damning, choking consciousness that we are walled up and prisoned in a dungeon that must be our burial-place! Talk not of freedom—there is no such thing as freedom to a man whose body is a goal, whose infirmities are the racks, of his genius!—*Book VI. Chap* 4.

THE POOR AUTHOR.

The poor author! how few persons understand, and forbear with, and pity him! He sells his health and youth to a rugged taskmaster. And, O blind and selfish world, you expect him to be as free of manner, and as pleasant of cheer, and as equal of mood, as if he were passing the most agreeable and healthful existence that pleasure could afford to smooth the wrinkles of the mind, or medicine invent to regulate the nerves of the body! —*Book VI. Chap.* 4.

THE PUBLIC A DAMNABLE GOSSIP.

The public, if you indulge it, is a most damnable gossip, thrusting its nose into people's concerns, where it has no right to make or meddle; and in those things, where the Public is impertinent, Maltravers scorned and resisted its interference as haughtily as he would the interference of any insolent member of the insolent whole. It was this mixture of deep love and profound respect for the eternal PEOPLE, and of calm, passionless disdain for that capricious charlatan, the momentary PUBLIC, which made Earnest Maltravers an original and solitary thinker; and an actor, in reality modest and benevolent, in appearance arrogant and unsocial. "Pauperism, in contradistinction to poverty," he was wont to say, "is the dependence upon other people for existence, not on our own exertions; there is a moral pauperism in the man who is dependent on others for that support of moral life—self-respect."—*Book VII. Chap.* 1.

VAST DEBT OWED TO AUTHORS.

An author himself, he could appreciate the vast debt which the world owes to authors, and pays but by calumny in life and barren laurels after death. He whose profession is the Beautiful succeeds only through the Sympathies. Charity and Compassion are virtues taught with difficulty to ordinary men; to true Genius they are but the instincts which direct it to the Destiny it is born to fulfil,—viz., the discovery and redemption

of new tracts in our common nature. Genius—the sublime Missionary—goes forth from the serene Intellect of the Author to live in the wants, the griefs, the infirmities of others, in order that it may learn their language; and as its highest achievement is Pathos, so its most absolute requisite is Pity!—*Book VIII. Chap.* 6.

GENIUS.

"*Genius* is essentially honest," said Maltravers.—*Book VIII. Chap.* 3.

ILLNESS OF THE BODY.

The illness of the body usually brings out a latent power and philosophy of the soul, which health never knows; and God has mercifully ordained it as the customary lot of nature, that in proportion as we decline into the grave, the sloping path is made smooth and easy to our feet; and every day, as the films of clay are removed from our eyes, Death loses the false aspect of the spectre, and we fall at last into its arms as a wearied child upon the bosom of its mother.—*Book IX. Chap.* 4.

RELIGION—POETRY.

And, oh, then, how Florence loved him! how far more luxurious in its grateful and clinging fondness, was that love, than the wild and jealous fire of their earlier connection! Her own character, as is often the case in lingering illness, became incalculably more gentle and softened down, as the shadows closed around it. She loved to make him read and talk to her—and her ancient poetry of thought now grew mellowed, as it were, into religion, which is indeed poetry with a stronger wing. . . . There was a world beyond the grave—there was life out of the chrysalis sleep of death—they would yet be united. And Maltravers, who was a solemn and intense believer in the GREAT HOPE, did not neglect the purest and highest of all the fountains of solace.—*Book IX. Chap.* 6.

HUMAN LIFE A CIRCLE.

Human life is compared to the circle.—Is the simile just? All lines that are drawn from the centre to touch the circumference, by the law of the circle, are equal. But the lines that are drawn from the heart of the man to the verge of his destiny—do they equal each other?—Alas! some seem so brief, and some lengthen on as forever.—*End of the first part of Ernest Maltravers.*

DISCONNECTION BETWEEN THE AUTHOR AND THE MAN.

There is a terrible disconnection between the author and the man—the author's life and the man's life—the eras of invisible triumph may be those of the most intolerable, though unrevealed and unconjectured anguish. The book that delighted us to compose may first appear in the hour when all things under the sun are joyless.—*Book IX. Chap.* 7.

SOUL'S STRUGGLES FOR FREEDOM.

There are times when the arrow quivers within us—in which all space seems too confined. Like the wounded hart, we could fly on forever; there is a vague desire of escape—a yearning, almost insane, to get out from our own selves; the soul struggles to flee away, and take the wings of the morning.—*Book IX. Chap.* 5.

ALICE; OR THE MYSTERIES.

A SEQUEL TO ERNEST MALTRAVERS.

Same characters as in "Ernest Maltravers," with the additional ones of—

MRS. MERTON, a daughter of Mrs. Leslie.
CAROLINE MERTON, a daughter of Mrs. Merton, and wife of Lord Doltimore.
REV. MR. MERTON, a popular clergyman.
MR. AUBREY, an old and reverenced curate.
LORD DOLTIMORE, a young nobleman, whose chief characteristics were vanity and conceit.
COLONEL GEORGE LEGRAND, a young man, honorable and handsome, who marries Evelyn.

NOTE.

ALTHOUGH it has been judged desirable to designate that Second Part of "Ernest Maltravers" by its original title of "Alice," yet, as it has been elsewhere stated, the two Parts are united by the same plot, and formed but one entire whole. The more ingenious and attentive will perhaps perceive that under the outward story which knits together the destinies of Alice and Maltravers, there is an interior philosophical design which explains the author's application of the word "Eleusinia," or "Mysteries," appended to the title. Thus regarded, Ernest Maltravers will appear to the reader as the type of Genius, or Intellectual Ambition, which, at the onset of its career, devotes itself with extravagant and often erring Passion to Nature alone (typified by Alice). Maltravers is separated, by action and the current of worldly life, from the simple and earlier form of Nature,—new objects successively attract, and for a short time absorb his devotion, but he has always a secret yearning to the first idol, and a repentant regret for his loss. Completing, however, his mental education in the actual world, and, though often led astray from the path, still earnestly fixing his eye upon the goal,—he is ultimately reunited to the one who had first smiled upon his youth, and ever (yet unconsciously) influenced his after manhood. But this attachment is no longer erring, and the object of it has attained to a purer and higher state of

being;—that is, GENIUS; if duly following its vocation, reunites itself to the NATURE from which life and art had for awhile distracted it; but to Nature in a higher and more spiritual form than that under which youth beholds it,—Nature elevated and idealized.

In tracing the progress and denouement of this conception, the reader will be better enabled to judge both of the ethical intention of the author, and of the degree of success with which, as an artist, he has connected the inward story with the outer, and while faithful to his main typical purpose left to the characters that illustrate it, the attributes of reality—the freedom and movement of living beings. So far as an author may presume to judge of his own writings—no narrative fiction by the same hand (with the exception of the poem of "King Arthur") deserves to be classed before this work in such merit as may be thought to belong to harmony between a premeditated conception and the various incidents and agencies employed in the development of plot.

IMPERFECT JUDGES.

The best of us are imperfect judges of the happiness of others. In the woe or weal of a whole life, we must decide for ourselves.—*Book I. Chap.* 12.

BEAUTY TWICE BLEST.

Beauty, thou art twice blessed; thou blessest the gazer and the possessor; often, at once the effect and the cause of goodness! A sweet disposition—a lovely soul—an affectionate nature—will speak in the eyes—the lips—the brows—and become the cause of beauty. On the other hand, they who have a gift that commands love, a key that opens all hearts, are ordinarily inclined to look with happy eyes upon the world—to be cheerful and serene—to hope and to confide. There is more wisdom than the vulgar dream of in our admiration of a fair face.—*Book II. Chap.* 1.

THE RELIGION OF FREEDOM.

The spirit of liberty, that strikes the chain from the slave, binds the freeman to his brother. This is the Religion of Freedom. And hence it is that the stormy struggles of Free States have been blessed with results of Virtue, of Wisdom, and of Genius—by him who bade us love one another,—not only that love in itself is excellent, but that from love, which in its widest sense is but the spiritual term for liberty, whatever is worthiest of our solemn nature has its birth.—*Book II. Chap.* 7.

LOVE IN FIRST SHAPE.

Love, in its first dim and imperfect shape, is but imagination concentrated on one object. It is a genius of the heart, resembling that of intellect; it appeals to, it stirs up, it evokes the sentiments and sympathies that lie most latent in our nature. Its sigh is the spirit that moves over the ocean and arouses the Anadromene into life. Therefore is it that MIND produces affections deeper than those of external form; therefore it is that women are worshippers of glory, which is the palpable and visible representative of a genius whose operations they cannot always comprehend. Genius has so much in common with love—the imagination that animates one is so much the property of the other—that there is not a surer sign of the existence of genius than the love that it creates and bequeaths. It penetrates deeper than the reason—it binds a nobler captive than the fancy. As the sun upon the dial, it gives to the human heart both its shadow and its light. Nations are its worshippers and wooers; and Posterity learns from its oracles to dream, to aspire, to adore!—*Book IV. Chap.* 9.

OLD AGE.

The curate was seated, then, one fine summer morning, on a bench at the left of his porch, screened from the sun by the cool boughs of a chestnut-tree, the shadow of which half covered the little lawn that separated the precincts of the house from those of silent Death and everlasting Hope; above the irregular and moss-grown paling rose the village church; and, through the openings in the trees, beyond the burial-ground, partially gleamed the white walls of Lady Vargrave's cottage, and were seen at a distance the sails on the

"Mighty waters rolling evermore."

The old man was calmly enjoying the beauty of the morning, the freshness of the air, the warmth of the dancing beam, and not least, perhaps, his own peaceful thoughts; the spontaneous children of a contemplative spirit and a quiet conscience. His was the age when we most sensitively enjoy the mere sense of existence; when the face of Nature, and a passive conviction of the benevolence of our Great Father, suffice to create a serene and ineffable happiness, which rarely visits us till we have done with the passions; till memories, if more alive than heretofore, are yet mellowed in the hues of time, and Faith softens into harmony all their asperities and harshness; till nothing within us remains to cast a shadow over the things without; and on the verge of life, the Angels are nearer to us than of

yore. There is an old age which has more youth of heart than youth itself!—*Book V. Chap.* 1.

TO ENDURE THE ONLY PHILOSOPHY.

I find in life that suffering succeeds to suffering, and disappointment to disappointment, as wave to wave. To endure is the only philosophy—to believe that we shall live again in a brighter planet is the only hope that our reason should accept from our desires.—*Book VI. Chap.* 1.

NOTHING IMMORAL PERMANENTLY POPULAR.

It is a consolation to know that nothing really immoral is ever permanently popular, or ever, therefore, long deleterious; what is dangerous in a work of genius cures itself in a few years. We can now read Werther, and instruct our hearts by its exposition of weakness and passion—our taste by its exquisite and unrivalled simplicity of construction and detail, without any fear that we shall shoot ourselves in top-boots! We can feel ourselves elevated by the noble sentiments of "The Robbers," and our penetration sharpened as to the wholesale immorality of conventional cant and hypocrisy, without any danger of turning banditti, and becoming cut-throats from the love of virtue. Providence, that has made the genius of the few in all times and countries the guide and prophet of the many, and appointed Literature as the sublime agent of Civilization, of Opinion, and of Law, has endowed the elements it employs with a divine power of self-purification. The stream settles of itself by rest and time; the impure particles fly off, or are neutralized by the healthful. It is only fools that call the works of a master-spirit immoral. There does not exist in the literature of the world one *popular* book that is immoral two centuries after it is produced. For, in the heart of nations, the False does not live so long; and the True is the Ethical to the end of time.—*Book VI. Chap.* 2.

DEMOCRACIES AND ARISTOCRACIES.

Talk of legislation; all isolated laws pave the way to wholesale changes in the form of government! Emancipate Catholics, and you open the door to the democratic principle that Opinion should be free. If free with the sectarian, it should be free with the elector. The Ballot is a corollary from the Catholic Relief-bill. Grant the ballot and the new corollary of enlarged suffrage. Suffrage enlarged is divided but by a yielding surface (a circle widening in the waters) from universal suffrage. Universal suffrage is Democracy. Is democracy better than

the aristocratic commonwealth? Look at the Greeks, who knew both forms, are they agreed which is the best? Plato, Thucydides, Xenophon, Aristophanes—the Dreamer, the Historian, the Philosophic Man of Action, the penetrating Wit—have no ideals in Democracy! Algernon Sidney, the martyr of liberty, allows no government to the multitude. Brutus died for a republic, but a republic of Patricians! What form of government is, then, the best? All dispute, the wisest cannot agree. The many still say "a Republic," yet, as you yourself will allow, Prussia, the Despotism, does all that Republics do. Yes, but a good Despot is a lucky accident; true, but a just and benevolent Republic is as yet a monster equally short-lived.—When the People have no other tyrant, their own public opinion becomes one. No secret espionage is more intolerable to a free spirit than the broad glare of the American eye.

A rural republic is but a patriarchal tribe—no emulation, no glory;—peace and stagnation. What Englishman—what Frenchman, would wish to be a Swiss? A commercial republic is but an admirable machine for making money. Is Man created for nothing nobler than freighting ships and speculating on silk and sugar? In fact, there is no certain goal in legislation; we go on colonizing Utopia, and fighting phantoms in the clouds. Let us content ourselves with injuring no man, and doing good only in our own little sphere. Let us leave states and senates to fill the sieve of the Danaïdes and roll up the stone of Sisyphus.—*Book VI. Chap.* 5.

AFFECTION TO THOSE UNSKILLED.

With Madame de Ventadour and the De Montaignes Maltravers passed the chief part of his time. They knew how to appreciate his nobler, and to love his gentler attributes and qualities; they united in a warm interest for his future fate; they combated his Philosophy of Inaction; and they felt that it was because he was not happy that he was not wise. Experience was to him what ignorance had been to Alice. His faculties were chilled and dormant. As affection to those who are unskilled in all things, so is affection to those who despair of all things. The mind of Maltravers was a world without a sun!—*Book VI. Chap.* 2.

A MIDDLE CLASS IN CIVILIZATION.

In each state Civilization produces a middle class, more numerous to-day than the whole peasantry of a thousand years ago. Would Movement and Progress be without their divine uses, even if they limited their effect to the production of such a class?

Look also to the effect of art, and refinement, and just law, in the wealthier and higher classes. See how their very habits of life tend to increase the sum of enjoyment—see the mighty activity that their very luxury, the very frivolity of their pursuits, create! Without an aristocracy, would there have been a middle class? without a middle class, would there ever have been an interposition between lord and slave? Before Commerce produces a middle class, Religion creates one. The Priesthood, whatever its errors, was the curb to power. But, to return to the multitude—you say that in all times they are left the same. Is it so? I come to statistics again; I find that not only civilization, but liberty, has a prodigious effect upon human life. It is, as it were, by the instinct of self-preservation that liberty is so passionately desired by the multitude. A negro slave, for instance, dies annually as one to five or six, but a free African in the English service only as one to thirty-five! Freedom is not, therefore, a mere abstract dream—a beautiful name—a Platonic aspiration: it is interwoven with the most practical of all blessings, life itself! And can you say fairly, that, by laws, labor cannot be lightened and poverty diminished? We have granted already that, since there are degrees in discontent, there is a difference between the peasant and the serf;—how know you what the peasant a thousand years hence may be? Discontented, you will say—still discontented. Yes; but if he had not been discontented, he would have been a serf still! Far from quelling this desire to better himself, we ought to hail it as the source of his perpetual progress. The desire to him is often like imagination to the poet, it transports him into the Future—

"Crura sonant ferro, sed canit inter opus."

It is, indeed, the gradual transformation from the desire of Despair to the desire of Hope, that makes the difference between man and man—between misery and bliss.—*Book VI. Chap.* 5.

A YOUNG MAN'S AMBITION BUT VANITY.

A young man's ambition is but vanity,—it has no definite aim,—it plays with a thousand toys. As with one passion, so with the rest. In youth, love is ever on the wing; but, like the birds in April, it hath not yet built its nest. With so long a career of summer and hope before it, the disappointment of to-day is succeeded by the novelty of to-morrow, and the sun that advances to the noon but dries up its fervent tears. But when we have arrived at that epoch of life,—when, if the light fail us, if the last rose wither, we feel that the loss cannot be

retrieved, and that the frost and the darkness are at hand, Love becomes to us a treasure that we watch over and hoard with a miser's care. Our youngest born affection is our darling and our idol, the fondest pledge of the Past, the most cherished of our hopes for the Future. A certain melancholy that mingles with our joy at the possession only enhances its charm. We feel ourselves so dependent on it for all that is yet to come. Our other bark—our gay galleys of pleasure—our stately argosies of pride—have been swallowed up by the remorseless wave. On this last vessel we freight our all—to its frail tenement we commit ourselves. The star that guides it is our guide, and in the tempest that menaces we behold our own doom!—*Book VIII. Chap.* 3.

DUTIES OF THE INDIVIDUAL.

Every stage of life has its duties; every man must be himself the judge of what he is most fit for. It is quite enough that he desires to be active, and labors to be useful; that he acknowledges the precept "never to be weary in well doing." The divine appetite once fostered, let it select its own food. But the man who, after fair trial of his capacities, and with all opportunity for their full development before him, is convinced that he has faculties which private life cannot wholly absorb, must not repine that Human Nature is not perfect, when he refuses to exercise the gifts he himself possesses.—*Book VI. Chap.* 5.

AFFECTIONS STRONGER THAN REASONINGS.

How true it is that we cannot make a philosophy of indifference! The affections are stronger than all our reasonings. We must take them into our alliance, or they will destroy all our theories of self-government. Such fools of Fate we are, passing from system to system—from scheme to scheme—vainly seeking to shut out passion and sorrow—forgetting that they are born within us—and return to the soul as the seasons to the earth!—*Book VIII. Chap.* 1.

THE JEALOUSY OF STRONG AFFECTIONS.

Men of strong affections are jealous of their own genius. They know how separate a thing from the household character genius often is,—they fear lest they should be loved for a quality, not for themselves.—*Book VIII. Chap.* 3.

THE MORALITY OF ATONEMENT.

He ceased, overpowered with the rush of his own thoughts. And Alice was too blest for words. But in the murmur of the

sunlit leaves—in the breath of the summer air—in the song of the exulting birds—end the deep and distant music of the heaven-surrounded seas, there went a melodious voice that seemed as if Nature echoed to his words and blest the reunion of her children.

Maltavers once more entered upon the career so long suspended. He entered with an energy more practical and steadfast than the fitful enthusiasm of former years. And it was noticeable among those who knew him well, that while the firmness of his mind was not impaired, the haughtiness of his temper was subdued. No longer despising Man as he is, and no longer exacting from all things the ideal of a visionary standard, he was more fitted to mix in the living World, and to minister usefully to the great objects that refine and elevate our race. His sentiments were, perhaps, less lofty, but his actions were infinitely more excellent, and his theories infinitely more wise. Stage after stage we have proceeded with him through the MYSTERIES OF LIFE. The Eleusinia are closed, and the crowning libation poured.

And Alice!—Will the world blame us if you are left happy at the last? We are daily banishing from our law-books the statutes that disproportion punishment to crime. Daily we preach the doctrine that we demoralize wherever we strain justice into cruelty. It is time that we should apply to the Social Code the wisdom we recognize in Legislation!—It is time that we should do away with the punishment of death for inadequate offences, even in books;—it is time that we should allow the Morality of Atonement, and permit to Error the right to hope, as the reward of submission to its sufferings. Nor let it be thought that the close to Alice's career can offer temptation to the offence of its commencement. Eighteen years of sadness—a youth consumed in silent sorrow over the grave of Joy—have images that throw over these pages a dark and warning shadow that will haunt the young long after they turn from the tale that is about to close! If Alice had died of a broken heart—if her punishment had been more than she could bear—*then*, as in real life, you would have justly condemned my moral; and the human heart, in its pity for the victim, would have lost all recollection of the error.—*Final Chapter.*

PAUL CLIFFORD.

LEADING CHARACTERS.

PAUL CLIFFORD, captain of the bandits, supposed to be an outcast, in reality the son of William Brandon.
MRS. MARGERY LOBKINS, landlady of small tavern, and given to intemperance. The protector of Paul during his boyhood.
PETER MACGRAWLER, editor of "The Asinæum," afterwards connected with the bandits.
DUMMIE DUNNAKER, a rag merchant.
AUGUSTUS TOMLINSON, a young newspaper man of great promise, afterwards a highwayman.
EDWARD PEPPER, generally termed "Long Ned," a highwayman, chiefly noted for his hair.
GENTLEMAN GEORGE, "the noted head of a flash public house in the country."
FIGHTING ATTIE, one of the bandits.
JOSEPH BRANDON, a widower, good-natured and weak.
WILLIAM BRANDON, in the House of Commons. Brother to Joseph Brandon.
LUCY BRANDON, a lovely girl, daughter of Joseph Brandon, married to Paul Clifford.
LORD MAULEVERER, a dissipated nobleman, possessed of an immense property.

PREFACE TO THE EDITION OF 1840.

THIS Novel so far differs from the other fictions by the same author, that it seeks to draw its interest rather from practical than ideal sources. Out of some twelve Novels or Romances, embracing, however inadequately, a great variety of scene and character,—from "Pelham" to the "Pilgrims of the Rhine,"—from "Rienzi" to the "Last Days of Pompeii,"—"Paul Clifford" is the *only one* in which a robber has been made the hero, or the peculiar phases of life which he illustrates have been brought into any prominent description.

Without pausing to inquire what realm of manners, or what order of crime and sorrow are open to art, and capable of administering to the proper ends of fiction, I may be permitted to observe, that the present subject was selected, and the Novel written, with a two-fold object:

First, to draw attention to two errors in our penal institu-

tions, viz., a vicious Prison-discipline and a sanguinary Criminal Code,—the habit of corrupting the boy by the very punishment that ought to redeem him, and then hanging the man, at the first occasion, as the easiest way of getting rid of our own blunders. Between the example of crime which the tyro learns from the felons in the prison-yard, and the horrible levity with which the mob gather round the drop at Newgate, there is a connection which a writer may be pardoned for quitting loftier regions of imagination to trace and to detect. So far this book is less a picture of the king's highway than the law's royal road to the gallows,—a satire on the short-cut established between the House of Correction and the Condemned Cell. A second and a lighter object in the Novel of "Paul Clifford" (and hence the introduction of a semi-burlesque or travesty in the earlier chapters), was to show that there is nothing essentially different between vulgar vice and fashionable vice,—and that the slang of the one circle is but an easy paraphrase of the cant of the other.

TRUTHS IN FRAGMENTS.

It is amazing to us what a number of truths there are broken up into little fragments, and scattered here and there through the world. What a magnificent museum a man might make of the precious minerals, if he would but go out with his basket under his arm, and his eyes about him!—*Chap.* 4.

YOUNG MEN ADDICTED TO BYRON'S POETRY.

There are some young gentlemen of the present day addicted to the adoption of Lord Byron's poetry, with the alteration of new rhymes, who are pleased graciously to inform us that they are born to be the ruin of all those who love them: an interesting fact, doubtless, but which they might as well keep to themselves.—*Chap.* 4.

WHAT WOMEN ARE.

Yes! these women are, first, what Nature makes them, and that is good: next, what *we* make them, and that is evil!—*Chap.* 13.

MOMENTS WHEN WE ARE LIKE THE FOX.

"There are certain moments," said Tomlinson, looking pensively down at his kerseymere gaiters, "when we are like the fox in the nursery rhyme: 'The fox had a wound, he could not tell where'—we feel extremely unhappy, and we cannot tell *why!*—a dark and sad melancholy grows over us—we shun

the face of man—we wrap ourselves in our thoughts like silk-worms—we mutter fag-ends of dismal songs—tears come into our eyes—we recall all the misfortunes that have ever happened to us—we stoop in our gait and bury our hands in our breeches pockets—we say 'what is life?—a stone to be shied into a horsepond!' We pine for some congenial heart—and have an itching desire to talk prodigiously about ourselves: all *other* subjects seem weary, stale and unprofitable—we feel as if a fly could knock us down and are in a humor to fall in love, and make a very sad piece of business of it. Yet with all this weakness we have, at these moments, a finer opinion of ourselves than we ever had before. We call our megrims the melancholy of a sublime soul—the yearnings of an indigestion we denominate yearnings after immortality—nay, sometimes 'a proof of the nature of the soul!' May I find some biographer who understands such sensations well, and may he style those melting emotions the offspring of the poetical character, which, in reality, are the offspring of—a mutton-chop!"—*Chap.* 18.

REPENT, THE IDLEST WORD.

"Repent!" said Clifford, fiercely; and his answer opened more of his secret heart, its motives, its reasonings, and its peculiarities, than were often discernible. "Repent—that is the idlest word in our language. No,—the moment I repent, that moment I reform! Never can it seem to me an atonement for crime merely to regret it—my mind would lead me not to regret, but to repair!"—*Chap.* 18.

LAW, THE APOTHECARY.

"But if the town be the apothecary's shop, what, in the plan of your idea, stands for the apothecary?" asked an old gentleman, who perceived at what Tomlinson was driving.

"The apothecary, sir," answered Augustus, stealing his notion from Clifford, and sinking his voice, lest the true proprietor should overhear him—Clifford was otherwise employed—"The apothecary, sir, is the LAW! It is the law that stands behind the counter and dispenses to each man the dose he should take. To the poor, it gives bad drugs gratuitously; to the rich, pills to stimulate the appetite: to the latter, premiums for luxury; to the former, only speedy refuges from life! Alas! either your apothecary is but an ignorant quack, or his science itself is but in its cradle. He blunders as much as you would do if left to your own selection. Those who have recourse to him seldom speak gratefully of his skill. He relieves you, it is true—but of your money, not your malady; and the

only branch of his profession in which he is an adept is that which enables him to *bleed* you!—O Mankind!" continued Augustus, "what noble creatures you ought to be! You have keys to all sciences, all arts, all mysteries, but one! You have not a notion how you ought to be governed!—you cannot frame a tolerable law for the life and soul of you! You make yourselves as uncomfortable as you can by all sorts of galling and vexatious institutions, and you throw the blame upon 'Fate.' You lay down rules it is impossible to comprehend, much less to obey; and you call each other monsters, because you cannot conquer the impossibility! You invent all sorts of vices, under pretence of making laws for preserving virtue; and the anomalous artificialities of conduct yourselves produce, you say you are born with;—you make a machine by the perversest art you can think of, and you call it, with a sigh, 'Human Nature.' With a host of good dispositions struggling at your breasts, you insist upon libelling the Almighty, and declaring that He meant you to be wicked. Nay, you even call the man mischievous and seditious who begs and implores you to be one jot better than you are."—*Chap.* 18.

THE DESIRE TO BE FINE.

O thou divine spirit, that burnest in every breast, inciting each with the sublime desire to be *fine!* that stirrest up the great to become little in order to seem greater, and that makest a duchess woo insult for a voucher! Thou that delightest in so many shapes, multifarious, yet the same; spirit that makest the high despicable, and the lord meaner than his valet!—equally great whether thou cheatest a friend or cuttest a father; lackering all thou touchest with a bright vulgarity, that thy votaries imagine to be gold!—thou that sendest the few to fashionable balls and the many to fashionable novels;—that smitest even Genius as well as Folly, making the favorites of the gods boast an acquaintance they have not with the graces of a mushroom peerage, rather than the knowledge they have of the Muses of an eternal Helicon!—thou that leavest in the great ocean of our manners no dry spot for the foot of independence:—that pallest on the jaded eye with a moving and girdling panorama of daubed vilenesses, and fritterest away the souls of free-born Britons into a powder smaller than the angels which dance in myriads on a pin's point. Whether, O spirit! thou callest thyself Fashion, or Ton, or Ambition, or Vanity, or Cringing, or Cant, or any title equally lofty and sublime—would that from thy wings we could gain but a single plume!—*Chap.* 21.

MISFORTUNES.

Misfortunes are like the creations of Cadmus—they destroy one another!—*Chap.* 25.

A NOVEL.

A novel is like a weatherglass, where the man appears out at one time, the woman at another.—*Chap.* 29.

WOMAN'S WIT.

Believe me, a woman's wit is often no despicable counsellor.—*Chap.* 30.

A SOIL MAY BE EFFACED.

"Perhaps"—(and Clifford's dark eyes flashed with fire)—"you will yet hear of me, and not blush when you hear! But"—(and his voice faltered, for Lucy, hiding her face with both hands, gave way to her tears and agitation)—"but, in one respect, you have conquered. I had believed that you could never be mine—that my past life had *forever* deprived me of that hope! I now begin, with a rapture that can bear me through all ordeals, to form a more daring vision. A soil may be effaced—an evil name may be redeemed—the past is not set and sealed, without the power of provoking what has been written. If I can win the right of meriting your mercy, I will throw myself on it without reserve; till then, or till death, you will see me no more!"—*Chap.* 30.

LEGISLATION DESTROYS.

My lord, it was the turn of a straw which made me what I am. Seven years ago I was sent to the House of Correction for an offence which I did not commit; I went thither, a boy who had never infringed a single law—I came forth, in a few weeks, a man who was prepared to break all laws! Whence was this change?—was it my fault, or that of my condemners? You had first wronged me by a punishment which I did not deserve—you wronged me yet more deeply, when (even had I been guilty of the first offence) I was sentenced to herd with hardened offenders, and graduates in vice and vice's methods of support. The laws themselves caused me to break the laws; first, by implanting within me the goading sense of injustice; secondly, by submitting me to the corruption of example. Thus, I repeat—and I trust my words will sink solemnly into the hearts of all present—your legislation made me what I am! and it now *destroys me, as it has destroyed thousands for being what it made me!*—*Chap.* 35.

CIRCUMSTANCES MAKE GUILT.

In a certain town of that Great Country where shoes are imperfectly polished, and opinions are not prosecuted, there resided, twenty years after the date of Lucy Brandon's departure from England, a man held in high and universal respect, not only for the rectitude of his conduct, but for the energies of his mind, and the purposes to which they were directed. If you asked who cultivated that waste? the answer was—"Clifford!" Who procured the establishment of that hospital?—"Clifford!" Who obtained the redress of such a public grievance?—"Clifford!" Who struggled for and won such a popular benefit?—"Clifford!" In the gentler part of his projects and his undertakings,—in that part, above all, which concerned the sick or the necessitous, this useful citizen was seconded, or rather excelled, by a being over whose surpassing loveliness Time seemed to have flown with a gentle and charming wing. There was something remarkable and touching in the love which this couple (for the woman we refer to was Clifford's wife) bore to each other; like the plant on the plains of Hebron, the time which brought to that love an additional strength brought to it also a softer and a fresher verdure. One trait of mind especially characterized Clifford,—indulgence to the faults of others! "Circumstances make guilt," he was wont to say: "let us endeavor to *correct the circumstances*, before we rail against the guilt!" His children promised to tread in the same useful and honorable path that he trod himself. Happy was considered that family which had the hope to ally itself with his.

Such was the after-fate of Clifford and Lucy. Who will condemn us for preferring the moral of that fate to the moral which is extorted from the gibbet and the hulks?—which makes scarecrows, not beacons; terrifies our weakness, not warns our reason. Who does not allow that it is better to repair than to perish,—better, too, to atone as the citizen than to repent as the hermit! O John Wilkes! Alderman of London, and Drawcansir of Liberty, your life was not an iota too perfect,—your patriotism might have been infinitely purer; your morals would have admitted indefinite amendment: you are no great favorite with us or with the rest of the world; but you said one excellent thing, for which we look on you with benevolence, nay, almost with respect. We scarcely know whether to smile at its wit, or to sigh at its wisdom. Mark this truth, all ye gentlemen of England, who would make laws as the Romans made *fasces*—a bundle of rods with an axe in the middle; mark it, and

remember! long may it live, allied with hope in ourselves, but with gratitude in our children;—long after the book which it now "adorns" and "points" has gone to its dusty slumber;—long, long after the feverish hand which now writes it down can defend or enforce it no more:—"THE VERY WORST USE TO WHICH YOU CAN PUT A MAN IS TO HANG HIM!"—*Final Chapter.*

EUGENE ARAM.

LEADING CHARACTERS.

EUGENE ARAM, the hero, a mysterious recluse.
ROLAND LESTER, the squire, a man of cultivated tastes.
GEOFFRY LESTER, his dissipated and unprincipled brother, who was murdered.
WALTER LESTER, son of Geoffry Lester. High-spirited, bold, fiery, and impatient. Heir to the Lester estate.
MADELINE LESTER, daughter of Roland Lester. She was beautiful and intellectual. Betrothed to Eugene Aram.
ELINOR LESTER, younger daughter of Roland Lester. Like her sister, lovely but of a less elevated character than Madeline. She is finally betrothed to her cousin, Walter Lester.
PETER DEALTRY, the proprietor of "The Spotted Dog."
JACOB BUNTING, the ci-devant corporal.
RICHARD HOUSEMAN, a robber.

TO SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART., ETC., ETC.

SIR,

IT has long been my ambition to add some humble tribute to the offerings laid upon the shrine of your genius. At each succeeding book that I have given to the world, I have paused to consider if it were worthy to be inscribed with your great name, and at each I have played the procrastinator, and hoped for that morrow of better desert which never came. But *defluat amnis*, the time runs on—and I am tired of waiting for the ford which the tides refuse. I seize, then, the present opportunity, not as the best, but as the only one I can be sure of commanding, to express that affectionate admiration with which you have inspired me in common with all your contemporaries, and which a French writer has not ungracefully termed "the happiest prerogative of genius." As a Poet, and as a Novelist, your fame has attained to that height in which praise has become superfluous; but in the character of the writer there seems to me a yet higher claim to veneration than in that of the writings. The example your genius sets us, who can emulate?—the example your moderation bequeaths to us, who shall forget? That nature must indeed be gentle which has conciliated the

envy that pursues intellectual greatness, and left without an enemy a man who has no living equal in renown.

December 22, 1831.

FROM PREFACE TO THE EDITION OF 1840.

The strange history of Eugene Aram had excited my interest and wonder long before the present work was composed or conceived. It so happened, that during Aram's residence at Lynn, his reputation for learning had attracted the notice of my grandfather—a country gentleman living in the same county, and of more intelligence and accomplishments than, at that day, usually characterized his class. Aram frequently visited at Heydon (my grandfather's house), and gave lessons, probably in no very elevated branches of erudition, to the younger members of the family. This I chanced to hear when I was on a visit in Norfolk, some two years before this novel was published, and it tended to increase the interest with which I had previously speculated on the phenomena of a trial which, take it altogether, is perhaps the most remarkable in the register of English crime. I endeavored to collect such anecdotes of Aram's life and manners as tradition and hearsay still kept afloat. These anecdotes were so far uniform that they all concurred in representing him as a person who, till the detection of the crime for which he was sentenced, had appeared of the mildest character and the most unexceptionable morals. An invariable gentleness and patience in his mode of tuition—qualities then very uncommon at schools—had made him so beloved by his pupils at Lynn, that, in after life, there was scarcely one of them who did not persist in the belief of his innocence. His personal and moral peculiarities as described in these pages, are such as were related to me by persons who had heard him described by his contemporaries: the calm benign countenance—the delicate health—the thoughtful stoop—the noiseless step—the custom, not uncommon with scholars and absent men, of muttering to himself—a singular eloquence in conversation, when once roused from silence—an active tenderness and charity to the poor, with whom he was always ready to share his own scanty means—an apparent disregard to money, except when employed in the purchase of books—an utter indifference to the ambition usually accompanying self-taught talent, whether to better the condition or to increase the repute;—these and other traits of the character portrayed in the novel, are, as far as I can rely on my information, faithful to the features of the original.

Before entering on this romance, I examined with some care

the probabilities of Aram's guilt; for I need scarcely perhaps observe, that the legal evidence against him is extremely deficient—furnished almost entirely by one (Houseman) confessedly an accomplice of the crime, and a partner in the booty; and that, in the present day, a man tried upon evidence so scanty and suspicious would unquestionably escape conviction.

FROM PREFACE TO THE EDITION OF 1847.

In point of composition EUGENE ARAM is, I think, entitled to rank amongst the best of my fictions. It somewhat humiliates me to acknowledge, that neither practice nor study has enabled me to surpass a work written at a very early age, in the skilful construction and patient development of plot; and though I have since sought to call forth higher and more subtle passions, I doubt if I have ever excited the two elementary passions of tragedy, viz., pity and terror, to the same degree. In mere style, too, EUGENE ARAM, in spite of certain verbal oversights, and defects in youthful taste (some of which I have endeavored to remove from the present edition), appears to me unexcelled by any of my later writings, at least in what I have always studied as the main essential of style in narrative, viz., its harmony with the subject selected, and the passions to be moved; —while it exceeds them all in the minuteness and fidelity of its descriptions of external nature.

DESCRIPTION OF EUGENE ARAM.

"Ye mystic lights," said he soliloquizing:—"worlds upon worlds—infinite—incalculable.—Bright defiers of rest and change, rolling forever above our petty sea of mortality, as, wave after wave, we fret forth our little life and sink into the black abyss;—can we look upon you, note your appointed order, and your unvarying course, and not feel that we are indeed the poorest puppets of an all-pervading and resistless destiny? Shall we see throughout creation each marvel fulfilling its preordered fate—no wandering from its orbit—no variation in its seasons—and yet imagine that the Arch-ordainer will hold back the tides he has sent from their unseen source, at our miserable bidding? Shall we think that our prayers can avert a doom woven with the skein of events? To change a particle of our fate, might change the fate of millions! Shall the link forsake the chain, and yet the chain be unbroken? Away, then, with our vague repinings and our blind demands. All must walk onward to their goal, be he the wisest who looks not one step behind. The colors of our existence were doomed before our birth—our sorrows and our crimes;—millions of ages back, when

this hoary earth was peopled by other kinds, yea! ere its atoms had formed one layer of its present soil, the eternal and the all-seeing Ruler of the Universe—Destiny, or God—had here fixed the moment of our birth and the limits of our career.—What then is crime?—Fate! What life?—Submission."

Such were the strange and dark thoughts which, constituting a part indeed of his established creed, broke over Aram's mind. He sought for a fairer subject for meditation, and Madeline Lester rose before him.

Eugene Aram was a man whose whole life seemed to have been one sacrifice to knowledge. What is termed pleasure had no attraction for him.—From the mature manhood at which he had arrived, he looked back along his youth, and recognized no youthful folly. Love he had hitherto regarded with a cold though not an incurious eye; intemperance had never lured him to a momentary self-abandonment. Even the innocent relaxations with which the austerest minds relieve their accustomed toils had had no power to draw him from his beloved researches. The delight *monstrari digito;* the gratification of triumphant wisdom; the whispers of an elevated vanity; existed not for his self-dependent and solitary heart. He was one of those earnest and high-wrought enthusiasts who now are almost extinct upon earth, and whom romance has not hitherto attempted to portray; men not uncommon in the last century, who were devoted to knowledge, yet disdainful of its fame.—*Book I. Chap.* 4.

THE LIFE OF THE PASSIONS.

The passions are at once our masters and our deceivers;—they urge us onward, yet present no limit to our progress. The farther we proceed, the more dim and shadowy grows the goal. It is impossible for a man who leads the life of the world, the life of the passions, ever to experience content. For the life of the passions is that of a perpetual desire; but a state of content is the absence of all desire. Thus philosophy has become another name for mental quietude; and all wisdom points to a life of intellectual indifference, as the happiest that earth can bestow.—*Book I. Chap.* 5.

THE ENTHUSIASTS OF LEARNING.

It may be noted, that the enthusiasts of learning and reverie have, at one time or another in their lives, been, of all the tribes of men, the most keenly susceptible to love; their solitude feeds their passion; and deprived, as they usually are, of the more hurried and vehement occupations of life, when love is once admitted to their hearts, there is no counter-check to its

emotions, and no escape from its excitation. Aram, too, had just arrived at that age when a man usually feels a sort of revulsion in the current of his desires. At that age, those who have hitherto pursued love, begin to grow alive to ambition; those who have been slaves to the pleasures of life, awaken from the dream, and direct their desires to its interests. And in the same proportion, they who till then have wasted the prodigal fervors of youth upon a sterile soil; who have served ambition, or, like Aram, devoted their hearts to wisdom; relax from their ardor, look back on the departed years with regret, and commence in their manhood, the fiery pleasures and delirious follies which are only pardonable in youth. In short, as in every human pursuit there is a certain vanity, and as every acquisition contains within itself the seed of disappointment, so there is a period of life when we pause from the pursuit, and are discontented with the acquisition. We then look around us for something new—again follow—and are again deceived. Few men throughout life are the servants of one desire. When we gain the middle of the bridge of our mortality, different objects from those which attracted us upward almost invariably lure us to the descent. Happy they who exhaust in the former part of the journey all the foibles of existence! But how different is the crude and evanescent love of that age when thought has not given intensity and power to the passions, from the love which is felt, *felt for the first time*, in maturer but still youthful years!—*Book I. Chap.* 7.

PITY AND ADMIRATION.

There is not perhaps a stronger feeling in the world than pity, when united with admiration.—*Book I. Chap.* 7.

THE CIRCLE OF HAPPINESS.

"The circle of happiness we can create is formed more by our moral than our mental qualities. A warm heart, though accompanied but by a mediocre understanding, is even more likely to promote the happiness of those around, than are the absorbed and abstract, though kindly powers of a more elevated genius; but" (observing Lester about to interrupt him), "let us turn from this topic,—let us turn from man's weakness to the glories of the mother-nature, from which he sprung."—*Book I. Chap.* 7.

HEART'S INCLINATION TO LOOK UPWARD.

There lingers about the human heart a strong inclination to look upward—to revere: in this inclination lies the source of

religion, of loyalty, and also of the worship and immortality which are rendered so cheerfully to the great of old. And in truth it is a divine pleasure to admire! Admiration seems in some measure to appropriate to ourselves the qualities it honors in others. We wed,—we root ourselves to the natures we so love to contemplate, and their life grows a part of our own. Thus, when a great man, who has engrossed our thoughts, our conjectures, our homage dies, a gap seems suddenly left in the world; a wheel in the mechanism of our own being appears abruptly stilled; a portion of ourselves, and not our worst portion, for how many pure, high, generous sentiments it contains, dies with him! Yes! it is this love, so rare, so exalted, and so denied to all ordinary men, which is the especial privilege of greatness, whether that greatness be shown in wisdom, in enterprise, in virtue, or even, till the world learns better, in the more daring and lofty order of crime. A Socrates may claim it to-day—a Napoleon to-morrow; nay, a brigand chief, illustrious in the circle in which he lives, may call it forth no less powerfully than the generous failings of a Byron, or the sublime excellence of the greater Milton.—*Book I. Chap.* 8.

FEELINGS OF DISAPPOINTED LOVE.

There is something in those bitter feelings, which are the offspring of disappointed love; something in the intolerable anguish of well-founded jealousy, that when the first shock is over, often hardens, and perhaps elevates the character. The sterner powers that we arouse within us to combat a passion that can no longer be worthily indulged, are never afterwards wholly allayed. Like the allies which a nation summons to its bosom to defend it from its foes, they expel the enemy only to find a settlement for themselves. The mind of every man who *conquers* an unfortunate attachment, becomes stronger than before; it may be for evil, it may be for good, but the capacities for either are more vigorous and collected.—*Book I. Chap.* 12.

WHEN SLEEP FORSAKES.

It is a dark epoch in a man's life when Sleep forsakes him; when he tosses to and fro, and Thought will not be silenced; when the drug and draught are the courters of stupefaction, not sleep; when the down pillow is as a knotted log; when the eyelids close but with an effort, and there is a drag and a weight, and dizziness in the eyes at morn. Desire, and Grief, and Love, these are the young man's torments, but they are the creatures of Time; Time removes them as it brings, and the vigils we keep, "while the evil days come not," if weary,

are brief and few. But Memory, and Care, and Ambition, and Avarice, *these* are the demon-gods that defy the Time that fathered them. The worldlier passions are the growth of mature years, and their grave is dug but in our own. As the dark Spirits in the Northern tale, that watch against the coming of one of a brighter and holier race, lest, if he seize them unawares, he bind them prisoners in his chain, they keep ward at night over the entrance of that deep cave—the human heart—and scare away the angel Sleep!—*Book I. Chap* 12.

LOVE, ALL THAT IS NOBLE.

"Love!" exclaimed Madeline. "Grant me patience!—Love! It was but now I thought myself honored by the affection you said you bore me. At this instant, I blush to have called forth a single sentiment in one who knows so little what love is! Love!—methought that word denoted all that was high and noble in human nature—confidence, hope, devotion, sacrifice of all thought of self! but you would make it the type and concentration of all that lowers and debases!—suspicion—cavil—fear—selfishness in all its shapes! Out on you—*love!*"—*Book I. Chap.* 12.

DIFFICULT FOR MEN OF RANK TO BECOME ILLUSTRIOUS.

It is a more difficult matter for men of high rank to become illustrious to posterity, than for persons in a sterner and more wholesome walk of life. Even the greatest among the distinguished men of the patrician order, suffer in the eyes of the after age for the very qualities, mostly dazzling defects, or brilliant eccentricities, which made them most popularly remarkable in their day. Men forgive Burns his amours and his revellings with greater ease than they will forgive Bolingbroke and Byron for the same offences.—*Book II. Chap.* 2.

EVERY TIE OPENS CHANNELS TO GRIEF.

"Yet it seems to me," said Aram, "a truth easy of proof; if we love, we place our happiness in others. The moment we place our happiness in others comes uncertainty, but uncertainty is the bane of happiness. Children are the source of anxiety to their parents;—his mistress to the lover. Change, accident, death, all menace us in each person whom we regard. Every new tie opens new channels by which grief can invade us; but, you will say, by which joy also can flow in;—granted! But in human life is there not more grief than joy? What is it that renders the balance even? What makes the staple of our happiness,—endearing to us the life at which we should otherwise

repine? It is the mere passive, yet stirring, consciousness of life itself!—of the sun and the air of the physical being; but this consciousness every emotion disturbs. Yet could you add to its tranquillity an excitement that never exhausts itself,—that becomes refreshed, not sated, with every new possession, then you would obtain happiness. There is only one excitement of this divine order,—that of intellectual culture. Behold now my theory! Examine it—it contains no flaw. But if," renewed Aram after a pause, "a man is subject to fate solely in himself, not in others, he soon hardens his mind against all fear, and prepares it for all events. A little philosophy enables him to bear bodily pain, or the common infirmities of flesh: by a philosophy somewhat deeper, he can conquer the ordinary reverses of fortune, the dread of shame, and the last calamity of death. But what philosophy could ever thoroughly console him for the ingratitude of a friend, the worthlessness of a child, the death of a mistress? Hence, only when he stands alone, can a man's soul say to Fate, 'I defy thee.'"—*Book II. Chap.* 3.

ERRORS OF LIFE.

"There is one circumstance," added Aram after a pause, "that should diminish our respect for renown. Errors of life, as well as foibles of character, are often the real enhancers of celebrity. Without his errors, I doubt whether *Henri Quatre* would have become the idol of a people. How many Whartons has the world known, who, deprived of their frailties, had been inglorious! The light that you so much admire, reaches you only through the distance of time, on account of the angles and unevenness of the body whence it emanates. Were the surface of the moon smooth, it would be invisible."—*Book II. Chap.* 4.

RELIGION IN LOVE.

To me there seems a religion in love, and its very foundation is in faith.—*Book IV. Chap.* 4.

EXAGGERATION OF SENTIMENT.

We do wrong when we censure a certain exaggeration in the sentiments of those who love. True passion is necessarily heightened by its very ardor to an elevation that seems extravagant only to those who cannot feel it. The lofty language of a hero is a part of his character; without that largeness of idea, he had not been a hero. With love, it is the same as with glory: what common minds would call natural in sentiment, merely because it is homely, is not natural, except to tamed affections.

That is a very poor, nay, a very course, love, in which the imagination makes not the greater part. And the Frenchman, who censured the love of his mistress because it *was* so mixed with the imagination, quarrelled with the body for the soul which inspired and preserved it.—*Book IV. Chap.* 4.

SOMETHING HIDDEN.

Goethe has said somewhere that each of us, the best as the worst, hides within him something—some feeling, some remembrance that, if known, would make you hate him. No doubt the saying is exaggerated; but still, what a gloomy and profound sublimity in the idea!—what a new insight it gives into the hearts of the common herd!—with what a strange interest it may inspire us for the humblest, the tritest passenger that shoulders us in the great thoroughfare of life! One of the greatest pleasures in the world is to walk alone, and at night (while they are yet crowded), through the long lamp-lit streets of this huge metropolis. There, even more than in the silence of woods and fields, seems to me the source of endless, various meditation.—*Book IV. Chap.* 5.

AMBITION GIVES UNHAPPY MOMENTS.

Ambition, like any other passion, gives us unhappy moments; but it gives us also an animated life. In its pursuit, the minor evils of the world are not felt; little crosses, little vexations do not disturb us. Like men who walk in sleep, we are absorbed in one powerful dream, and do not even know the obstacles in our way, or the dangers that surround us; in a word, we have *no private life.* All that is merely domestic, the anxiety and the loss which fret other men, which blight the happiness of other men, are not felt by us: we are wholly public;—so that if we lose much comfort, we escape much care.—*Book IV. Chap.* 5.

ON THE BRIDGE OF THE THAMES.

Aram had now gained one of the bridges "that arch the royal Thames," and, in no time dead to scenic attraction, he there paused for a moment, and looked along the dark river that rushed below.

Oh, God! how many wild and stormy hearts have stilled themselves on that spot, for one dread instant of thought—of calculation—of resolve—one instant, the last of life! Look at night along the course of that stately river, how gloriously it seems to mock the passions of them that dwell beside it. Unchanged—unchanging—all around it quick death, and troubled life; itself smiling up to the gray stars, and singing from its

deep heart as it bounds along. Beside it is the senate, proud of its solemn triflers; and there the cloistered tomb, in which, as the loftiest honor, some handful of the fiercest of the strugglers may gain forgetfulness and a grave! There is no moral to a great city like the river that washes its walls.—*Book IV. Chap.* 6.

AFFECTION LOVELY.

If there be anything thoroughly lovely in the human heart, it is affection! All that makes hope elevated, or fear generous, belongs to the capacity of loving. For my own part, I do not wonder, in looking over the thousand creeds and sects of men, that so many religionists have traced their theology—that so many moralists have wrought their system—from love. The errors thus originated have something in them that charms us, even while we smile at the theology, or while we neglect the system. What a beautiful fabric would be human nature—what a divine guide would be human reason—if love were indeed the stratum of the one, and the inspiration of the other!—*Book IV. Chap.* 8.

LOVE IN RETIREMENT.

Certainly, love assumes a more touching and earnest semblance, when we find it in some retired and sequestered hollow of the world; when it is not mixed up with the daily frivolities and petty emotions of which a life passed in cities is so necessarily composed: we cannot but believe it a deeper and a more absorbing passion; perhaps we are not always right in the belief. Had one of the order of angels to whom a knowledge of the future, or the seraphic penetration into the hidden heart of man, is forbidden, stayed his wings over the lovely valley in which the main scene of our history has been cast, no spectacle might have seemed to him more appropriate to that pastoral spot, or more elevated in the character of its tenderness above the fierce and short-lived passions of the ordinary world, than the love that existed between Madeline and her betrothed. Their natures seemed so suited to each other! the solemn and *undiurnal* mood of the one was reflected back in hues so gentle, and yet so faithful, from the purer, but scarce less thoughtful character of the other! Their sympathies ran through the same channel, and mingled in a common fount; and whatever was dark and troubled in the breast of Aram, was now suffered not to appear. Since his return, his mood was brighter and more tranquil; and he seemed better fitted to appreciate and respond to the peculiar tenderness of Madeline's affection. There are some stars which, viewed with the naked eye, seem one, but in

reality are two separate orbs revolving round each other, and drinking, each from each, a separate yet united existence:—such stars seem a type of them.—*Book IV. Chap.* 8.

TEMPERS UNTOUCHED BY VICISSITUDES.

Let the world wag as it will, there are some tempers which its vicissitudes never reach. Nothing makes a picture of distress more sad than the portrait of some individual sitting indifferently looking on in the background. This was a secret Hogarth knew well. Mark his death-bed scenes.—Poverty and Vice worked up into horror—and the physicians in the corner wrangling for the fee!—or the child playing with the coffin—or the nurse filching what fortune, harsh, yet less harsh than humanity, might have left. In the melancholy depth of humor that steeps both our fancy and our heart in the immortal romance of Cervantes, (for, how profoundly melancholy is it to be compelled by one gallant folly to laugh at all that is gentle, and brave, and wise, and generous!) nothing grates on us more than when—last scene of all—the poor knight lies dead,—his exploits forever over—forever dumb his eloquent discourses: that when, I say, we are told that, despite of his grief, even little Sancho did not eat or drink the less: these touches open to us the real world, it is true; but it is not the best part of it.—*Book V. Chap.* 3.

TRIUMPH OVER WEAKNESS.

We may triumph over all weakness, but that of the affections! Perhaps in this dreary and haggard interval of time, these two persons loved each other more purely, more strongly, more enthusiastically, than they had ever done at any former period of their eventful history. Over the hardest stone, as over the softest turf, the green moss *will* force its verdure and sustain its life!—*Book V. Chap.* 3.

A PICTURE OF HUMAN LIFE.

A thought comes over us, sometimes, in our career of pleasure, or the troubled exultation of our ambitious pursuits: a thought comes over us, like a cloud;—that around us and about us Death—Shame—Crime—Despair, are busy at their work. I have read somewhere of an enchanted land, where the inmates walked along voluptuous gardens, and built palaces, and heard music, and made merry: while around, and within the land, were deep caverns, where the gnomes and the fiends dwelt: and ever and anon their groans and laughter, and the sounds of their unutterable toils or ghastly revels, travelled to the upper

air, mixing in an awful strangeness with the summer festivity and buoyant occupation of those above. And this is the picture of human life! These reflections of the maddening disparities of the world are dark, but salutary:—

"They wrapt our thoughts at banquets in the shroud;"

but we are seldom sadder without being also wiser men!—*Book V. Chap* 5.

THOUGHT OF AN IMMORTALITY.

As we grow older, and sometimes a hope, sometimes a friend, vanishes from our path, the thought of an immortality *will* press itself forcibly upon us! and there, by little and little, as the ants pile, grain after grain, the garners of a future sustenance, we learn to carry our hopes, and harvest, as it were, our wishes.

"Our cousins, then, were happy. Happy, for they loved one another entirely; and on those who do so love, I sometimes think that, barring physical pain and extreme poverty, the ills of life fall with but idle malice. Yes, they were happy, in spite of the past and in defiance of the future."

"I am satisfied, then," said my friend,—"and your tale is fairly done!"

And now, reader, farewell! If sometimes, as thou hast gone with me to this our parting spot, thou hast suffered thy companion to win the mastery over thine interest, to flash now on thy convictions, to touch now thy heart, to guide thy hope, to excite thy terror, to gain, it may be, to the sources of thy tears—then is there a tie between thee and me which cannot readily be broken! And when thou hearest the malice that wrongs affect the candor which should judge, shall he not find in thy sympathies the defence, or in thy charity the indulgence,—of a friend? —*The End.*

NIGHT AND MORNING.

LEADING CHARACTERS.

REV. CALEB PRICE, "a sociable, agreeable, careless, half-starved parson."
PHILIP BEAUFORT, SR., "easy, thoughtless, and good natured," with feelings infinitely better than his principles. Heir to his uncle's vast estates, and secretly married, at the beginning of the narrative, to Catherine Morton, a motherless child of sixteen.
ROBERT BEAUFORT, younger brother of Philip Beaufort, Sr. A man of the world, "sober, decorous and ambitious; a face of smiles and a heart of ice."
MRS. ROBERT BEAUFORT, "languid, silent, perfectly dressed and insipid."
ARTHUR, son of Robert Beaufort.
CAMILLA, daughter of Robert Beaufort.
PHILIP and SIDNEY, sons of Philip Beaufort. The former self-willed, the latter self-loving.
LORD LILBURNE, a dissipated do-nothing. Brother of Mrs. Robert Beaufort.
ROGER MORTON, a tradesman, brother of Catherine Morton, who married Philip Beaufort.
CHRISTOPHER PLASKWITH, brother of Mrs. Roger Morton. Bookseller, and editor of "The Mercury."
PLIMMINS, assistant editor of "The Mercury."
WILLIAM GAWTRY, *alias* MONSIEUR LOVE. A German charlatan, and counterfeiter.
SERRION GAWTRY, an old blind man. Father to William Gawtry.
FANNY, a poor child befriended by William Gawtry. She marries Philip Beaufort, Jr.
EUGENIE DE MERVILLE, a young widow distinguished in literature.
MR. BLACKWELL, Robert Beaufort's lawyer.
MR. BARLOW, lawyer to Philip Beaufort, Jr.
MR. SHARP, a detective.
MR. SPENCER, "a soft-hearted, soft-headed man," a confirmed valetudinarian, who adopts Sidney Beaufort.

PREFACE.

In this Novel of NIGHT AND MORNING I have had various ends in view—subordinate, I grant, to the higher and more durable morality which belongs to the Ideal, and instructs us playfully while it interests, in the passions, and through the heart.

First.—To deal fearlessly with that universal unsoundness in social justice which makes distinctions so marked and iniquitous between Vice and Crime—viz., between the corrupting habits

and the violent act—which scarce touches the former with the lightest twig in the fasces—which lifts against the latter the edge of the Lictor's axe. Let a child steal an apple in sport, let a starveling steal a roll in despair, and Law conducts them to the prison, for evil commune to mellow them for the gibbet. But let a man spend one apprenticeship from youth to old age in vice—let him devote a fortune, perhaps colossal, to the wholesale demoralization of his kind—and he may be surrounded with the adulation of the so-called virtuous, and be served upon its knee, by that Lackey—the Modern World! I say not that Law can, or that Law should, reach the Vice as it does the Crime; but I say, that Opinion may be more than the servile shadow of Law. I impress not here, as in "Paul Clifford," a material moral to work its effect on the Journals, at the Hustings, through Constituents, and on Legislation;—I direct myself to a channel less active, more tardy, but as sure—to the Conscience that reigns, elder and superior to all Law, in men's hearts and souls;—I utter boldly and loudly a truth, if not all untold, murmured feebly and falteringly before—sooner or later—it will find its way into the judgment and the conduct, and shape out a tribunal which requires not robe or ermine.

Second.—In this work I have sought to lift the mask from the timid selfishness which too often with us bears the name of *Respectability.* Purposely avoiding all attraction that may savor of extravagance, patiently subduing every tone and every hue to the aspect of those whom we meet daily in our thoroughfares, I have shown in Robert Beaufort the man of decorous phrase and bloodless action—the systematic self-server—in whom the world forgive the lack of all that is generous, warm, and noble, in order to respect the passive acquiescence in methodical conventions and hollow forms. And how common such men are with us in this century, and how inviting and how necessary their delineation, may be seen in this,—that the popular and pre-eminent Observer of the age in which we live, has since placed their prototype in vigorous colors upon imperishable canvas.*

There is yet another object with which I have identified my tale. I trust that I am not insensible to such advantages as arise from the diffusion of education really sound, and knowledge really available;—for these, as the right of my countrymen, I have contended always. But of late years there has been danger that what ought to be an important truth may be perverted into a pestilent fallacy. Whether for rich or for poor,

* Need I say that I allude to the "Pecksniff" of Mr. Dickens?

disappointment must ever await the endeavor to give knowledge without labor, and experience without trial. Cheap literature and popular treatises do not in themselves suffice to fit the nerves of man for the strife below, and lift his aspirations, in healthful confidence above. He who seeks to divorce toil from knowledge deprives knowledge of its most valuable property,—the strengthening of the mind by exercise. We learn what really braces and elevates us only in proportion to the *effort* it costs us. Nor is it in Books alone, nor in Books chiefly, that we are made conscious of our strength as Men. Life is the great Schoolmaster, Experience the mighty Volume. He who has made one stern sacrifice of self, has acquired more than he will ever glean from the odds-and-ends of popular philosophy: And the man, the least scholastic, may be more robust in the power that *is* knowledge, and approach nearer to the Arch-Seraphim, than Bacon himself, if he cling fast to two simple maxims—"Be honest in Temptation, and in Adversity believe in God." Such moral, attempted before in "Eugene Aram," I have enforced more directly here; and out of such convictions I have created hero and heroine, placing them in their primitive and natural characters, with aid more from life than books—from courage the one, from affection the other—amidst the feeble Hermaphrodites of our sickly civilization;—examples of resolute Manhood and tender Womanhood.

The opinions I have here put forth are not in fashion at this day. But I have never consulted the popular any more than the sectarian, Prejudice. Alone and unaided, I have hewn out my way, from first to last, by the force of my own convictions. The corn springs up in the field centuries after the first sower is forgotten. Works may perish with the workman; but, if truthful, their results are in the works of others, imitating, borrowing, enlarging, and improving, in the everlasting Cycle of Industry and Thought.

KNEBWORTH, 1845.

FORM OF THE DEAD.

What a strange thing it does seem, that that very form which we prized so charily, for which we prayed the winds to be gentle, which we lapped from the cold in our arms, from whose footstep we would have removed a stone, should be suddenly thrust out of sight—an abomination that the earth must not look upon—a despicable loathsomeness, to be concealed and to be forgotten! And this same composition of bone and muscle that was yesterday so strong—which men respected, and women loved, and children clung to—to-day so lamentably powerless,

unable to defend or protect those who lay nearest to its heart; its riches wrested from it, its wishes spat upon, its influence expiring with its last sigh! A breath from its lips making all that mighty difference between what it was and what it is!—*Book I. Chap.* 5.

RIGHT IN THE EYES OF THE WORLD.

Mr. Robert Beaufort, indeed, always meant to do what was right—*in the eyes of the world!* He had no other rule of action but that which the world supplied: his religion was decorum—his sense of honor was regard to opinion. His heart was a dial to which the world was the sun: when the great eye of the public fell on it, it answered every purpose that a heart could answer; but when that eye was invisible, the dial was mute—a piece of brass and nothing more.—*Book I. Chap.* 6.

SLEEP SECURE IN SHADOWS.

Neither he nor Catherine ever contemplated separation or death. Alas! how all of us, when happy, sleep secure in the dark shadows, which ought to warn us of the sorrows that are to come!—*Book I. Chap.* 6.

AN OUNCE OF HELP.

When a person's down in the world, I think an ounce of help is better than a pound of preaching.—*Book I. Chap.* 6.

SLEEP OF THE FATHERLESS BOY.

"Poor lad!—he looks pale!" muttered the man, and he knocked the weed from his pipe, which he placed gently in his pocket. "Perhaps the smoke was too much for him—he seems ill and thin;" and he took the boy's long lean fingers in his own. "His cheek is hollow!—what do I know but it may be with fasting? Pooh! I was a brute. Hush, coachee, hush! don't talk so loud, and be d——d to you—he will certainly be off;" and the man softly and creepingly encircled the boy's waist with his huge arm. "Now, then, to shift his head; so—so—that's right." Philip's sallow cheek and long hair were now tenderly lapped on the soliloquist's bosom. "Poor wretch! he smiles; perhaps he is thinking of home, and the butterflies he ran after when he was an urchin—they never come back, those days;—never—never—never! I think the wind veers to the east; he may catch cold;"—and with that, the man sliding the head for a moment, and with the tenderness of a woman, from his breast to his shoulder, unbuttoned his coat (as he replaced the weight, no longer unwelcome, in its former

part), and drew the lappets closely round the slender frame of the sleeper, exposing his own sturdy breast—for he wore no waistcoat—to the sharpening air. Thus cradled on that stranger's bosom, wrapped from the present, and dreaming perhaps—while a heart scorched by fierce and terrible struggles with life and sin made his pillow—of a fair and unsullied future, slept the fatherless and friendless boy.—*Book I. Chap.* 6.

HOLINESS IN MOTHER'S LOVE.

There is so divine a holiness in the love of a mother, that, no matter how the tie that binds her to the child was formed, she becomes, as it were, consecrated and sacred; and the past is forgotten, and the world and its harsh verdicts swept away, when *that* love alone is visible; and the God, who watches over the little one, sheds his smile over the human deputy, in whose tenderness there breathes His own!—*Book I. Chap.* 8.

THE DRAGON TRAMPLES THE SAINT.

Oh, Mr. Robert Beaufort! Mr. Robert Beaufort! could your prudent, scheming, worldly heart but feel what devil's tricks your wealth was playing with a son who if poor had been the pride of the Beauforts! On one side of our pieces of gold we see the saint trampling down the dragon:—False emblem! Reverse it on the coin! In the real use of the gold, it is the dragon who tramples down the saint!—*Book I. Chap.* 9.

FRIENDSHIP ALMOST A PASSION.

There is a certain age, before the love for the sex commences, when the feeling of friendship is almost a passion. You see it constantly in girls and boys at school. It is the first vague craving of the heart after the master food of human life—Love. It has its jealousies, and humors, and caprices, like love itself.—*Book II. Chap.* 8.

THE FLIGHT OF CONSCIENCE.

"And I—*I* will never care for a human being again."

He bowed his head over his hand; and when he rose, his heart felt to him like stone. It seemed as if Conscience herself had fled from his soul on the wings of departed Love.—*Book II. Chap.* 11.

QUICK INSIGHT OF CHILDREN.

"Do not strike him, papa!—let him have his brother!"

Mr. Beaufort's arm fell to his side: kneeling before him, and by the outcast's side, was his own young daughter; she had

crept into the room unobserved, when her father entered. Through the dim shadows, relieved only by the red and fitful gleam of the fire, he saw her fair meek face looking up wistfully at his own, with tears of excitement, and perhaps of pity—for children have a quick insight into the reality of grief in those not far removed from their own years—glistening in her soft eyes. Philip looked round bewildered, and he saw that face which seemed to him, at such a time, like the face of an angel.—*Book II. Chap.* 11.

JUDGING THE CHARACTERS OF CHILDREN.

Alas, poor Catherine! when you fancied that Philip was the one sure to force his way into fortune, and Sidney the one most helpless, how ill did you judge of the human heart! It was that very strength in Philip's nature which tempted the winds that scattered the blossoms, and shook the stem to its roots; while the lighter and frailer nature bent to the gale, and bore transplanting to a happier soil. If a parent read these pages, let him pause and think well on the characters of his children; let him at once fear and hope the most for the one whose passions and whose temper lead to a struggle with the world. That same world is a tough wrestler, and has a bear's gripe for the poor.—*Book II. Chap.* 12.

THE MYSTERY OF THE MORAL WORLD.

So, O dark mystery of the Moral World!—so, unlike the order of the External Universe, glide together, side by side, the shadowy steeds of NIGHT AND MORNING. Examine life in its own world; confound not *that* world, the inner one, the practical one, with the more visible, yet airier and less substantial system, doing homage to the sun, to whose throne, afar in the infinite space, the human heart has no wings to flee. In life, the mind and the circumstances give the true seasons, and regulate the darkness and the light. Of two men standing on the same foot of earth, the one revels in the joyous noon, the other shudders in the solitude of night. For Hope and Fortune the day-star is ever shining. For Care and Penury, Night changes not with the ticking of the clock, nor with the shadow on the dial. Morning for the heir, night for the houseless, and God's eye over both.—*Book II. Chap.* 12.

OF USE IN THE WORLD.

"No; I gave him my money, not my soul. I turned from his door, with a few shillings that he himself thrust into my hand, and walked on—I cared not whither—out of the town, into the

fields—till night came; and then, just as I suddenly entered on the high-road, many miles away, the moon rose; and I saw, by the hedge-side, something that seemed like a corpse; it was an old beggar, in the last state of raggedness, disease, and famine. He had laid himself down to die. I shared with him what I had, and helped him to a little inn. As he crossed the threshold, he turned round and blessed me. Do you know, the moment I heard that blessing, a stone seemed rolled away from my heart. I said to myself,—'What then! even *I* can be of use to some one; and I am better off than that old man, for I have youth and health."—*Book III. Chap.* 2.

MEN REPRESENTATIVES OF THINGS.

He had not yet lived long enough to be aware that Men are sometimes the Representatives of Things; that what the scytale was to the Spartan hero, a sheriff's writ often is to a Waterloo medallist; that a Bow Street runner will enter the foulest den where Murder sits with his fellows, and pick out his prey with the beck of his forefinger. That, in short, the thing called LAW, once made tangible and present, rarely fails to palsy the fierce heart of the thing called CRIME. For Law is the symbol of all mankind reared against One Foe—the Man of Crime.—*Book III. Chap.* 5.

FORMS OF COURAGE.

It is a popular error to suppose that courage means courage in everything. Put a hero on board a ship at a five-barred gate,—and if he is not used to hunting, he will turn pale. Put a fox-hunter on one of the Swiss chasms, over which the mountaineer springs like a roe, and his knees will knock under him. People are brave in the dangers to which they accustom themselves, either in imagination or practice.—*Book III. Chap.* 8.

CRIMES IN VOGUE.

It may be observed that there are certain years in which in a civilized country some particular crime comes into vogue. It flares its season, and then burns out. Thus at one time we have Burking—at another, Swingism—now, suicide is in vogue—now, poisoning trades-people in apple dumplings—now, little boys stab each other with pen-knives—now, common soldiers shoot at their sergeants. Almost every year there is one crime peculiar to it; a sort of annual which overruns the country, but does not bloom again. Unquestionably the Press has a great deal to do with these epidemics. Let a newspaper once give an account of some out-of-the-way atrocity that has the charm of

being novel, and certain depraved minds fasten to it like leeches. They brood over and revolve it—the idea grows up, a horrid phantasmalian monomania; and all of a sudden, in a hundred different places, the one seed sown by the leaden types springs up into foul flowering.—*Book III. Chap.* 8.

TIME, FAITH, ENERGY.

Time, Faith, and Energy—the three Friends God has given to the poor!—*Book III. Chap.* 8.

PRAISE OF THE DEAD.

Do ye not laugh, O ye all-listening Fiends! when men praise those dead whose virtues they discovered not when alive? It takes much marble to build the sepulchre—how little of lath and plaster would have repaired the garret!—*Book III. Chap.* 14.

THE SOUND OF THE BELL.

As he spoke, the sound of a bell broke over the translucent air and the slumbering lake: it was the bell that very eve and morn summoned that innocent and pious family to prayer. The old man's face changed as he heard it—changed from its customary, indolent, absent, listless aspect, into an expression of dignity, even of animation.

"Hark!" he said, pointing upwards; "Hark! it chides you. Who shall say, '*where* shall I look for comfort,' while God is in the Heavens?"—*Book IV. Chap.* 2.

REVELATIONS OF THE MICROSCOPE.

If, reader, you have ever looked through a solar microscope at the monsters in a drop of water, perhaps you have wondered to yourself how things so terrible have been hitherto unknown to you—you have felt a loathing at the limpid element you hitherto deemed so pure—you have half fancied that you would cease to be a water-drinker; yet, the next day you have forgotten the grim life that started before you, with its countless shapes, in that teeming globule; and, if so tempted by your thirst, you have not shrunk from the lying crystal, although myriads of the horrible Unseen are mangling, devouring, gorging each other, in the liquid you so tranquilly imbibe; so is it with that ancestral and master element called Life. Lapped in your sleek comforts, and lolling on the sofa of your patent conscience—when, perhaps for the first time, you look through the glass of science upon one ghastly globule in the waters that heave around, that fill up, with their succulence, the pores of earth, that moisten every

atom subject to your eyes, or handled by your touch—you are startled and dismayed; you say, mentally, "Can such things be? I never dreamed of this before! I thought what was invisible to me was non-existent in itself—I will remember this dread experiment." The next day the experiment is forgotten.—The Chemist may purify the Globule—can Science make pure the World?—*Book IV. Chap.* 1.

QUIET NOT REPOSE.

Quiet is not repose—obscurity is not content.—*Book IV. Chap.* 5.

DEMOCRATIC ENTHUSIASM.

Men, alas! too often lose the Democratic Enthusiasm in proportion as they find reason to suspect or despise their kind. And if there were not hopes for the Future, which this hard, practical daily life does not suffice to teach us, the vision and the glory, that belong to the Great Popular Creed, dimmed beneath the injustice, the follies, and the vices of the world as it is, would fade into the lukewarm sectarianism of temporary Party.—*Book IV. Chap.* 5.

NO SUCH THING AS ACCIDENT.

He acknowledged in life no such thing as *accident.* Whatever his struggles, whatever his melancholy, whatever his sense of worldly wrong, he never despaired; for nothing now could shake his belief in one directing Providence.—*Book IV. Chap.* 5.

LITTLE MINDS.

Little minds give importance to the man who gives importance to nothing.—*Book IV. Chap.* 7.

ONE WIZARD, THE GRAVE-DIGGER.

Will the absent forget, or the lingerer be consoled? Had the characters of that young romance been lightly stamped on the fancy where once obliterated they are erased forever,—or were they graven deep in those tablets where the writing, even when invisible, exists still and revives, sweet letter by letter, when the light and the warmth borrowed from the One Bright Presence are applied to the faithful record? There is but one Wizard to disclose that secret, as all others,—the old Grave-digger, whose Church-yard is the Earth,—whose trade is to find burial-places for Passions that seemed immortal,—disinterring the ashes of some long crumbling Memory,—to hollow out the dark bed of some new-perished Hope;—He who determines all

things, and prophesies none—for his oracles are uncomprehended till the doom is sealed:—He who in the bloom of the fairest affection detects the hectic that consumes it, and while the hymn rings at the altar, marks with his joyless eye the grave for the burial vow.—Wherever is the sepulchre, there is thy temple, O melancholy TIME!—*Book IV. Chap.* 8.

HONESTY NO BUSINESS TO BE HELPLESS.

Captain Smith went a little too far when he said that "honesty's nothing without force of character." Still Honesty has no business to be helpless and draggle-tailed:—she must be active and brisk, and make use of her wits; or, though she keep clear of the prison, 'tis no very great wonder if she fall on the parish. —*Book V. Chap.* 2.

WEDDING BELLS.

"I have heard of a wedding very often," said Fanny, with a pretty look of puzzlement and doubt, "but I don't know exactly what it means. Will you tell me?—and the bells, too!"

"Yes, Fanny, those bells toll three times for man! The first time when he comes into the world; the last time when he leaves it; the time between when he takes to his side a partner in all the sorrows—in all the joys that yet remain to him; and who, even when the last bell announces his death to this earth, may yet, forever and ever, be his partner in that world to come—that heaven, where they who are as innocent as you, Fanny, may hope to live and to love each other in a land in which there are no graves!"

"And *this* bell?"

"Tolls for that partnership—for the wedding!"

"I think I understand you; and—they who are to be wed are happy?"

"Happy, Fanny, if they love, and their love continue. Oh! conceive the happiness to know some one person dearer to you than your own self—some one breast into which you can pour every thought, every grief, every joy! One person, who, if all the rest of the world were to calumniate or forsake you, would never wrong you by a harsh thought or an unjust word,—who would cling to you the closer in sickness, in poverty, in care,—who would sacrifice all things to you, and for whom you would sacrifice all—from whom, except by death, night or day, you may be never divided—whose smile is ever at your hearth—who has no tears while you are well and happy, and your love the same. Fanny, such is marriage, if they who marry have hearts and souls to feel that there is no bond on earth so tender

and so sublime. There is an opposite picture;—I will not draw *that!*—And as it is, Fanny, you cannot understand me!"—*Book V. Chap.* 6.

RAPIDITY WITH WHICH LOVE RIPENS.

The rapidity with which love is ripened depends less upon the actual number of years that have passed over the soil in which the seed is cast, than upon the freshness of the soil itself. A young man who lives the ordinary life of the world, and who fritters away, rather than exhausts, his feelings, upon a variety of quick succeeding subjects—the Cynthias of the minute—is not apt to form a real passion at the first sight. Youth is inflammable only when the *heart* is young!—*Book V. Chap.* 7.

THE POWER OF ACTIVITY.

All history teaches us—public and private history—conquerors—statesmen—sharp hypocrites, and brave designers—yes, they all teach us how mighty one man of great intellect and no scruple is against the justice of millions! The One Man *moves*—the Mass is inert. Justice sits on a throne. Roguery never rests—Activity is the lever of Archimedes—*Book V. Chap.* 15.

OFTEN UNCOMPREHENDED.

It often happens to us in this world, that when we come with our hearts in our hands to some person or other,—when we pour out some generous burst of feeling so enthusiastic and self-sacrificing, that a bystander would call us fool and Quixote; it often, I say, happens to us, to find our warm self suddenly thrown back upon our cold self: to discover that we are utterly uncomprehended, and that the swine who would have munched up the acorn does not know what to make of the pearl. That sudden ice which then freezes over us, that supreme disgust and despair almost of the whole world, which for the moment we confound with the one worldling—they who have felt, may reasonably ascribe to Philip.—*Book V. Chap.* 17.

SERVICE RENDERED TO THE DEAD.

Alas! THE DEAD! what service can we render to them?—what availed it now, either to the dust below, or to the immortality above, that the fools and knaves of this world should mention the Catherine whose life was gone, whose ears were deaf, with more or less respect? There is in calumny that poison that, even when the character throws off the slander, the heart remains diseased beneath the effect. They say that truth comes sooner or later; but it seldom comes before the soul, passing

from agony to contempt, has grown callous to men's judgments. Calumniate a human being in youth—adulate that being in age; what has been the interval? Will the adulation atone either for the torture, or the hardness which the torture leaves at last? And if, as in Catherine's case, (a case, how common!) the truth come *too late*—if the tomb is closed—if the heart you have wrung can be wrung no more—why the truth is as valueless as the epitaph on a forgotten Name! Some such conviction of the hollowness of his own words, when he spoke of service to the dead, smote upon Philip's heart, and stopped the flow of his words.—*Book V. Chap.* 19.

FEW UNITED TO THEIR FIRST LOVE.

Few of either sex are ever united to their first love; yet married people jog on, and call each other "my dear" and "my darling" all the same!—*Book V. Chap.* 18.

EFFECTS OF SEVERE ILLNESS.

There is something in severe illness, especially if it be in violent contrast to the usual strength of the body, which has often the most salutary effect upon the mind; which often, by the affliction of the frame, roughly wins us from the too morbid pains of the heart; which makes us feel that, in mere LIFE, enjoyed as the robust enjoy it, God's Great Principle of Good breathes and moves. We rise thus from the sick bed softened and humbled, and more disposed to look around us for such blessings as we may yet command.—*Book V. Chap.* 21.

FAITH AND LOVE.

He drew her to his breast as he spoke—drew her trembling, blushing, confused, but no more reluctant; and there, by the GRAVE that had been so memorable a scene in their common history, were murmured those vows in which all this world knows of human happiness is treasured and recorded—love that takes the sting from grief, and faith that gives eternity to love. All silent, yet all serene around them! Above, the heaven,—at their feet, the grave:—For the love, the grave!—for the faith, the heaven!—*Book V. Chap.* 22.

THE LOT OF WHAT IS NOBLE.

The lot of whatever is most noble on the earth below falls not amidst the rosy Gardens of the Epicurean. We may envy the man who enjoys and rests; but the smile of Heaven settles rather on the front of him who labors and aspires—*Final Chapter.*

NO TEACHER LIKE LOVE.

"And," answered Philip, "whether for child or mother, what teacher is like LOVE?"

Thus saying, he took the boy into his arms; and, as he bent over those rosy cheeks, Fanny saw, from the movement of his lips and the moisture in his eyes, that he blessed God. He looked up on the Mother's face, he glanced round on the flowers and foliage of the luxurious summer, and again he blessed God; And without and within, it was Light and MORNING!—*The End.*

GODOLPHIN.

LEADING CHARACTERS.

JOHN VERNON, a ci-devant politician and member of Parliament, who dies in poverty at the commencement of the story.
CONSTANCE VERNON, daughter of John Vernon, beautiful and gifted, cold and ambitious.
MR. GODOLPHIN, a miser.
PERCY GODOLPHIN, an idealist, son of the miser and hero of the story.
AUGUSTUS SAVILLE, a fashionable gambler and man of the world: wise and heartless.
FANNY MILLINGER, a pretty actress.
LADY ERPINGHAM, a distant relative of the Vernons.
ROBERT, EARL OF ERPINGHAM, son of Lady Erpingham. In the House of Lords.
HENRY JOHNSTONE, a rich and eccentric cousin of Godolphin.
VOLKTMAN, a Danish visionary. An astrologer.
LUCILLA VOLKTMAN, the beautiful daughter of the astrologer, in love with Percy Godolphin
STAINFORTH RADCLIFE, a young politician.

FROM THE PREFACE.

This novel was begun somewhere in the third year of my authorship, and completed in the fourth. It was, therefore, composed almost simultaneously with "Eugene Aram," and afforded to me at least some relief from the gloom of that village tragedy. It is needless to observe how dissimilar in point of scene, character, and fable, the one is from the other; yet they are alike in this—that both attempt to deal with one of the most striking problems on the spiritual history of man, viz., the frustration or abuse of power in a superior intellect originally inclined to good. Perhaps there is no problem that more fascinates the attention of a man of some earnestness at that period of his life, when his eye first disengages itself from the external phenomena around him, and his curiosity leads him to examine the cause and account for the effect;—when, to cite reverently the words of the wisest, "He applies his heart to know and to search, and to seek out wisdom and the reason of things, and to know the wickedness of folly, even of foolishness and madness."

In "Eugene Aram," the natural career of genius is arrested by a single crime; in "Godolphin," a mind of inferior order, but more fanciful coloring, is wasted away by the indulgence of those morbid sentiments which are the nourishment of egotism, and the gradual influence of the frivolities which make the business of the idle. Here, the Demon tempts or destroys the hermit in his solitary cell. There, he glides amid the pomps and vanities of the world, and whispers away the soul in the voice of his soft familiars, Indolence and Pleasure.

Regarded as a story, the defects of "Godolphin" most apparent to myself are in the manner in which Lucilla is reintroduced in the later chapters, and in the final catastrophe of the hero. There is an exaggerated romance in the one, and the admission of *accident* as a crowning agency in the other, which my maturer judgment would certainly condemn, and which at all events appear to me out of keeping with the natural events, and the more patient investigation of moral causes and their consequences, from which the previous interest of the tale is sought to be attained. On the other hand, if I may presume to conjecture the most probable claim to favor which the work, regarded as a whole, may possess—it may possibly be found in a tolerably accurate description of certain phases of modern civilization, and in the suggestion of some truths that may be worth considering in our examination of social influences or individual conduct.

YOUNG LADIES' ACCOMPLISHMENTS.

It seems sometimes odd enough to me, that while young ladies are so sedulously taught the accomplishments that a husband disregards, they are never taught the great one he would prize. They are taught to be *exhibitors;* he wants a *companion.* —*Chap.* 2.

GAMING, VICE OF THE ARISTOCRACY.

Gaming in all countries, is the vice of an aristocracy. The young find it already established in the best circles; they are enticed by the habits of others, and ruined when the habit becomes their own.—*Chap.* 6.

THEATRICAL REPRESENTATION.

There is that in theatrical representation which perpetually awakens whatever romance belongs to our character. The magic lights; the pomp of scene; the palace; the camp; the forest; the midnight wold; the moonlight reflected on the water; the melody of the tragic rhythm; the grace of the

comic wit; the strange art that gives such meaning to the poet's lightest word;—the fair, false, exciting life that is detailed before us—crowding into some three little hours all that our most busy ambition could desire—love, enterprise, war, glory! the kindling exaggeration of the sentiments which belong to the stage—like our own in our boldest moments: all these appeals to our finer senses are not made in vain. Our taste for castle-building and visions deepens upon us; and we chew a mental opium which stagnates the other faculties, but wakens that of the ideal.—*Chap.* 8.

DIFFERENCE IN ATTACHMENTS.

There are some attachments, of which we so easily sound the depth, that the one never thinks of exacting from the other the sacrifices that seem inevitable to more earnest affections.—*Chap.* 9.

WORKINGS OF OUR NATURE.

So dark and wondrous are the workings of our nature, that there are scarcely any of us, however light and unthinking, who would not be arrested by the countenance of one in deep reflection—who would not pause, and long to pierce into the mysteries that were agitating that world, most illimitable by nature, but often most narrowed by custom—the world within.—*Chap.* 12.

TRUTH A HARD PATH.

Oh Truth! what a hard path is thine! Does any keep it for three inches together in the commonest trifle?—and yet two sides of my library are filled with histories!—*Chap.* 12.

LIFE A DELUSION.

All life is delusion: all pride, all vanity, all pomp, are equally deceit. Like the Spanish hidalgo, we put on spectacles when we eat our cherries, in order that they may seem ten times as big as they are!—*Chap.* 13.

PROFESSED ATTACHMENT FOR THE COUNTRY.

"I confess to you," said Godolphin, "that I have little faith in the permanence of any attachment professed for the country by the inhabitants of cities. If we can occupy our minds solely with the objects around us,—if the brook, and the old tree, and the golden sunset, and the summer night, and the animal and homely life that we survey,—if these can fill our contemplation, and take away from us the feverish schemes of the future,—*then*

indeed I can fully understand the reality of that tranquil and happy state which our elder poets have described as incident to a country life. But if we carry with us to the shade all the restless and perturbed desires of the city; if we only employ present leisure in schemes for an agitated future,—then it is in vain that we affect the hermit and fly to the retreat. The moment the novelty of green fields is over, and our projects are formed, we wish to hurry to the city to execute them. We have, in a word, made our retirement only a nursery for schemes now springing up and requiring to be transplanted."—*Chap.* 14.

THE WORLD'S LAST LESSON.

The world teaches us its last lessons betimes; but then, lest we should have nothing left to acquire from its wisdom, it employs the rest of our life in unlearning all that it first taught.—*Chap.* 16.

MISTAKING THE MEANS FOR THE END.

Alas! for our best and wisest theories, our problems, our systems, our philosophy! Human beings will never cease to mistake the means for the end; and, despite the dogmas of sages, our conduct does *not* depend on our conviction.—*Chap.* 17.

BEAUTY IN WOMAN.

Beauty is so truly the weapon of woman, that it as impossible for her, even in grief, wholly to forget its effect, as it is for the dying warrior to look with indifference on the sword with which he has won his trophies or his fame.—*Chap.* 17.

INVENTING IDLE REPORTS.

"I thought, till now," said Constance, with grave composure, "that no person could be more contemptible than one who *collects* idle reports; I now find I was wrong: a person infinitely more contemptible is one who *invents* them."—*Chap.* 17.

WEARINESS OF GREAT ASSEMBLIES.

What a strange thing, after all, is a great assembly! An immense mob of persons, who feel for each other the profoundest indifference—met together to join in amusements, which the large majority of them consider wearisome beyond conception. How unintellectual, how uncivilized, such a scene, and such actors! What a remnant of barbarous times, when people danced because they had nothing to say! Were there nothing ridiculous in dancing, there would be nothing ridiculous in seeing wise men dance. But that sight would be ludicrous, because of

the disparity between the mind and the occupation. However, we have some excuse; we go to these assemblies to sell our daughters, or flirt with our neighbors' wives. A ball-room is nothing more or less than a great market-place of beauty. For my part, were I a buyer, I should like making my purchases in a less public mart.—*Chap.* 17.

DISSIMULATION BETRAYED.

Of all qualities, dissimulation is that which betrays itself the most often in the physiognomy.—A fortunate thing, that the long habit of betraying should find at times the index in which to betray itself.—*Chap.* 19.

LOVE NOT SO NECESSARY TO WOMEN.

"After all," continued Fanny, laughing, "love is not so necessary to us women as people think. Fine writers say, 'Oh, men have a thousand objects, women but one!' That's nonsense, dear Percy; women have their thousand objects too. They have not the bar, but they have the milliner's shop; they can't fight, but they can sit by the window and embroider a work-bag; they don't rush into politics, but they plunge their souls into love for a parrot or a lap-dog. Don't let men flatter themselves; Providence has been just as kind in that respect to one sex as to the other."—*Chap.* 20.

TRUE MOTIVE FOR HUMAN ACTION.

Happy had it been for Godolphin, and not unfortunate perhaps for the world, had he learned at that exact moment the true motive for human action which he afterward, and too late, discovered. Happy had it been for him to have learned that there is an ambition to *do good*—an ambition to raise the wretched as well as to rise.

Alas!—either in letters or in politics, how utterly poor, barren, and untempting is every path that points upward to the mockery of public eminence, when looked upon by a soul that has any real elements of wise or noble; unless we have an impulse within, which mortification chills not—a reward without, which selfish defeat does not destroy.—*Chap.* 20.

POWER OF ATTRACTION.

"I do believe that we may, by means of this power of attraction—this elementary and all-penetrative sympathy, pass away, in our last moments, at once into the bosom of those we love. For, by the intent and rapt longing to behold the Blessed and to be among them, we may be drawn insensibly into their pres-

ence, and the hour being come, when the affinity between the Spirit and the Body shall be dissolved, the Mind and Desire, being so drawn upward, can return to earth no more. And this sympathy, refined and extended, will make, I imagine, our powers, our very being, in a future state. Our sympathy being only, then, with what is immortal, we shall partake necessarily of that nature which attracts us; and the body no longer clogging the intenseness of our desires, we shall be able by a wish to transport ourselves wheresoever we please,—from star to star, from glory to glory, charioted and winged by our wishes." —*Chap.* 30.

MUSICAL STUPIDITIES.

Very stupid people often become very musical: it is a sort of pretension to intellect that suits their capacities. Plutarch says somewhere, that the best musical instruments are made from the jaw-bones of asses. Plutarch never made a more sensible observation.—*Chap.* 33.

WOMEN THE PRISONERS AND DESPOTS OF SOCIETY.

"You women are at once debarred from public life, and yet influence it. You are the prisoners, and yet the despots of society. Have you talents? it is criminal to indulge them in public: and thus, as talent cannot be stifled, it is misdirected in private: you seek ascendency over your own limited circle; and what should have been genius degenerates into cunning. Brought up from your cradles to dissembling, your most beautiful emotions, your finest principles, are always tinctured with artifice. As your talents, being stripped of their wings, are driven to creep along the earth, and imbibe its mire and clay; so are your affections perpetually checked and tortured into conventional paths, and a spontaneous feeling is punished as a deliberate crime. You are untaught the broad and sound principles of life: all that you know of morals are its decencies and forms. Thus you are incapable of estimating the public virtues and the public deficiencies of a brother or a son; and one reason why *we* have no Brutus, is because *you* have no Portia. Turkey has its seraglio for the person; but Custom, in Europe, has also a seraglio for the mind."—*Chap.* 33.

BELIEF THE SECRET OF EXERTION.

In Belief, lies the secret of all our valuable Exertion. Two sentiments are enough to preserve even the idlest temper from stagnation—a Desire and a *Hope.* What then can we say of the desire to be useful, and the hope to be immortal?—*Chap.* 33.

THE QUIET OF NATURE.

There is something in the quiet of Nature like worship; it is as if, from the breathless heart of Things, went up a prayer or a homage to the Arch-Creator. One feels subdued by a stillness so utter and so august; it extends itself to our own sensations, and deepens into an awe.—*Chap.* 34.

THE PAINTING OF LOVE.

No one ever painted love so as fully to satisfy another:—to some it is too florid—to some too commonplace; the god, like other gods, has no likeness on earth, and every wave on which the star of passion beams breaks the lustre into different refractions of light.—*Chap.* 34.

TRIFLES EXPRESSIVE OF LOVE.

Wouldst thou know, if the woman thou lovest still loves thee, trust not her spoken words, her present smiles; examine her letters in absence, see if she dwells, as she once did, upon *trifles*—but trifles relating to *thee.* The things which the indifferent forget are among the most treasured meditations of love.—*Chap.* 34.

REMEMBERED WHEN SPEAKING.

"You! Oh! one never thinks of you, except when you speak, and then one recollects you—to look at the clock."—*Chap.* 49.

PUBLIC OPINION OF OUR CIRCLE.

Whatever the circle we live among, the public opinion of that circle will, sooner or later, obtain a control over us. This is the reason why a life of pleasure makes even the strongest mind frivolous at last. The lawyer, the senator, the man of letters, all are insensibly guided—moulded—formed—by the judgment of the tribe they belong to, and the circle in which they move. Still more is it the case with the idlers of the great world, among whom the only main staple of talk is "themselves."—*Chap.* 51.

STRIVING FOR LAUDABLE OBJECTS.

When a man is striving for what he fancies a laudable object, the goodness of his intentions comforts him for a failure in success, whereas your selfishly ambitious man has no consolation in *his* defeats; he is humbled by the external world, and has no inner world to apply to for consolation."—*Chap.* 52.

LOVE COURTS THE PLEASURES.

Believe me, Love was never made
  In deserts to abide;
Leave Age to take the sober shade,
  And Youth the sunny side.

Love dozes by the purling brook,
  No friend to lonely places;
Or, if he toy with Strephon's crook,
  His Chloes are the Graces.

Forsake "The Flaunting Town!" Alas!
  Be cells for saints, my own love!
The wine of life's a *social* glass,
  Nor may be quaffed alone, love.

Behold the dead and solemn sea,
  To which our beings flow;
Let waves that soon so dark must be
  Catch every glory now.

I would not chain that heart to this,
  To sicken at the rest;
The cage we close a prison is,
  The open cage a nest.

Chap. 53.

INDIFFERENCE BETWEEN HUSBAND AND WIFE.

When once, in a very gay and occupied life, a husband and wife have admitted a seeming indifference to creep in between them, the chances are a thousand to one against its after-removal.—*Chap* 54.

ENTHUSIASM OR COLDNESS NECESSARY.

"Alas!" answered Radclyffe, "it is of no use advising one to be happy who has no object beyond himself. Either enthusiasm, or utter mechanical coldness, is necessary to reconcile men to the cares and mortifications of life. You must feel nothing, or you must feel for others. Unite yourself to a great object; see its goal distinctly; cling to its course courageously; hope for its triumph sanguinely; and on its majestic progress you sail, as in a ship, agitated indeed by the storms, but unheeding the breeze and the surge that would appall the individual effort. The larger public objects make us glide smoothly and unfelt over our minor private griefs. To be happy, my dear Godolphin, you must forget yourself. Your refining and poetical temperament preys upon your content. Learn benevolence—it is the only cure to a morbid nature."—*Chap.* 64.

GREAT FALLACY IN MORALS.

What is penitence not put into action, but the great fallacy in morals? A sin to one, if irremediable, can only be compensated by a virtue to some one else.—*Chap.* 68.

DISPARITIES IN LIFE.

I cheer myself by the firm assurance that, sooner or later, a time must come, when those vast disparities in life which have been fatal, not to myself alone, but to all I have admired and loved; which render the great heartless, and the lowly servile; which make genius either an enemy to mankind or the victim to itself; which debase the energetic purpose; which fritter away the ennobling sentiment; which cool the heart and fetter the capacities, and are favorable only to the general development of the Mediocre and the Lukewarm, shall, if never utterly removed, at least be smoothed away into more genial and unobstructed elements of society. Alas! it is with an aching eye that we look abroad for the only solace, the only occupation of life,—Solitude at home, and Memory at our hearth.—*The End.*

THE CAXTONS.

A FAMILY PICTURE.

LEADING CHARACTERS.

AUGUSTINE CAXTON, a noble schclar.
MRS. CAXTON, wife of the scholar.
PISISTRATUS CAXTON, son of the scholar.
RONALD DE CAXTON, brother of Augustine.
FRANCIS VIVIAN, *alias* MR. GOWER, *alias* HERBERT CAXTON, son of Ronald.
BLANCHE CAXTON, daughter of Ronald.
MR. SQUILLS, the family physician.
MR. TREVANION, member of Parliament, afterwards Earl of Ulverstone.
LADY ELLINOR TREVANION, wife of the Earl of Ulverstone.
FANNY TREVANION, daughter of the Earl, and wife of Lord Castleton.
MR. SEDLEY BEAUDESERT, gentleman. Afterwards Lord Castleton.
UNCLE JACK TIBBETS, brother of Mrs. Caxton; a great speculator.

PREFACE.

If it be the good fortune of this work to possess any interest for the Novel-reader, that interest, perhaps, will be but little derived from the customary elements of fiction. The plot is extremely slight; the incidents are few, and, with the exception of those which involve the fate of VIVIAN, such as may be found in records of ordinary life.

Regarded as a novel, this attempt is an experiment somewhat apart from the previous works of the author; it is the first of his writings in which Humor has been employed less for the purpose of satire than in illustration of amiable characters;—it is the first, too, in which man has been viewed less in his active relations with the world than in his repose at his own hearth:—in a word, the greater part of the canvass has been devoted to the completion of a simple FAMILY PICTURE. And thus, in any appeal to the sympathies of the human heart, the common household affections occupy the place of those livelier or larger passions which usually (and not unjustly) arrogate the foreground in Romantic composition.

In the Hero whose autobiography connects the different characters and events of the work, it has been the Author's inten-

tion to imply the influences of Home upon the conduct and career of youth; and in the ambition which estranges PISISTRATUS for a time from the sedentary occupations in which the man of civilized life must usually serve his apprenticeship to Fortune or to Fame, it is not designed to describe the fever of Genius conscious of superior powers and aspiring to high destinies, but the natural tendencies of a fresh and buoyant mind, rather vigorous than contemplative, and in which the desire of action is but the symptom of health.

PISISTRATUS, in this respect (as he himself feels and implies), becomes the specimen or type of a class the numbers of which are daily increasing in the inevitable progress of modern civilization. He is one too many in the midst of the crowd: he is the representative of the exuberant energies of youth, turning, as with the instinct of Nature for space and development, from the Old World to the New. That which may be called the interior meaning of the whole is sought to be completed by the inference that, whatever our wanderings, our happiness will always be found within a narrow compass, and amidst the objects more immediately within our reach; but that we are seldom sensible of this truth (hackneyed though it be in the Schools of all Philosophies) till our researches have spread over a wider area. To insure the blessing of repose, we require a brisker excitement than a few turns up and down our room. Content is like that humor in the crystal, on which Claudian has lavished the wonder of a child and the fancies of a Poet—

"Vivis gemma tumescit aquis."

E. B. L.

CHILD EDUCATED FROM BIRTH.

I agree with Helvetius, the child should be educated from its birth; but how?—there is the rub: send him to school forthwith! Certainly, he is at school already with the two great teachers, Nature and Love. Observe, that childhood and genius have the same master-organ in common—inquisitiveness. Let childhood have its way, and as it began where genius begins, it may find what genius finds. A certain Greek writer tells us of some man, who, in order to save his bees a troublesome flight to Hymettus, cut their wings and placed before them the finest flowers he could select. The poor bees made no honey. Now, sir, if I were to teach my boy, I should be cutting his wings, and giving him the flowers he should find himself. Let us leave Nature alone for the present, and Nature's loving proxy, the watchful mother."—*Part I. Chap* 4.

BOOKS TO BE MASTERED.

Master books, but do not let them master you. Read to live, not live to read.—*Part II. Chap.* 1.

DESCRIPTION OF UNCLE JACK.

Uncle Jack was as plump as a partridge—not unwieldy, not corpulent, not obese, not "*vastus*," which Cicero objects to in an orator—but every crevice comfortably filled up. Like the ocean, "time wrote no wrinkles on his glassy (or brassy) brow." His natural lines were all upward curves, his smile most ingratiating, his eye so frank, even his trick of rubbing his clean, well-fed, English-looking hands, had something about it coaxing, and *débonnaire*, something that actually decoyed you into trusting your money into hands so prepossessing. Indeed, to him might be fully applied the expression—"Sedem animæ in extremis digitis habet;" "He had his soul's seat in his finger-ends." The critics observe that few men have ever united in equal perfection the imaginative with the scientific faculty. "Happy he," exclaims Schiller, "who combines the enthusiast's warmth with the worldly man's light"—light and warmth, Uncle Jack had them both. He was a perfect symphony of bewitching enthusiasm and convincing calculation. Nicæopolis in the *Acharnenses*, in presenting a gentleman called Nicharchus to the audience, observes—"He is small, I confess, but there is nothing lost in him; all is knave that is not fool." Parodying the equivocal compliment, I may say that though Uncle Jack was no giant, there was nothing lost in him. Whatever was not philanthropy was arithmetic, and whatever was not arithmetic was philanthropy. He would have been equally dear to Howard and to Cocker.—*Part II. Chap.* 2.

A FULL MIND.

A full mind is the true Pantheism, *plena Jovis*. It is only in some corner of the brain which we leave empty that Vice can obtain a lodging. When she knocks at your door, my son, be able to say, "No room for your ladyship,—pass on."—*Part II Chap.* 5.

ENVIED TITLE OF "YOUNG MAN."

Now, be it observed, that that crisis in adolescent existence wherein we first pass from Master Sisty into Mr. Pisistratus, or Pisistratus Caxton, Esq.—wherein we arrogate, and with tacit concession from our elders, the long-envied title of "young man" always seems a sudden and imprompt upshooting and elevation. We do not mark the gradual preparations thereto;

we remember only one distinct period in which all the signs and symptoms burst and effloresced together: Wellington boots, coat tail, cravat, down on the upper lip, thoughts on razors, reveries on young ladies, and a new kind of sense of poetry.—*Part II. Chap.* 5.

INTENSITY PRODUCES A WRITER.

It is not study alone that produces a writer; it is *intensity*.—*Part III. Chap.* 5.

THE DEAD NEVER DIE.

We cannot think or act, but the soul of some man, who has lived before, points the way. The dead never die.—*Part IV. Chap.* 1.

A WRITER OF ROMANCES.

Ah what a writer of romances he would have been, if—if what? If he had had as sad an experience of men's passions, as he had the happy intuition into their humors. But he who would see the mirror of the shore, must look where it is cast on the river, not the ocean. The narrow stream reflects the gnarled tree, and the pausing herd, and the village spire, and the romance of the landscape; but the sea reflects only the vast outline of the headland, and the lights of the eternal heaven.—*Part IV. Chap.* 2.

ONE THING TO WRITE, ANOTHER TO PUBLISH.

"It is one thing to write and another to publish," said my father irresolutely. "When one considers all the great men who have published; when one thinks one is going to intrude one's-self audaciously into the company of Aristotle and Bacon, of Locke, of Herder—of all the grave philosophers who bend over Nature with brows weighty with thought—one may well pause, and——"

"Pooh!" interrupted Uncle Jack; "science is not a club, it is an ocean; it is open to the cockboat as the frigate. One man carries across it a freightage of ingots, another may fish there for herrings. Who can exhaust the sea? who say to intellect, 'The deeps of philosophy are preoccupied?'"—*Part IV. Chap.* 3.

MAN NOT A MACHINE.

"Then," said Trevanion, "if I tell you I am not happy, your only answer is, that I obey an inevitable law."

"No! I don't say that it is an inevitable law that man should

not be happy: but it is an inevitable law that a man, in spite of himself, should live for something higher than his own happiness. He cannot live in himself or for himself, however egotistical he may try to be. Every desire he has links him with others. Man is not a machine—he is a part of one."

"True, brother, he is a soldier, not an army," said Captain Roland.

"Life is a drama, not a monologue," pursued my father. "Drama is derived from a Greek verb, signifying *to do*. Every actor in the drama has something to do, which helps on the progress of the whole; that is the object for which the author created him. Do your part, and let the Great Play get on." —*Part VI. Chap.* I.

THE SUN AS A SERVANT.

"My dear Beaudesert," said my father, "when St. Amable, patron saint of Riom, in Auvergne, went to Rome, the sun waited upon him as a servant, carried his cloak and gloves for him in the heat, and kept off the rain, if the weather changed, like an umbrella. You want to put the sun to the same use; you are quite right; but then, you see, you must first be a saint before you can be sure of the sun as a servant."—*Part VI. Chap.* I.

BACK FROM THE WORLD TO HOME.

O young reader, whoever thou art—or reader, at least, who hast been young—canst thou not remember some time when, with the wild troubles and sorrows as yet borne in secret, thou hast come back from that hard, stern world, which opens on thee when thou puttest thy foot out of the threshold of home—come back to the four quiet walls, wherein thine elders sit in peace—and seen, with a sort of sad amaze, how calm and undisturbed all is there? That generation which has gone before thee in the path of the passions—the generation of thy parents (not so many years, perchance, remote from thine own)—how immovably far off, in its still repose, it seems from thy turbulent youth! It has in it a stillness as of a classic age, antique as the statues of the Greeks. The tranquil monotony of routine into which those lives that preceded thee have merged—the occupations that they have found sufficing for their happiness, by the fireside—in the arm-chair and corner appropriated to each—how strangely they contrast thine own feverish excitement! And they make room for thee, and bid thee welcome and then resettle to their hushed pursuits, as if nothing had happened! Nothing had happened? while in thy heart, perhaps, the whole world seems to have shot from its axis, all the elements to be at

war! And you sit down, crushed by that quiet happiness which you can share no more, and smile mechanically, and look into the fire; and, ten to one, you say nothing till the time comes for bed, and you take up your candle, and creep miserably to your lonely room.—*Part IX. Chap.* 1.

READING FOR PEOPLE IN SORROW.

I have known some people in great sorrow fly to a novel, or the last light book in fashion. One might as well take a rose-draught for the plague! Light reading does not do when the heart is really heavy. I am told that Goethe, when he lost his son, took to studying a science that was new to him. Ah! Goethe was a physician who knew what he was about. In a great grief like that, you cannot tickle and divert the mind; you must wrench it away, abstract, absorb—bury it in an abyss, hurry it into a labyrinth. Therefore, for the irremediable sorrows of middle life and old age, I recommend a strict chronic course of science and hard reasoning—Counter-irritation. Bring the brain to act upon the heart! If science is too much against the grain (for we have not all got mathematical heads), something in the reach of the humblest understanding, but sufficiently searching to the highest—a new language—Greek, Arabic, Scandinavian, Chinese or Welsh! For the loss of fortune, the dose should be applied less directly to the understanding—I would administer something elegant and cordial. For, as the heart is crushed and lacerated by a loss in the affections, so it is rather the head that aches and suffers by the loss of money. Here we find the higher class of poets a very valuable remedy. For observe that poets of the grander and more comprehensive kind of genius have in them two separate men, quite distinct from each other—the imaginative man, and the practical, circumstantial man; and it is the happy mixture of these that suits diseases of the mind, half imaginative and half practical.—*Part IX. Chap.* 5.

PLAN FOR A LIBRARY.

"I have a plan for a library that, instead of heading its compartments, 'Philology, Natural Science, Poetry,' etc., one shall head them according to the diseases for which they are severally good, bodily and mental—up from a dire calamity, or the pangs of the gout, down to a fit of the spleen or a slight catarrh; for which last your light reading comes in with a whey posset and barley-water. But," continued my father more gravely, "when some one sorrow, that is yet reparable, gets hold of your mind like a monomania—when you think, because heaven has

denied you this or that, on which you had set your heart, that all your life must be a blank—oh! then diet yourself well on biography—the biography of good and great men. See how little a space one sorrow really makes in life. See scarce a page, perhaps, given to some grief similar to your own; and how triumphantly the life sails on beyond it! You thought the wing was broken!—Tut—tut—it was only a bruised feather! See what life leaves behind it when all is done!—a summary of positive facts far out of the region of sorrow and suffering, linking themselves with the being of the world."—*Part IX. Chap.* 5.

SIMILARITY IN AFFLICTION.

Similarity in affliction makes us brothers even to the unknown. —*Part IX. Chap.* 7.

LEARNING.

Learning—that marble image—warms into life, not at the toil of the chisel, but the worship of the sculptor. The mechanical workman finds but the voiceless stone.—*Part X. Chap.* 6.

SILENCE.

Silence—what a world it covers!—what busy schemes—what bright hopes and dark fears—what ambition, or what despair! Do you ever see a man in any society sitting mute for hours and not feel an uneasy curiosity to penetrate the wall he thus builds up between others and himself? Does he not interest you far more than the brilliant talker at your left—the airy wit at your right, whose shafts fall in vain on the sullen barrier of the silent man! Silence, dark sister of Nox and Erebus, how, layer upon layer, shadow upon shadow, blackness upon blackness, thou stretchest thyself from hell to heaven, over thy two chosen haunts—man's heart and the grave!—*Part XI. Chap.* 1.

WHAT NATURE GIVES.

Nature gives us all except the means to turn her into marketable account. As old Plautus saith so wittily, "Day, night, water, sun, and moon, are to be had gratis; for everything else —down with your dust!"—*Part XII. Chap.* 1.

DREAMS—PROPHETS.

Dream, O youth!—dream manfully and nobly, and thy dreams shall be prophets!—*Part XII. Chap.* 5.

DEMAND OF THE RESTLESS PRINCIPLE.

Most students, at one time or other in their existence, have felt the imperious demand of that restless principle in man's

nature, which calls upon each son of Adam to contribute his share to the vast treasury of human deeds. And though great scholars are not necessarily, nor usually, men of action,—yet the men of action whom History presents to our survey, have rarely been without a certain degree of scholarly nurture. For the ideas which books quicken, books cannot always satisfy. And though the royal pupil of Aristotle slept with Homer under his pillow, it was not that he might dream of composing epics, but of conquering new Ilions in the East.—*Part XII. Chap.* 7.

BORDERER OF TWO WORLDS.

Borderer thyself of two worlds—the Dead and the Living—give thine ear to the tones, bow thy soul to the shadows, that steal, in the Season of Change, from the dim Border Land.—*Part XIII. Chap.* 6.

DEFENCE OF FORTUNE.

There is a beautiful and singular passage in Dante (which has not perhaps attracted the attention it deserves) wherein the stern Florentine defends Fortune from the popular accusations against her. According to him, she is an angelic power appointed by the Supreme Being to direct and order the course of human splendors; she obeys the will of God; she is blessed, and, hearing not those who blaspheme her, calm and aloft amongst the other angelic powers, revolves her spheral course, and rejoices in her beatitude.

This is a conception very different from the popular notion which Aristophanes, in his true instinct of things popular, expresses by the sullen lips of his Plutus. That deity accounts for his blindness by saying, that "when a boy, he had indiscreetly promised to visit only the good," and Jupiter was so envious of the good that he blinded the poor money-god. Whereupon Chremylus asks him, whether, "if he recovered his sight, he would frequent the company of the good?" "Certainly," quoth Plutus, "for I have not seen them ever so long." "Nor I either," rejoins Chremylus, pithily, "for all I can see out of both eyes."

But that misanthropical answer of Chremylus is neither here nor there, and only diverts us from the real question, and that is, "Whether Fortune be a heavenly, Christian angel, or a blind, blundering, old heathen deity?" For my part, I hold with Dante—for which, if I were so pleased, or if, at this period of my memoirs, I had half-a-dozen pages to spare, I could give many good reasons. One thing, however, is quite clear—that, whether Fortune be more like Plutus or an angel, it is no use

abusing her—one may as well throw stones at a star. And I think if one looked narrowly at her operations, one might perceive that she gives every man a chance, at least once in his life; if he take and make the best of it, she will renew her visits; if not, *itur ad astra!—Part XIV. Chap.* 1.

GREAT STRUGGLES OF LIFE.

The great struggles in life are limited moments. In the drooping of the head upon the bosom—in the pressure of the hand upon the brow—we may scarcely consume a second in our threescore years and ten; but what revolutions of our whole being may pass within us, while that single sand drops noiseless down to the bottom of the hour-glass!—*Part XIV. Chap.* 3.

WEAPON THAT CONQUERS FATE.

Any weapon that conquers fate is noble in the hands of a brave man.—*Part XIV. Chap.* 4.

SCEPTICISMS OF THE ENCYCLOPEDIE.

The Frenchman laughed the boy out of his superstitions, to leave behind them the sneering scepticisms of the *Encyclopédie*, without those redeeming ethics on which all sects of philosophy are agreed, but which, unhappily, it requires a philosopher to comprehend.

This preceptor was, doubtless, not aware of the mischief he was doing; and for the rest, he taught his pupil after his own system—a mild and plausible one, very much like the system we at home are recommended to adopt—"Teach the understanding,—all else will follow;" "Learn to read *something*, and it will all come right;" "Follow the bias of the pupil's mind; thus you develop genius, not thwart it." Mind, understanding, genius—fine things! But, to educate the whole man, you must educate more than these. Not for want of mind, understanding, genius, have Borgias and Neros left their names as monuments of horror to mankind. Where, in all this teaching, was one lesson to warm the heart and guide the soul?

Oh, mother mine! that the boy had stood by thy knee, and heard from thy lips why life was given us, in what life shall end, and how heaven stands open to us night and day! Oh, father mine! that thou hadst been his preceptor, not in book-learning, but the heart's simple wisdom! Oh that he had learned from thee, in parables closed with practice, the happiness of self-sacrifice, and how "good deeds should repair the bad!"—*Part XVI. Chap.* 4.

PROVIDENCE ATONING FOR FORTUNE.

It is marvellous with what liberality Providence atones for the partial dispensations of Fortune. Independence, or the vigorous pursuit of it; Affection, with its hopes and its rewards; a life only rendered by Art more susceptible to Nature—in which the physical enjoyments are pure and healthful—in which the moral faculties expand harmoniously with the intellectual—and the heart is at peace with the mind; is this a mean lot for ambition to desire—and is it so far out of human reach? "Know thyself," said the old philosophy. "Improve thyself," saith the new. The great object of the Sojourner in Time is not to waste all his passions and gifts on the things external, that he must leave behind—that which he cultivates within is all that he can carry into the Eternal Progress. We are here but as school-boys, whose life begins where school ends; and the battles we fought with our rivals, and the toys that we shared with our playmates, and the names we carved high or low, on the wall, above our desks—will they so much bestead us hereafter? As new fates crowd upon us, can they more than pass through the memory with a smile or a sigh? Look back to thy school-days, and answer.—*Part XVI. Chap.* 10.

SEAS OF HUMAN LIFE.

The seas of human life are wide. Wisdom may suggest the voyage, but it must first look to the condition of the ship, and the nature of the merchandise to exchange. Not every vessel that sails from Tarshish can bring back the gold of Ophir; but shall it therefore rot in the harbor? No; give its sails to the wind! How little the nobleness of aspect depends on symmetry of feature, or the mere proportions of form! What dignity robes the man who is filled with a lofty thought!—*Part XVII. Chap.* 3.

HAPPY DREAM OF GRAND-PARENTS.

Happy dream which Heaven sends to grand-parents! re-baptism of Hope in the font whose drops sprinkle the grandchild!—*Part XVII. Chap.* 4.

FAREWELL TO AUSTRALIA.

Adieu, thou beautiful land! Canaan of the exiles, and Ararat to many a shattered Ark! Fair cradle of a race for whom the unbounded heritage of a future, that no sage can conjecture, no prophet divine, lies afar in the golden promise-light of Time!—destined, perchance, from the sins and sorrows of a civilization struggling with its own elements of decay, to renew

the youth of the world, and transmit the great soul of England through the cycles of Infinite Change. All climates that can best ripen the products of earth, or form into various character and temper the different families of man, "rain influences" from the heaven, that smiles so benignly on those who had once shrunk, ragged, from the wind, or scowled on the thankless sun. Here, the hardy air of the chill Mother Isle, there the mild warmth of Italian autumns, or the breathless glow of the tropics. And with all the beams of every climate, guides subtle HOPE. Adieu, my kind nurse and sweet foster-mother!—a long and a last adieu! Never had I left thee but for that louder voice of Nature which calls the child to the parent, and woos us from the labors we love the best by the chime in the Sabbath-bells of Home.—*Part XVIII. Chap.* I.

FOR HEARTH AND ALTAR.

Then Roland took down from the wall his son's sword. Stealing to the cradle, he laid it in its sheath by the infant's side, and glanced from my father to us with a beseeching eye. Instinctively Blanche bent over the cradle, as if to protect the *Neogilos;* but the child, waking, turned from her, and attracted by the glitter of the hilt, laid one hand lustily thereon, and pointed with the other, laughingly, to Roland.

"Only on my father's proviso," said I, hesitatingly. "For hearth and altar—nothing less!"

"And even in that case," said my father, "add the shield to the sword!" and on the other side of the infant he placed Roland's well-worn Bible, blistered in many a page with secret tears.

There we all stood, grouping round the young centre of so many hopes and fears—in peace or in war, born alike for the Battle of Life. And he, unconscious of all that made our lips silent, and our eyes dim, had already left that bright bauble of the sword, and thrown both arms round Roland's bended neck.

"*Herbert!*" murmured Roland; and Blanche gently drew away the sword—and left the Bible.—*The End.*

THE COMING RACE;

OR,

THE NEW UTOPIA.

LEADING CHARACTERS.

APH LIN, chief administrator of the Lightning Department.
BRA, wife of Aph Lin.
ZEE, daughter of Aph Lin, and a member of the "College of Sages."
TOR, the magistrate.
TAE, eldest son of the magistrate.

[THIS story is of an adventure among the tribe of Vril-ya, a subterranean people.]

PECULIARITIES OF THE RELIGION OF THE VRIL-YA.

This people have a religion, and, whatever may be said against it, at least it has these strange peculiarities: firstly, that they all believe in the creed they profess; secondly, that they all practise the precepts which the creed inculcates. They unite in the worship of the one divine Creator and Sustainer of the universe.—*Chap.* 13.

BELIEFS OF THE VRIL-YA.

Though, as I have said, the Vril-ya discourage all speculations on the nature of the Supreme Being, they appear to concur in a belief by which they think to solve that great problem of the existence of evil which has so perplexed the philosophy of the upper world. They hold that wherever He has once given life, with the perceptions of that life, however faint it be, as in a plant, the life is never destroyed; it passes into new and improved forms, though not in this planet (differing therein from the ordinary doctrine of metempsychosis), and that the living thing retains the sense of identity, so that it connects its past life with its future, and is *conscious* of its progressive improvement in the scale of joy. For they say that, without this assumption, they cannot, according to the lights of human reason vouchsafed to them, discover the perfect justice which must be a constituent quality of the All-Wise and the All-Good. Injus-

tice, they say, can only emanate from three causes: Want of wisdom to perceive what is just, want of benevolence to desire, want of power to fulfil it; and that each of these three wants is incompatible in the All-Wise, the All-Good, the All-Powerful—but that, while even in this life the wisdom, the benevolence, and the power of the Supreme Being are sufficiently apparent to compel our recognition, the justice necessarily resulting from those attributes, absolutely requires another life, not for man only, but for every living thing of the inferior orders; that, alike in the animal and the vegetable world, we see one individual rendered, by circumstances beyond its control, exceedingly wretched compared to its neighbors—one only exists as the prey of another—even a plant suffers from disease till it perishes prematurely, while the plant next to it rejoices in its vitality and lives out its happy life free from a pang; that it is an erroneous analogy from human infirmities to reply by saying that the Supreme Being only acts by general laws, thereby making his own secondary causes so potent as to mar the essential kindness of the First Cause; and a still meaner and more ignorant conception of the All-Good, to dismiss with a brief contempt all consideration of justice for the myriad forms into which He has infused life, and assume that justice is only due to the single product of the An.—*Chap.* 14.

EFFECT OF BELIEF ON GOVERNMENT.

However fantastic this belief of the Vril-ya may be, it tends perhaps to confirm politically the systems of government which, admitting differing degrees of wealth, yet establishes perfect equality in rank, exquisite mildness in all relations and intercourse, and tenderness to all created things which the good of the community does not require them to destroy. And though their notion of compensation to a tortured insect or a cankered flower may seem to some of us a very wild crochet, yet, at least, it is not a mischievous one; and it may furnish matter for no unpleasing reflection to think that within the abysses of earth, never lit by a ray from the material heavens, there should have penetrated so luminous a conviction of the ineffable goodness of the Creator—so fixed an idea that the general laws by which He acts cannot admit of any partial injustice or evil, and therefore cannot be comprehended without reference to their action over all space and throughout all time.—*Chap.* 14.

EARTHLY LIFE ASSIMILATED TO HEAVENLY EXISTENCE.

Our notion is, that the more we can assimilate life to the existence which our noblest ideas can conceive to be that of spirits

on the other side of the grave, why, the more we approximate to a divine happiness here, and the more easily we glide into the conditions of being hereafter. For, surely, all we can imagine of the life of gods, or of blessed immortals, supposes the absence of self-made cares and contentious passions, such as avarice and ambition. It seems to us that it must be a life of serene tranquillity, not indeed without active occupations to the intellectual or spiritual powers, but occupations of whatsoever nature they be, congenial to the idiosyncrasies of each, not forced and repugnant—a life gladdened by the untrammelled interchange of gentle affections, in which the moral atmosphere utterly kills hate and vengeance, and strife and rivalry.—*Chap.* 15.

ARGUMENT USELESS.

Every sensible man knows that it is useless to argue with any ordinary female upon matters he comprehends; but to argue with a Gy seven feet high upon the mysteries of *vril*—as well argue in a desert, and with a simoom!—*Chap.* 16.

HUMILITY AND EXALTATION.

Among the pithy sayings which, according to tradition, the philosopher bequeathed to posterity in rhythmical form and sententious brevity, this is notably recorded: "Humble yourselves, my descendants; the father of your race was a *twat* (tadpole): exalt yourselves, my descendants, for it was the same Divine Thought which created your father that develops itself in exalting you."—*Chap.* 16.

ELEMENTS OF WHICH OUR BODIES ARE COMPOSED.

When we know the elements out of which our bodies are composed, elements common to the humblest vegetable plants, can it signify whether the All-Wise combined those elements out of one form more than another, in order to create that in which He has placed the capacity to receive the idea of Himself, and all the varied grandeurs of intellect to which that idea gives birth? The *An* in reality commenced to exist as *An* with the donation of that capacity, and, with that capacity, the sense to acknowledge that, however through the countless ages his race may improve in wisdom, it can never combine the elements at its command into the form of a tadpole."—*Chap.* 16.

ATTACHMENT OF THE GY.

As the *Gy* is sure only to marry where she herself fixes her choice, and as here, not less than above ground, it is the female on whom the happiness of home depends; so the Gy, having

chosen the mate she prefers to all others, is lenient to his faults, consults his humors, and does her best to secure his attachment. The death of a beloved one is of course with them, as with us, a cause of sorrow; but not only is death with them so much more rare before that age in which it becomes a release but when it does occur the survivor takes much more consolation than, I am afraid, the generality of us do, in the certainty of reunion in another and yet happier life.—*Chap.* 17.

ATTRIBUTES AND ESSENCE OF THE ALL-GOOD.

Formerly there was a vast deal written respecting the attributes and essence of the All-Good, and the arguments for and against a future state; but now we all recognize two facts—that there *is* a Divine Being, and there *is* a future state—and we all equally agree that if we wrote our fingers to the bone, we could not throw any light upon the nature and conditions of that future state, or quicken our apprehensions of the attributes and essence of that Divine Being.—*Chap.* 17.

THE GIFT OF POETRY.

Though the gift of poetry may be inborn, the gift requires as much care to make it available as a block of metal does to be made into one of your engines."—*Chap.* 17.

EXERCISE FOR THE MIND.

Man must have exercise for his mind as well as body; and continuous exercise, rather than violent, is best for both.—*Chap.* 17.

DEVELOPMENT OF THE COMING RACE.

The more I think of a people calmly developing, in regions excluded from our sight and deemed uninhabitable by our sages, powers surpassing our most disciplined modes of force, and virtues to which our life, social and political, becomes antagonistic in proportion as our civilization advances—the more devoutly do I pray that ages may yet elapse before there emerge into sunlight our inevitable destroyers. Being, however, frankly told by my physician that I am afflicted by a complaint which, though it gives little pain and no perceptible notice of its encroachments, may at any moment be fatal, I have thought it my duty to my fellow-men to place on record these forewarnings of The Coming Race.—*The End.*

LEILA;

OR,

THE SIEGE OF GRANADA.

LEADING CHARACTERS.

BOABDIL EL CHICO, of Granada, the last of the Moorish dynasty in Spain.
MUZA BEN ABIL GAZAN, a Moorish prince.
ALMAMEN, son of Issachar the Jew. An enchanter.
LEILA, the heroine, daughter of Almamen.
FERDINAND and ISABELLA, King and Queen of Spain.
PRINCE JUAN, the king's son.
RODRIGO PONCE DE LEON, Marquis of Cadiz.
MARQUIS DE VILLENA, the Bayard of Spain.
DUKE OF MEDINA SIDONIA.
ALONZO DE AGUILAR.
HERNANDO DEL PULGAR.
EL ZAGAL, uncle of Boabdil.
AYXA LA HORA, mother of Boabdil, and Queen of Granada.
THOMAS DE TORQUEMADA, Dominican friar.
DONNA INEZ DE QUEXADA, } Spaniards of rank.
MENDO DE QUEXADA, }
AMINE, favorite slave of Boabdil.

AMINE'S SONG.

I.

Softly, oh, softly glide,
Gentle Music, thou silver tide,
Bearing, the lull'd air along,
This leaf from the Rose of Song!
To its port in his soul let it float,
The frail but the fragrant boat—
Bear it, soft Air, along!

II.

With the burden of Sound we are laden,
Like the bells on the trees of Aden,
When they thrill with a tinkling tone
At the wind from the Holy Throne.
Hark! as we move around,
We shake off the buds of Sound—
Thy presence, beloved, is Aden!

III.

Sweet chime that I hear and wake,
I would, for my loved one's sake,
That I were a sound like thee,
To the depths of his heart to flee.
If my breath had its senses bless'd,
If my voice in his heart could rest,
What pleasure to die like thee!

Book I. Chap. 2.

THE POWERS ABOVE.

The powers above never doom man to perpetual sorrow or perpetual joy; the cloud and the sunshine are alike essential to the heaven of our destinies.—*Book I. Chap.* 2.

MUZA'S SERENADE.

Light of my soul, arise, arise!
Thy sister lights are in the skies;
We want thine eyes,
Thy joyous eyes:
The Night is mourning for thine eyes!
The sacred verse is on my sword,
But on my heart thy name:
The words on each alike adored;
The truth of each the same.
The same:—alas! too well I feel
The heart is truer than the steel!
Light of my soul, upon me shine;
Night wakes her stars to envy mine.
Those eyes of thine,
Wild eyes of thine,
What stars are like those eyes of thine?

Book I. Chap. 3.

CONFESSION OF FERDINAND.

"Yet stay," said the king with an altered visage; "follow me to my oratory within; my heart is heavy, and I would fain seek the solace of the confessional."

The monk obeyed; and while Ferdinand, whose wonderful abilities were mingled with the weakest superstition—who persecuted from policy, yet believed, in his own heart, that he punished but from piety—confessed, with penitent tears, the grave offences of aves forgotten and beads untold; and while the Dominican admonished, rebuked, or soothed, neither prince nor monk ever dreamed that there was an error to confess in, or a penance to be adjudged to, the cruelty that tortured a fellow being, or the avarice that sought pretences for the extortion of a whole people. And yet we are told by some philosophers that his conscience is a sufficient guide to man!—*Book II. Chap.* 6.

LEILA'S AVOWAL OF FAITH.

"Alas!" said Leila, obeying the instinct, and casting herself upon that rugged bosom, "I will dare, at least, not to disavow my God. Father! by that dread anathema which is in our race, which has made us homeless and powerless, outcasts and strangers in the land; by the persecution and anguish we have known, teach thy lordly heart that we are rightly punished for the persecution and the anguish we doomed to Him whose footstep hallowed our native earth! FIRST, IN THE HISTORY OF THE WORLD, DID THE STERN HEBREWS INFLICT UPON MANKIND THE AWFUL CRIME OF PERSECUTION FOR OPINION'S SAKE. The seed we sowed hath brought forth the Dead Sea fruit upon which we feed. I asked for resignation and for hope. I looked upon yonder cross and I found both. Harden not thy heart; listen to thy child.—*Book IV. Chap.* 4.

DESCRIPTION OF AMINE.

Although the laws of the Eastern life confined to the narrow walls of a harem the sphere of Amine's gentle influence; although, even in romance, THE NATURAL compels us to portray her vivid and rich colors only in a faint and hasty sketch; yet still are left to the outline the loveliest and the noblest features of the sex; the spirit to arouse us to exertion, the softness to console us in our fall!—*Book IV. Chap.* 6.

THE LAST SIGH OF BOABDIL.

Then said his haughty mother, gazing at him with hard and disdainful eyes, in that unjust and memorable reproach which history has preserved, "Ay, weep like a woman over what thou couldst not defend like a man."

Boabdil raised his countenance with indignant majesty, when he felt his hand tenderly clasped, and, turning round, saw Amine by his side.

"Heed her not! heed her not, Boabdil!" said the slave; "never didst thou seem to me more noble than in that sorrow. Thou wert a hero for thy throne; but feel still, O light of mine eyes, a woman for thy people!"

"God is great!" said Boabdil, "and God comforts me still! Thy lips, which never flattered me in my power, have no reproach for me in my affliction!"

He said, and smiled upon Amine; it was *her* hour of triumph.

The band wound slowly on through the solitary defiles: and that place where the king wept and the woman soothed is still called, "El ultimo suspiro del Moro"—THE LAST SIGH OF THE MOOR.—*The End.*

THE PARISIANS.

LEADING CHARACTERS.

GRAHAM VANE, an author.
MARQUIS ALAIN DE KEROUEC, son of the Marquis de Rochebriant.
FREDERIC LEMERCIER, friend to Alain.
LUCIEN DUPLESSIS, who devotes his talents to the Bourse.
VALERIE DUPLESSIS, daughter of Lucien.
MR. HERBERT, a notary.
COUNT DE VANDEMAR, cousin to Alain de Kerouec,
RAOUL, ENGUERRAND, } Sons of the Count de Vandemar, the former "religious, moral, melancholy, and dignified," the latter "a lion of the first water."
ISAURA CICOGNA, an Italian singer and authoress, marries Graham Vane.
SIGNORA VENOSTA, half-companion, half chaperone to Isaura.
MADAME EULALIE DE GRANTMESNIL, an authoress of birth and fortune.
LOUVIER, a great poet.
M. GANDRIN, an advocate.
COL. and MRS. MORLEY, an American couple.
M. SAVARIN, a brilliant literary man.
THE CONTESSA ADELINE DI RIMINI.
VICTOR DE MAULEON, Vicomte.
THE DUCHESSE DE TARASCON, a lady in the court of the Empress.
M. RENARD, a Paris detective.

PREFATORY NOTES BY THE AUTHOR'S SON.

"The Parisians" and "Kenelm Chillingly" were begun about the same time, and had their common origin in the same central idea. That idea first found fantastic expression in "The Coming Race;" and the three books, taken together, constitute a special group, distinctly apart from all the other works of their author.

The satire of his earliest novels is a protest against false social respectabilities; the humor of his later ones is a protest against the disrespect of social realities. By the first he sought to promote social sincerity and the free play of personal character; by the last, to encourage mutual charity and sympathy among all classes on whose inter-relation depends the character of society itself. But in these three books, his latest actions, the moral purpose is more definite and exclusive. Each of them is an expostulation against what seemed to him the perilous popularity of certain social and political theories, or a

warning against the influence of certain intellectual tendencies upon individual character and national life. This purpose, however, though common to the three fictions, is worked out in each of them by a different method. "The Coming Race" is a work of pure fancy, and the satire of it is vague and sportive. The outlines of a definite purpose are more distinctly drawn in "Chillingly"—a romance which has the source of its effect in a highly-wrought imagination. The humor and pathos of "Chillingly" are of a kind incompatible with the design of "The Parisians," which is a work of dramatic observation. "Chillingly" is a Romance; "The Parisians" is a Novel. The subject of "Chillingly" is psychological; that of "The Parisians" is social. The author's object in "Chillingly" being to illustrate the effect of "modern" ideas upon an individual character, he has confined his narrative to the biography of that one character. Hence the simplicity of plot and the small number of *dramatis personæ;* whereby the work gains in height and depth what it loses in breadth of surface. "The Parisians," on the contrary, is designed to illustrate the effect of "modern ideas" upon a whole community.

BEAUTY-WOMEN.

There are certain "beauty-women," as there are certain "beauty-men," in whose features one detects no fault—who are the show figures of any assembly in which they appear—but who, somehow or other, inspire no sentiment and excite no interest; they lack some expression, whether of mind or of soul, or of heart, without which the most beautiful face is but a beautiful picture.—*Book I. Chap.* 7.

THE IDEAL LIFE.

Beside the real life expands the ideal life to those that seek it. Droop not, seek it; the ideal life has its sorrows, but it never admits despair; as on the ear of him who follows the winding course of a stream, the stream ever varies the notes of its music, now loud with the rush of the falls, now low and calm as it glides by the level marge of smooth banks; now sighing through the stir of the reeds, now babbling with a fretful joy as some sudden curve on the shore stays its flight among gleaming pebbles;—so to the soul of the artist is the voice of the art ever fleeting beside and before him.—*Book I. Chap.* 8.

LE GERUSALEMME.

But it was not till after I had read *Le Gerusalemme* again and again, and then sat and brooded over it, that I recognized the

main charm of the poem in the religion which clings to it as the perfume clings to a flower—a religion sometimes melancholy, but never to me sad. Hope always pervades it. Surely, if, as you said, "Hope is twin-born with art," it is because art at its highest blends itself unconsciously with religion, and proclaims its affinity with hope by its faith in some future good more perfect than it has realized in the past.—*Book I. Chap.* 8.

MUSIC THAT SPEAKS TO US.

How little a *libretto* interprets an opera—how little we care even to read it! It is the music that speaks to us; and how? —Through the human voice. We do not notice how poor are the words which the voice warbles. It is the voice itself interpreting the soul of the musician which enchains and enthralls us.—*Book I. Chap.* 8.

WHAT IS LOVE.

You question me about love: you ask if I have ever bowed to a master, ever merged my life in another's: expect no answer on this from me. Circe herself could give no answer to the simplest maid, who, never having loved, asks, "What is love?" In the history of the passions each human heart is a world in itself; its experience profit no others. In no two lives does love play the same part or bequeath the same record.—*Book I. Chap.* 8.

LIFE AS AN ART.

I volunteer but this lesson, the wisest I can give, if thou canst understand it: as I bade thee take Art into thy life, so learn to look on life itself as an art. Thou couldst discover the charm in Tasso; thou couldst perceive that the requisite of all art, that which pleases, is in the harmony of proportion. We lose sight of beauty if we exaggerate the feature most beautiful.—*Book I. Chap.* 8.

THE HEART BLOWN HITHER AND THITHER.

"Between you and me, Marquis, to men of our age, who have the business of life before them, and feel that if there be aught in which *noblesse oblige* it is a severe devotion to noble objects, there is nothing more fatal to such devotion than allowing the heart to be blown hither and thither at every breeze of mere fancy, and dreaming ourselves into love with some fair creature whom we never could marry consistently with the career we have set before our ambition. I could not marry an actress—neither, I presume, could the Marquis de Rochebriant; and

the thought of a courtship, which excluded the idea of marriage, to a young orphan of name unblemished—of virtue unsuspected—would certainly not be compatible with 'devotion to noble objects.'"—*Book II. Chap.* 3.

GREAT CHANGES WROUGHT BY MINORITIES.

Does not history tell us that the great changes of the world have been wrought by minorities?—but on the one condition that the minorities shall not be hopeless? It is almost the other day that the Bonapartists were in a minority that their adversaries called hopeless; and the majority for the Emperor is now so preponderant that I tremble for his safety. When a majority becomes so vast that intellect disappears in the crowd, the date of its destruction commences; for by the law of reaction the minority is installed against it. It is the nature of things that minorities are always more intellectual than multitudes, and intellect is ever at work in sapping numerical force. What your party wants is hope; because without hope there is no energy. I remember hearing my father say that when he met the Count de Chambord at Ems that illustrious personage delivered himself of a *belle phrase* much admired by his partisans. The Emperor was then President of the Republic, in a very doubtful and dangerous position. France seemed on the verge of another convulsion. A certain distinguished politician recommended the Count de Chambord to hold himself ready to enter at once as a candidate for the throne. And the Count, with a benignant smile on his handsome face, answered, "All wrecks come to the shore—the shore does not go to the wrecks."—*Book II. Chap.* 3.

PERSONS OF GENIUS.

Perhaps many of my readers may have known friends engaged in some absorbing cause of thought, and who are in the habit when they go out, especially if on solitary walks, to take that cause of thought with them. The friend may be an orator meditating his speech, a poet his verses, a lawyer a difficult case, a physician an intricate malady. If you have such a friend, and you observe him thus away from his home, his face will seem to you older and graver. He is absorbed in the care that weighs on him. When you see him in a holiday moment at his own fireside, the care is thrown aside; perhaps he mastered while abroad the difficulty that had troubled him; he is cheerful, pleasant, sunny. This appears to be very much the case with persons of genius. When in their own houses we usually find them very playful and childlike. Most persons of real genius,

whatever they may seem out of doors, are very sweet-tempered at home; and sweet temper is sympathizing and genial in the intercourse of private life.—*Book II. Chap.* 4.

THE EAR AN INDEX OF CHARACTER.

Certainly the girl is very lovely. What long dark eyelashes, what soft, tender, dark-blue eyes—now that she looks up and smiles, what a bewitching smile it is!—by what sudden play of rippling dimples the smile is enlivened and redoubled! Do you notice one feature? in very showy beauties it is seldom noticed; but I, being in my way a physiognomist, consider that it is always worth heeding as an index of character. It is the ear. Remark how delicately it is formed in her—none of that heaviness of lobe which is a sure sign of sluggish intellect and coarse perception.—*Book II. Chap.* 4.

TWO KINDS OF NEATNESS.

There are two kinds of neatness: one is too evident, and makes everything about it seem trite and cold and stiff, and another kind of neatness disappears from our sight in a satisfied sense of completeness—like some exquisite, simple, finished style of writing—an Addison's or a St. Pierre's.—*Book II. Chap.* 4.

REVOLUTION "CE BON SATAN."

"And therefore I venture to say this: if the archangel Gabriel were permitted to descend to Paris and form the best government for France that the wisdom of seraph could devise, it would not be two years—I doubt if it would be six months—before out of this Paris, which you call the *Foyer des Idees*, would emerge a powerful party, adorned by yourself and other *hommes de plume*, in favor of a revolution for the benefit of *ce bon* Satan and *ce cher petit* Beelzebub."—*Book II. Chap.* 6.

NAPOLEON III.

Napoleon III. has been compared to Augustus; and there are many startling similitudes between them in character and in fate. Each succeeds to the heritage of a great name that had contrived to unite autocracy with the popular cause. Each subdued all rival competitors, and inaugurated despotic rule in the name of freedom. Each mingled enough of sternness with ambitious will to stain with bloodshed the commencement of his power; but it would be an absurd injustice to fix the same degree of condemnation on the *coup d'etat* as humanity fixes on the earlier cruelties of Augustus. Each once firm in his seat,

became mild and clement: Augustus perhaps from policy, Napoleon III. from a native kindliness of disposition which no fair critic of character can fail to acknowledge. Enough of similitudes; now for one salient difference. Observe how earnestly Augustus strove and how completely he succeeded in the task, to rally round him all the leading intellects in every grade and of every party—the followers of Antony, the friends of Brutus—every great captain, every great statesman, every great writer, every man who could lend a ray of mind to his own Julian constellation and make the age of Augustus an era in the annals of human intellect and genius. But this has not been the good fortune of your Emperor. The result of his system has been the suppression of intellect in every department. He has rallied round him not one great statesman; his praises are hymned by not one great poet. The *celebrites* of former days stand aloof, or, preferring exile to constrained allegiance, assail him with unremitting missiles from their asylum in foreign shores. His reign is sterile of new *celebrites*. The few that arise enlist themselves against him.—*Book II. Chap.* 6.

FAIR AND STATELY TREE.

"There is many a fair and stately tree which continues to throw out its leaves and rear its crest till suddenly the wind smites it, and then, and not till then, the trunk which seems so solid is found to be but the rind of a mass of crumbled powder."—*Book II. Chap.* 6.

BORN OUT OF TIME.

You say, truly, that the course of modern civilization has more or less affected the relative position of woman cultivated beyond that level on which she was formerly contented to stand—the nearer perhaps to the heart of man because not lifting her head to his height;—and hence a sense of restlessness, uneasiness. But do you suppose that, in this whirl and dance of the atoms which compose the rolling ball of the civilized world, it is only women that are made restless and uneasy? Do you not see, amid the masses congregated in the wealthiest cities of the world, writhings and struggles against the received order of things? In this sentiment of discontent here is a certain truthfulness, because it is an element of human nature; and how best to deal with it is a problem yet unsolved. But in the opinions and doctrines to which, among the masses, the sentiment gives birth, the wisdom of the wisest detects only the certainty of a common ruin, offering for reconstruction the same building-materials as the former edifice—materials not likely to be improved because

they may be defaced. Ascend from the working-classes to all others in which civilized culture prevails, and you will find that same restless feeling—the fluttering of untried wings against the bar between wider space and their lodgings. Could you poll all the educated ambitious young men in England—perhaps in Europe—at least half of them, divided between a reverence for the past, a curiosity as to the future, would sigh, "I am born a century too late or a century too soon!"—*Book II. Chap.* 7.

CONSULT YOUR OWN MIND.

One word more, consult your own mind, and consider whether your uneasiness and unrest are caused solely by conventional shackles on your sex. Are they not equally common to the youth of ours?—common to all who seek in art, in letters, nay, in the stormier field of active life, to clasp as a reality some image yet seen but as a dream?—*Book II. Chap.* 7.

FATES MOCK OUR RESOLVES.

Certainly the Fates do seem to mock our resolves to keep our feet from their ambush and our hearts from their snare. How our lives may be colored by that which seems to us the most trivial accident, the merest chance!—*Book II. Chap.* 8.

INFLUENCE OF POETRY.

But what recesses of mind, of heart, of soul, this untranslatable language penetrates and brightens up! How incomplete the grand nature of man—though man the grandest—would be if you struck out of his reason the comprehension of poetry, music, and religion! In each are reached and are sounded deeps in his reason otherwise concealed from himself. History, knowledge, science, stop at the point in which mystery begins. There they meet with the world of shadow. Not an inch of that world can they penetrate without the aid of poetry and religion, two necessities of intellectual man much more nearly allied than the votaries of the practical and the positive suppose. To the aid and elevation of both those necessities comes in music, and there has never existed a religion in the world which has not demanded music as its ally. If, as I said frankly, it is only in certain moods of my mind that I enjoy music, it is only because in certain moods of my mind I am capable of quitting the guidance of prosaic reason for the world of shadow; that I am so susceptible as at every hour, were my nature perfect, I should be to the mysterious influences of poetry and religion."—*Book III. Chap.* 1.

FATE, THE SERVANT OF PROVIDENCE.

"Fate," answered Graham, slowly and thoughtfully—"Fate, which is not the ruler but the servant of Providence, decides our choice of life, and rarely from outward circumstances. Usually the motive power is within. We apply the word genius to the minds of the gifted few; but in all of us there is a genius that is inborn, a pervading something which distinguishes our very identity, and dictates to the conscience that which we are best fitted to do and to be. In so dictating it compels our choice of life; or if we resist the dictate, we find at the close that we have gone astray."—*Book III. Chap.* 2.

THE WORLD OF THE STATESMAN.

"You show me that the world of the statesman lies apart from that of the artist. Yet——"

"Yet what?"

"May not the ambition of both be the same?"

"How so?"

"To refine the rude, to exalt the mean—to identify their own fame with some new beauty, some new glory, added to the treasure-house of all."—*Book III. Chap.* 2.

SACRIFICE FOR THE BELOVED.

But what is love if it can think any sacrifice, short of duty and honor, too great to offer up unknown, uncomprehended, to the one beloved.—*Book III. Chap.* 8.

DISTINCTION BETWEEN GENIUS AND STRONG FEELING.

What is the real distinction between the rare genius and the commonalty of human souls that feel to the quick all the grandest and divinest things which the rare genius places before them, sighing within themselves, "This rare genius does but express that which was previously familiar to us, so far as thought and sentiment extend!" Nay, the genius itself, however eloquent, never does, never can, express the whole of the thought or the sentiment it interprets; on the contrary, the greater the genius is, the more it leaves a something of incomplete satisfaction on our minds—it promises so much more than it performs, it implies so much more than it announces. I am impressed with the truth of what I thus say in proportion as I re-peruse and re-study the greatest writers that have come within my narrow range of reading. And by the greatest writers I mean those who are not exclusively reasoners (of such I cannot judge), nor mere poets (of whom, so far as concerns the union of words with music, I ought to be able to judge), but the few who unite rea-

son and poetry and appeal at once to the common sense of the multitude and the imagination of the few. The highest type of this union to me is Shakespeare; and I can comprehend the justice of no criticism on him which does not allow this sense of incomplete satisfaction augmenting in proportion as the poet soars to his highest. I ask again, in what consists this distinction between the rare genius and the commonalty of minds that exclaim, "He expresses what we feel, but never the whole of what we feel!" Is it the mere power over language, a large knowledge of dictionaries, a finer ear for period and cadence, a more artistic craft in casing our thoughts and sentiments in well-selected words? Is it true what Buffon says, "that the style is the man?" Is it true what I am told Goethe said, "Poetry is form?" I cannot believe this; and if you tell me it is true, then I no longer pine to be a writer. But if it be not true, explain to me how it is that the greatest genius is popular in proportion as it makes itself akin to us by uttering in better words than we employ that which was already within us, brings to light what in our souls was latent, and does but correct, beautify, and publish the correspondence which an ordinary reader carries on privately every day between himself and his mind or his heart.—*Book IV. Chap.* 1.

HOW NEAR HEAVEN.

Oh, how near we should be to heaven could we live daily, hourly, in the presence of one the honesty of whose word we could never doubt, the authority of whose word we could never disobey!—*Book IV. Chap.* 1.

SYMPATHY AND LOVE.

It has always seemed to me that for love, love such as I conceive it, there must be a deep and constant sympathy between two persons—not, indeed, in the usual and ordinary trifles of taste and sentiment, but in those essentials which form the root of character and branch out in all the leaves and blooms that expand to the sunshine and shrink from the cold,—that the worldling should wed the worldling, the artist the artist. Can the realist and the idealist blend together, and hold together till death and beyond death? If not, can there be true love between them? By true love I mean the love which interpenetrates the soul, and, once given, can never die.—*Book IV. Chap.* 3.

AFTER RESULTS OF EFFECTS—FIDELITY TO ART.

Who shall say what may be the after-results of those effects which the waiters on posterity presume to despise because they

are immediate? A dull man, to whose mind a ray of that vague starlight undetected in the atmosphere of workday life has never yet travelled; to whom the philosopher, the preacher, the poet, appeal in vain—nay, to whom the conceptions of the grandest master of instrumental music are incomprehensible; to whom Beethoven unlocks no portal in heaven; to whom Rossini has no mysteries on earth unsolved by the critics of the pit,—suddenly hears the human voice of the human singer, and at the sound of that voice the walls which inclosed him fall. The something far from and beyond the routine of his commonplace existence becomes known to him. He of himself, poor man, can make nothing of it. He cannot put it down on paper, and say the next morning, "I am an inch nearer to heaven than I was last night;" but the feeling that he *is* an inch nearer to heaven abides with him. Unconsciously he is gentler, he is less earthly, and in being nearer to heaven he is stronger for earth. You singers do not seem to me to understand that you have—to use your own word, so much in vogue that it has become abused and trite—*a mission.* When you talk of missions, from whom comes the mission? Not from men. If there be a mission from man to men, it must be appointed from on high.

Think of all this; and in being faithful to your art, be true to yourself. If you feel divided between that art and the art of the writer, and acknowledge the first to be too exacting to admit a rival, keep to that in which you are sure to excel. Alas, my fair child! do not imagine that we writers feel a happiness in our pursuits and aims more complete than that which you can command. If we care for fame (and, to be frank, we all do), that fame does not come before us face to face—a real, visible, palpable form, as it does to the singer, to the actress. I grant that it may be more enduring, but an endurance on the length of which we dare not reckon. A writer cannot be sure of immortality till his language itself be dead; and then he has but a share in an uncertain lottery. Nothing but fragments remain of the Phrynichus, who rivalled Æschylus; of the Agathon, who perhaps excelled Euripides; of the Alcæus, in whom Horace acknowledged a master and a model; their renown is not in their works, it is but in their names. And, after all, the names of singers and actors last perhaps as long. Greece retains the name of Polus, Rome of Roscius, England of Garrick, France of Talma, Italy of Pasta, more lastingly than posterity is likely to retain mine. You address to me a question which I have often put to myself—"What is the distinction between the writer and the reader, when the reader says, 'These are *my* thoughts, these are *my* feelings; the writer has stolen them, and clothed them in his

own words'?" And the more the reader says this, the more wide is the audience, the more genuine the renown, and, paradox though it seems, the more consummate the originality of the writer. But no, it is not the mere gift of expression, it is not the mere craft of the pen, it is not the mere taste in arrangement of word and cadence, which thus enables the one to interpret the mind, the heart, the soul of the many. It is a power breathed into him as he lay in his cradle, and a power that gathered around itself, as he grew up, all the influences he acquired, whether from observation of external nature, or from study of men and books, or from that experience of daily life which varies with every human being. No education could make two intellects exactly alike, as no culture can make two leaves exactly alike. How truly you describe the sense of dissatisfaction which every writer of superior genius communicates to his admirers! how truly do you feel that the greater is the dissatisfaction in proportion to the writer's genius and the admirer's conception of it? But that is the mystery which makes—let me borrow a German phrase—the *cloud-land* between the finite and the infinite. The greatest philosopher, intent on the secrets of Nature, feels that dissatisfaction in Nature herself. The finite cannot reduce into logic and criticism the infinite.—*Book IV. Chap.* 3.

NO PRESCRIBING SELECTION.

There is no prescribing to men or to women whom to select, whom to refuse. I cannot refute the axiom of the ancient poet, "In love there is no wherefore."—*Book IV. Chap.* 3.

AFFINITIES OF GENIUS.

If, my dear reader, whether you be man or woman, you have come into familiar contact with some creature of a genius to which, even assuming that you yourself have a genius in its own way, you have no special affinities, have you not felt shy with that creature? Have you not, perhaps, felt how intensely you could love that creature, and doubted if that creature could possibly love you? Now, I think that shyness and that disbelief are common with either man or woman, if, however conscious of superiority in the prose of life, he or she recognizes inferiority in the poetry of it. And yet this self-abasement is exceedingly mistaken. The poetical kind of genius is so grandly indulgent, so inherently deferential, bows with such unaffected modesty to the superiority in which it fears it may fail (yet seldom does fail)—the superiority of common sense. And when we come to woman, what marvellous truth is conveyed by the woman

who has had no superior in intellectual gifts among her own sex! Corinne, crowned at the Capitol, selects out of the whole world, as the hero of her love, no rival poet and enthusiast, but a cold-blooded sensible Englishman.—*Book IV. Chap.* 4.

MISTAKING FANCY FOR LOVE.

Provided only you love him. Ah, child, be sure of that. Do not mistake fancy for love. All women do not require love in marriage, but without it that which is best and highest in *you* would wither and die.—*Book IV. Chap.* 3.

MEN DIFFIDENT WHEN LOVING.

How is it that men worth a woman's loving become so diffident when they love intensely? Even in ordinary cases of love there is so ineffable a delicacy in Virgin woman, that a man, be he how refined soever, feels himself rough and rude and coarse in comparison.—*Book IV. Chap.* 4.

PUBLIC OPINION.

"You do not answer—you evade me," said the Duchesse, with a mournful smile. "You are too skilled a man of the world, M. Enguerrand, not to know that it is not only legislators and ministers that are necessary to the support of a throne and the safeguard of a nation. Do you not see how great a help it is to both throne and nation when that section of public opinion which is represented by names illustrious in history, identified with records of chivalrous deeds and loyal devotion, rallies round the order established? Let that section of public opinion stand aloof, soured and discontented, excluded from active life, lending no counterbalance to the perilous oscillations of democratic passion, and tell me if it is not an enemy to itself as well as a traitor to the principles it embodies?"—*Book V. Chap.* 2.

WOMEN AS LETTER-WRITERS.

It is characteristic, perhaps, of the different genius of the sexes, that woman takes to written composition more impulsively, more intuitively, than man—letter-writting, to him a task-work, is to her a recreation. Between the age of sixteen and the date of marriage, six well-educated clever girls out of ten keep a journal and one well-educated man in ten thousand does. So, without serious and settled intention of becoming an author, how naturally a girl of ardent feeling and vivid fancy seeks in poetry or romance a confessional—an out-pouring of thought and sentiment, which are mysteries to herself till she has given them

words—and which, frankly revealed on the page, she would not, perhaps could not, utter orally to a living ear!—*Book V. Chap.* 9.

THE YOUNG WRITER.

Who cannot conceive what the young writer feels, especially the young woman-writer, when hearing the first cheery note of praise from the lips of a writer of established fame?—*Book V. Chap.* 9.

WORK OF THE YOUNG WRITER.

Every young writer knows how his work, if one of feeling, will color itself from some truth in his innermost self, and in proportion as it does so, how his absorption in the work increases, till it becomes part and parcel of his own mind and heart. The presence of a hidden sorrow may change the fate of the beings he has created, and guide to the grave those whom, in a happier vein, he would have united at the altar. It is not till a later stage of experience and art that the writer escapes from the influence of his own personality and lives in existences that take no colorings from his own. Genius usually must pass through the subjective process before it gains the objective. Even a Shakespeare represents himself in the Sonnets before no trace of himself is visible in a Falstaff or a Lear.—*Book VI. Chap.* 4.

POLITICIAN WITHOUT BELIEF.

As no community can exist without a belief of some kind, so a politician without belief can but help to destroy; he cannot reconstruct.—*Book VI. Chap.* 4.

IMPORTANCE OF MATTERS OF SENTIMENT.

Alas! in matters of sentiment it is the misfortune of men that even the most refined of us often grate upon some sentiment in a woman, though she may not be romantic—not romantic at all, as people go,—some sentiment which she thought must be so obvious if we cared a straw about her, and which, though we prize her above the Indies, is, by our dim, horn-eyed, masculine vision, undiscernible. It may be something in itself the airiest of trifles,—the anniversary of a day on which the first kiss was interchanged, nay, of a violet gathered, a misunderstanding cleared up; and of that anniversary we remember no more than we do of our bells and coral. But she—she remembers it; it is no bells and coral to her. Of course, much is to be said in excuse of man, brute though he be. Consider the multiplicity of his occupations, the practical nature of his

cares. But, granting the validity of all such excuse, there is in man an original obtuseness of fibre as regards sentiment in comparison with the delicacy of woman's. It comes, perhaps, from the same hardness of constitution which forbids us the luxury of ready tears. Thus it is very difficult for the wisest man to understand thoroughly a woman. Goethe says somewhere that the highest genius in man must have much of the woman in it. If this be true, the highest genius alone in man can comprehend and explain the nature of woman; because it is not remote from him, but an integral part of his masculine self. I am not sure, however, that it necessitates the highest genius, but rather a special idiosyncrasy in genius, which the highest may or may not have. I think Sophocles a higher genius than Euripides; but Euripides has that idiosyncrasy, and Sophocles not. I doubt whether women would accept Goethe as their interpreter with the same readiness with which they would accept Schiller. Shakspeare, no doubt, excels all poets in the comprehension of women, in his sympathy with them in the woman-part of his nature which Goethe ascribes to the highest genius; but, putting aside that "monster," I do not remember any English poet whom we should consider conspicuously eminent in that lore, unless it be the prose poet, nowadays generally underrated and little read, who wrote the letters of Clarissa Harlowe.—*Book VI. Chap.* 4.

LOVE FOR WOMAN REVERENTIAL.

Isaura was one of those women for whom, even in natures the least chivalric, love—however ardent—cannot fail to be accompanied with a certain reverence—the reverence with which the ancient knighthood, in its love for women, honored the ideal purity of womanhood itself.—*Book VI. Chap.* 5.

A WOMAN OF MIND.

I believe, be it said with diffidence, that a woman of mind so superior that the mind never pretends to efface the heart, is less intoxicated with flattery than a man equally exposed to it. It is the strength of her heart that keeps her head sober.—*Book VII. Chap.* 3.

STRONG RULING MOTIVE.

A strong ruling motive is required to persist in any regular course of action that needs effort: the motive with the majority of men is the need of subsistence; with a large number (as in trades or professions), not actually want, but a desire of gain and perhaps of distinction, in their calling, the desire of pro-

fessional distinction expands into the longings for more comprehensive fame, more exalted honors, with the few who become great writers, soldiers, statesmen, orators.—*Book VII. Chap.* 4.

HISTORY OF COURTSHIP.

There is a circumstance in the history of courtship familiar to the experience of many women, that while the suitor is pleading his cause his language may touch every fibre in the heart of his listener, yet substitute, as it were, another presence for his own. She may be saying to herself, "Oh that another had said those words!" and be dreaming of the other, while she hears the one. —*Book VII. Chap.* 4.

ROMANCE.

"That which you contemptuously call romance," said Isaura, "is not essential only to poets and artists. The most real side of every life, from the earliest dawn of mind in the infant, is the romantic.

"When the child is weaving flower-chains, chasing butterflies, or sitting apart and dreaming what it will do in the future, is not *that* the child's real life, and yet, is it not also the romantic?"

"But there comes a time when we weave no flower-chains and chase no butterflies."

"Is it so?—still on one side of life, flowers and butterflies may be found to the last; and at least to the last are there no dreams of the future? Have you no such dreams at this moment? and without the romance of such dreams, would there be any reality to human life which could distinguish it from the life of the weed that rots on Lethe?"—*Book VII. Chap.* 6.

AGE OF THE HEART.

"'Tis not by the gray of the hair that one knows the age of the heart."—*Book VII. Chap.* 6.

REALIZING THE IDEAL.

Nothing in the nature of man, be he the best and the cleverest, can ever realize the dream of a girl who is pure and has genius. Ah, is not the converse true? What girl, the best and the cleverest, comes up to the ideal of even a commonplace man—if he ever dreamed of an ideal!"—*Book VII. Chap.* 6.

SUDDEN CHANGE FOR THE BRIGHTER.

On waking some morning, have you ever felt, reader, as if a change for the brighter in the world, without and within you,

had suddenly come to pass—some new glory has been given to the sunshine, some fresh balm to the air—you feel younger, and happier, and lighter, in the very beat of your heart—you almost fancy you hear the chime of some spiritual music far off, as if in the deeps of heaven? You are not at first conscious how, or wherefore, this change has been brought about. Is it the effect of a dream in the gone sleep that has made this morning so different from mornings that have dawned before? And while vaguely asking yourself that question, you become aware that the cause is no mere illusion, that it has its substance in words spoken by living lips, in things that belong to the work-day world.—*Book IX. Chap.* 1.

THE PAST INFLUENCING THE PRESENT.

There are some things in our past which influence the present, but to which we dare not assign a future—on which we cannot talk to another. What soothsayer can tell us if the dream of a yesterday will be renewed on the night of a morrow? —*Book IX. Chap.* 1.

MEN SO VAIN.

Men are so vain—they care for us so much more when people praise us. But, till we have put the creatures in their proper place we must take them for what they are.—*Book IX. Chap.* 2.

HOPE IS FEMALE.

"*La speranza e femmina*" (Hope is female).

"Alas!" said Isaura, half mournfully, half smiling—"alas! do you not remember what the poet replied when asked what disease was most mortal?—'the hectic fever caught from the chill of hope.'"—*Book IX. Chap.* 2.

AMERICANS FRANK QUESTIONERS.

The Americans enjoy the reputation of being the frankest putters of questions whom liberty of speech has yet educated into *les recherches de la verite.—Book IX. Chap.* 3.

THE TRUEST ELOQUENCE.

The truest eloquence is that which holds us too mute for applause.—*Book IX. Chap.* 4.

MEN AND WOMEN ALIKE.

Men and women are much more like each other in certain large elements of character than is generally supposed; but it is that very resemblance which makes their differences the more

incomprehensible to each other; just as in politics, theology, or that most disputatious of all things disputable—metaphysics—the nearer the reasoners approach each other in points that to an uncritical bystander seem the most important, the more sure they are to start off in opposite directions upon reaching the speck of a pin-prick.

Now, there are certain grand meeting-places between man and woman—the grandest of all is on the ground of love, and yet here also is the great field of quarrel. And here the teller of a tale such as mine ought, if he is sufficiently wise to be humble, to know that it is almost profanation if, as man, he presumes to enter the penetralia of a woman's innermost heart, and repeat, as a man would repeat, all the vibrations of sound which the heart of a woman sends forth undistinguishable even to her own ear.—*Book IX. Chap.* 11.

LOVE ENNOBLES.

Love so noble ennobles those who hear its voice.—*Book IX. Chap.* 14.

A THOROUGH PARISIAN.

Duplessis smiled grimly: "What a thorough-bred Parisian you are, my dear Frederic! I believe if the trump of the last angel were sounding, the Parisians would be divided into two sets; one would be singing the Marseillaise and parading the red flag; the other would be shrugging their shoulders and saying, 'Bah! as if *le Bon Dieu* would have the bad taste to injure Paris—the Seat of the Graces, the School of the Arts, the Fountain of Reason, the Eye of the World; and so be found by the destroying angel caressing poodles and making *bons mots* about *les femmes.*'"—*Book X. Chap.* 2.

FRETS AND CHECKS.

Among the frets and checks to the course that "never did run smooth," there is one which is sufficiently frequent, for many a reader will remember the irritation it caused him. You have counted on a meeting with the beloved one unwitnessed by others, an interchange of confessions and vows which others may not hear. You have arranged almost the words in which your innermost heart is to be expressed; pictured to yourself the very looks by which those words will have their sweetest reply. The scene you have thus imagined appears to you vivid and distinct as if foreshown in a magic glass. And suddenly, after long absence, the meeting takes place in the midst of a common companionship: nothing that you wished to say can

be said. The scene you pictured is painted out by the irony of Chance; and groups and backgrounds of which you had never dreamed start forth from the disappointing canvas. Happy if that be all! But sometimes, by a strange subtle intuition, you feel that the person herself is changed; and sympathetic with that change a terrible chill comes over your own heart.—*Book XI. Chap.* 1.

EMOTIONS SUDDENLY NARROWED.

But are there not moments in life when the human heart suddenly narrows the circumference to which its emotions are extended? As the ebb of a tide, it retreats from the shores it had covered on its flow, drawing on with contracted waves the treasure-trove it has selected to hoard amid its deeps.—*Book XI. Chap.* 1.

THE NAME OF WIFE.

"Isaura, there is one name which I can never utter without a reverence due to the religion which binds earth to heaven—a name which to man should be the symbol of life cheered and beautified, exalted, hallowed. That name is 'wife.' Will you take that name from me?"—*Book XI. Chap.* 3.

IRONY AN UNGRACIOUS WEAPON.

I, who know the world and mankind, advise you, who do not, never to meet a man who wishes to do you a kindness with an ungracious sarcasm. Irony is a weapon I ought to be skilled in, but weapons are used against enemies, and it is only a tyro who flourishes his rapier in the face of his friends.—*Book XI. Chap.* 15.

SYMPATHY IN CHOICE.

No matter what a man's doctrines may be,—however abominable you and I may deem them—man desires to find in the dearest fellowship he can establish, that sympathy in the woman his choice singles out from her sex—deference to his opinions, sympathy with his objects, as man.—*Book XI. Chap.* 16.

INFLUENCE OF NATURE AKIN.

I think all, or most of us have known what it is to pass under the influence of a nature that is so far akin to ours that it desires to become something better and higher than it is—that desire being paramount in ourselves—but seeks to be that something in ways not akin to, but remote from, the ways in which we seek it. When this contact happens, either one na-

ture, by the mere force of will, subjugates and absorbs the other, or both while preserving their own individuality, apart and independent, enrich themselves by mutual interchange; and the asperities which differences of taste and sentiment in detail might otherwise provoke melt in the sympathy which unites spirits striving with equal earnestness to rise nearer to the unseen and unattainable Source, which they equally recognize as Divine.—*Book XI. Chap.* 16.

THROUGH DISCIPLINE TO FREEDOM.

In life, as in art, it is through discipline that we arrive at freedom, and duty only completes itself when all motives, all actions, are attuned into one harmonious whole, and it is not striven for as duty, but enjoyed as happiness.—*Book XI. Chap.* 16.

YEARNINGS FOR DIVINE LOVE.

There is a time in the lives of most of us, and especially in the lives of women, when, despondent of all joy in an earthly future, and tortured by conflicts between inclination and duty, we transfer all the passion and fervor of our troubled souls to enthusiastic yearnings for the Divine Love; seeking to rebaptize ourselves in the fountain of its mercy, taking thence the only hopes that can cheer, the only strength that can sustain us.—*Book XI. Chap.* 16.

TWO VOICES OF NATURE.

There are two voices of Nature in the soul of the genuine artist,—that is, of him who, because he can create, comprehends the necessity of the great Creator. Those voices are never both silent. When one is hushed, the other becomes distinctly audible. The one speaks to him of Art, the other of Religion.—*Book XI. Chap.* 16.

HAVE MORE CHARITY.

The Abbé's mild brow contracted. "Have more charity, my daughter. It is because Raoul's sorrow for his lost brother is so deep and so holy that he devotes himself more than ever to the service of the Father which is in heaven. He said, a day or two after the burial, when plans for a monument to Enguerrand were submitted to him, 'May my prayer be vouchsafed, and my life be a memorial of him more acceptable to his gentle spirit than monuments of bronze or marble. May I be divinely guided and sustained in my desire to do such good acts as he would have done had he been spared longer to earth. And whenever tempted to weary, may my conscience whisper, Be-

tray not the trust left to thee by thy brother, lest thou be not reunited to him at last.' "—*Book XII. Chap.* 3.

PARISIAN SOCIETY.

Ah! it is easy to declaim against the frivolities and vices, of Parisian society as it appears on the surface; and in revolutionary times it is the very worst of Paris that ascends in scum to the top. But descend below the surface, even in that demoralizing suspense of order, and nowhere on earth might the angel have beheld the image of humanity more amply vindicating its claim to the heritage of heaven.—*Book XI. Chap.* 16.

VAIN PERSONS.

In vain persons, be they male or female, there is a complacent self-satisfaction in any momentary personal success, however little that success may conduce to—nay, however much it may militate against—the objects to which their vanity itself devotes its more permanent desires. A vain woman may be very anxious to win A——, the magnificent, as a partner for life, and yet feel a certain triumph when a glance of her eye has made an evening's conquest of the pitiful B——, although by that achievement she incurs the imminent hazard of losing A—— altogether.—*Book XII. Chap.* 8.

THE CHAIN OF DESTINY.

For my part, I believe that throughout the whole known history of mankind, even in epochs when reason is most misled and conscience most perverted, there runs visible, though fine and threadlike, the chain of destiny, which has its roots in the throne of an All-wise and All-good; that in the wildest illusions by which multitudes are frenzied, there may be detected gleams of prophetic truths; that in the fiercest crimes which, like the disease of an epidemic, characterize a peculiar epoch under abnormal circumstances, there might be found instincts or aspirations towards some social virtues to be realized ages afterwards by happier generations, all tending to save man from despair of the future, were the whole society to unite for the joyless hour of his race in the abjuration of soul and the denial of God, because all irresistibly establishing that yearning towards an unseen future which is the leading attribute of soul, evincing the government of a divine Thought which evolves out of the discords of one age the harmonies of another, and, in the world within us as in the world without, enforces upon every unclouded reason the distinction between Providence and Chance. —*L'Envoi.*

THE PILGRIMS OF THE RHINE.

LEADING CHARACTERS.

ALBERT TREVYLYAN, } betrothed lovers.
GERTRUDE VANE, }
MR. VANE, father of Gertrude.

PREFACE TO PILGRIMS OF THE RHINE.

With the younger class of my readers, this work has had the good fortune to find especial favor; perhaps because it is in itself a collection of the thoughts and sentiments that constitute the Romance of youth. It has little to do with the positive truths of our actual life, and does not pretend to deal with the larger passions and more stirring interests of our kind. It is but an episode out of the graver epic of human destinies. It requires no explanation of its purpose, and no analysis of its story; the one is evident, the other simple:—the first seeks but to illustrate visible nature through the poetry of the affections; the other is but the narrative of the most real of mortal sorrows which the Author attempts to take out of the region of pain, by various accessories from the Ideal. The connecting tale itself is but the string that binds into a garland the wild flowers cast upon a grave.

The descriptions of the Rhine have been considered by Germans sufficiently faithful to render this tribute to their land and their legends one of the popular guide-books along the course it illustrates; especially to such tourists as wish not only to take in with the eye the inventory of the river, but to seize the peculiar spirit which invests the wave and the bank with a beauty that can only be made visible by reflexion.

LOVE OF THE SOUL.

Consumption, but consumption in its most beautiful shape, had set its seal upon Gertrude Vane, when Trevylyan first saw her, and at once loved. He knew the danger of the disease; he did not, except at intervals deceive himself; he wrestled against the new passion; but, stern as his nature was, he could not conquer it. He loved, he confessed his love, and Gertrude returned it.

In a love like this there is something ineffably beautiful—it is essentially the poetry of passion. Desire grows hallowed by fear, and, scarce permitted to indulge its vent in the common channel of the senses, breaks forth into those vague yearnings—those holy aspirations, which pine for the Bright, the Far, the Unattained. It is "the desire of the moth for the star"—it is the love of the soul!—*Chap.* 2.

FICTIONS OF THE UNSEEN WORLD.

Is there not a truth also in our fictions of the Unseen World? Are there not yet bright lingerers by the forest and the stream? Do the moon and the soft stars look out on no delicate and winged forms bathing in their light? Are the fairies and the invisible hosts but the children of our dreams; and not their inspiration? Is that all a delusion which speaks from the golden page? And is the world only given to harsh and anxious travellers, that walk to and fro in pursuit of no gentle shadows? Are the chimeras of the passions the sole spirit of the Universe? No! while my remembrance treasures in its deepest cell the image of one no more,—one who was "not of the earth, earthy,"—one in whom love was the essence of thoughts divine—one whose shape and mould, whose heart and genius, would—had Poesy never before have dreamed it—have called forth the first notions of spirits, resembling mortals but not of them;—no, Gertrude! while I remember you, the faith, the trust in brighter shapes and fairer natures than the world knows of, comes clinging to my heart; and still will I think that Fairies might have watched over your sleep, and Spirits have ministered to your dreams.—*Chap.* 2.

TREVYLYAN'S SONG.

I.

As leaves left darkling in the flush of day,
When glints the glad sun checkering o'er the tree
I see the green earth brightening in the ray,
Which only casts a shadow upon me!

II.

What are the beams, the flowers, the glory, all
Life's glow and gloss—the music and the bloom,
When every sun but speeds the Eternal Pall,
And time is Death that dallies with the Tomb?

III.

And yet—oh yet, so young, so pure!—the while
Fresh laugh the rose-hues round youth's morning sky,
That voice—those eyes—the deep love of that smile,
Are they not soul—*all* soul—and *can* they die?

IV.

Are there the words, "NO MORE" for thoughts like ours?
Must the bark sink upon so soft a wave?
Hath the short summer of thy life no flowers
But those which bloom above thine early grave?

V.

O God! and what is life, that I should live
(Hath not the world enow of common clay?)
And she—the Rose—whose life a soul could give
To the void desert, sigh its sweets away?

VI.

And I that love thee thus, to whom the air,
Blest by thy breath, makes heaven where'er it be,
Watch thy cheek wane, and smile away despair—
Lest it should dim one hour yet left to thee.

VII.

Still let me conquer self,—oh, still conceal
By the smooth brow the snake that coils below;
Break, break my heart, it comforts yet to feel
That *she* dreams on, unwaken'd by my woe!

VIII.

Hush'd, where the Star's soft angel loves to keep
Watch o'er their tide, the mourning waters roll;
So glides my spirit—darkness in the deep,
But o'er the wave the presence of thy soul!

Chap. 3.

LOVE AT FIRST MEETING.

There *is* such a thing as love at the first meeting—a secret, an unaccountable affinity between persons (strangers before), which draws them irresistibly together. As if there were truth in Plato's beautiful phantasy, that our souls were a portion of the stars, and that spirits, thus attracted to each other, have drawn their original light from the same orb, and yearn for a renewal of their former union.—*Chap.* 4.

EXCLUSION OF THE WORLD.

Perhaps after we have seen the actual world, and experienced its hollow pleasures, we can resign ourselves the better to its exclusion; and as the cloister, which repels the ardor of our hope, is sweet to our remembrance, so the darkness loses its terror when experience has wearied us with the glare and travail of the day.—*Chap.* 4.

LIFE HAS ALWAYS ACTION.

Life has always action; it is our own fault if it ever be dull: youth has its enterprise, manhood its schemes; and even if infirmity creep upon age, the mind, the mind still triumphs over

the mortal clay, and in the quiet hermitage, among books, and from thoughts, keeps the great wheel within everlastingly in motion. No, the better class of spirits have always an antidote to the insipidity of a common career, they have ever energy at will.—*Chap.* 5.

CONSOLATIONS OF VIRTUOUS ACTION.

The same consolation awaits us in action as in repose. We sedulously pursue what we deem to be true glory. We are maligned: but our soul acquits us. Could it do more in the scandal and the prejudice that assail us in private life? You are silent; but note how much deeper should be the comfort, how much loftier the self-esteem; for if calumny attack us in a wilful obscurity, what have we done to refute the calumny? How have we served our species? Have we "scorned delights, and lived laborious days?" Have we made the utmost of the "talent" confided to our care? Have we done those deeds to our race upon which we can retire,—an "Estate of Beneficence,"—from the malice of the world, and feel that our deeds are our defenders? This is the consolation of virtuous actions; is it so of—even a virtuous—indolence?—*Chap.* 5.

CONSCIOUSNESS OF ENDEAVOR.

"If the consciousness of perpetual endeavor to advance our race be not alone happier than the life of ease, let us see what this vaunted ease really is. Tell me, is it not another name for *ennui?* This state of quiescence, this objectless, dreamless torpor, this transition *du lit a la table, de la table au lit;* what more dreary and monotonous existence can you devise? Is it pleasure in this inglorious existence to think that you are serving pleasure? Is it freedom to be the slave to self? For I hold," continued Trevylyan, "that this jargon of 'consulting happiness,' this cant of living for ourselves, is but a mean, as well as a false philosophy. Why this eternal reference to self? Is self alone to be consulted? Is even our happiness, did it truly consist in repose, really the great end of life? I doubt if we cannot ascend higher. I doubt if we cannot say with a great moralist, 'If virtue be not estimable in itself, we can see nothing estimable in following it for the sake of a bargain.' But, in fact repose is the poorest of all delusions; the very act of recurring to self, brings about us all those ills of self from which, in the turmoil of the world, we can escape. We become hypochondriacs. Our very health grows an object of painful possession. We are so desirous to be well (for what is retirement without health?), that we are ever fancying ourselves ill; and, like the

man in the *Spectator*, we weigh ourselves daily, and live by grains and scruples. Retirement is happy only for the poet, for to him it is *not* retirement. He secedes from one world but to gain another, and he finds not *ennui* in seclusion: why—not because seclusion hath *repose*, but because it hath *occupation*. In one word, then, I say of action and of indolence, grant the same ills to both, and to action there is the readier escape or the nobler consolation."—*Chap.* 5.

A JOURNEY PLEASANT.

"How little it requires to make a journey pleasant, when the companions are our friends!" said Gertrude, as they sailed along. "Nothing can be duller than these banks; nothing more delightful than this voyage."

"Yet what tries the affections of people for each other so severely as a journey together?" said Vane. "That perpetual companionship from which there is no escaping; that confinement, in all our moments of ill-humor and listlessness, with persons who want us to look amused.—Ah, it is a severe ordeal for friendship to pass through! A post-chaise must have jolted many an intimacy to death."—*Chap.* 6.

THE CELL AND THE CONVENT.

Alas! the cell and the convent are but a vain emblem of that desire to fly to God which belongs to Distress; the solitude soothes, but the monotony recalls, regret. And for my own part, in my frequent tours through Catholic countries, I never saw the still walls in which monastic vanity hoped to shut out the world, but a melancholy came over me! What hearts at war with themselves!—what unceasing regrets!—what pinings after the past!—what long and beautiful years devoted to a moral grave, by a momentary rashness—an impulse—a disappointment! But in these churches the lesson is more impressive and less sad. The weary heart has ceased to ache—the burning pulses are still—the troubled spirit has flown to the only rest which is not a deceit. Power and love—hope and fear—avarice—ambition, they are quenched at last! Death is the only monastery—the tomb is the only cell.—*Chap.* 7.

LOOKING BACK TO LIFE OF ONE LOVED.

In looking back to the life of one we have loved, how dear is the thought that the latter days were the days of light, that the cloud never chilled the beauty of the setting sun, and that if the years of existence were brief, all that existence has most tender, most sacred, was crowded into that space! Nothing

dark, then, or bitter, rests with our remembrance of the lost, *we* are the mourners, but pity is not for the mourned—our grief is purely selfish; when we turn to its object, the hues of happiness are round it, and that very love which is the parent of our woe was the consolation, the triumph, of the departed!—*Chap.* 7.

THE FAIRY'S REPROACH.

I.

By the glow-worm's lamp in the dewy brake;
By the gossamer's airy net;
By the shifting skin of the faithless snake;
Oh, teach me to forget:
For none, ah none,
Can teach so well that human spell
As Thou, false one!

II.

By the fairy dance on the greensward smooth;
By the winds of the gentle west;
By the loving stars, when their soft looks soothe
The waves on their mother's breast;
Teach me thy lore!
By which, like withered flowers,
The leaves of buried Hours
Blossom no more.

III.

By the tent in the violet's bell;
By the May on the scented bough,
By the lone green isle where my sisters dwell;
And thine own forgotten vow;
Teach me to live,
Nor feed on thoughts that pine
For love so false as thine!
Teach me thy lore,
And one thou lov'st no more
Will bless thee and forgive!

Chap. 10.

DEAREST PREROGATIVE OF GENIUS.

If genius has one prerogative dearer than the rest, it is that which enables it to do honor to the dead—to revive the beauty, the virtue that are no more; to wreathe chaplets that outlive the day round the urn which were else forgotten by the world!

When the poet mourns, in his immortal verse, for the dead, tell me not that fame is in his mind! it is filled by thoughts, by emotions that shut out the living. He is breathing to his genius—to that sole and constant friend, which has grown up with him from his cradle—the sorrows too delicate for human sympathy; and when afterwards he consigns the confession to the crowd, it is indeed from the hope of honor,—honor not for himself, but for the being that is no more.—*Chap.* 16.

TWO LIVES TO EACH OF US.

There are two lives to each of us, gliding on at the same time, scarcely connected with each other!—the life of our actions, the life of our minds; the external and the inward history; the movements of the frame, the deep and ever-restless workings of the heart! They who have loved know that there is a diary of the affections, which we might keep for years without having occasion even to touch upon the exterior surface of life, our busy occupations—the mechanical progress of our existence; yet by the last we are judged, the first is never known. History reveals men's deeds, men's outward characters, but *not themselves.* There is a secret self that hath its own life "rounded by a dream," unpenetrated, unguessed.—*Chap.* 22.

ACTION A LETHE.

Action is that Lethe in which alone we forget our former dreams, and the mind that, too stern not to wrestle with its emotions, seeks to conquer regret, must leave itself no leisure to look behind. Who knows what benefits to the world may have sprung from the sorrows of the benefactor? As the harvest that gladdens mankind in the suns of autumn was called forth by the rains of spring, so the griefs of youth may make the fame of maturity.—*Chap.* 22.

DEATH VINDICATED.

"And why," said the beautiful Shape, with a voice soft as the last sighs of a dying babe; "why trouble ye the air with spells? mine is the hour and the empire, and the storm is the creature of my power. Far yonder to the west it sweeps over the sea, and the ship ceases to vex the waves; it smites the forest, and the destined tree, torn from its roots, feels the winter strip the gladness from its boughs no more! The roar of the elements is the herald of eternal stillness to their victims; and they who hear the progress of my power idly shudder at the coming of peace. And thou, O tender daughter of the fairy kings! why grievest thou at a mortal's doom? Knowest thou not that sorrow cometh with years, and that to live is to mourn? Blessed is the flower that, nipped in its early spring, feels not the blast that one by one scatters its blossoms around it, and leaves but the barren stem. Blessed are the young whom I clasp to my breast, and lull into the sleep which the storm cannot break, nor the morrow arouse to sorrow or to toil. The heart that is stilled in the bloom of its first emotions,—that turns with its last throb to the eye of love, as yet unlearned in the possibility of change,—has exhausted already the wine of

life, and is saved only from the lees. As the mother soothes to sleep the wail of her troubled child, I open my arms to the vexed spirit, and my bosom cradles the unquiet to repose!"—*Chap.* 26.

THE FEET OF YEARS.

The feet of years fall noiseless; we heed, we note them not, till tracking the same course we passed long since, we are startled to find how deep the impression they leave behind. To revisit the scenes of our youth is to commune with the ghost of ourselves.—*Chap.* 26.

CONVULSIONS OF NATURE.

In the convulsions of Nature we forget our own separate existence, our schemes, our projects, our fears; our dreams vanish back into their cells. One passion only the storm quells not, and the presence of Love mingles with the voice of the fiercest storms as with the whispers of the southern wind.—*Chap.* 26.

UNITS IN THE SUM OF HUMAN EXISTENCE.

In the immense sum of human existence, what is a single unit? Every sod on which we tread is the grave of some former being: yet is there something that softens without enervating the heart in tracing in the life of another those emotions that all of us have known ourselves. For who is there that has not, in his progress through life, felt all its ordinary business arrested, and the varieties of fate commuted into one chronicle of the affections? Who has not watched over the passing away of some being, more to him, at that epoch, than all the world? And this unit, so trivial to the calculation of others, of what inestimable value was it not to him? Retracing in another such recollections, shadowed and mellowed down by time, we feel the wonderful sanctity of human life, we feel what emotions a single being can wake: what a world of hope may be buried in a single grave. And thus we keep alive within ourselves the soft springs of that morality which unites us with our kind, and sheds over the harsh scenes and turbulent contests of earth the coloring of a common love.—*Chap.* 28.

THE GRAVES OF THE PAST.

The seasons, like ourselves, track their course, by something of beauty, or of glory, that is left behind. As the traveller in the land of Palestine sees tomb after tomb rise before him, the landmarks of his way, and the only signs of the holiness of the

soil; thus Memory wanders over the most sacred spots in its various world, and traces them but by the graves of the Past.—*Chap.* 28.

LIFE ONLY A PART OF OUR CAREER.

Let us forget that we are mortal; let us remember only that life is a part, not the whole of our career; let us feel in this soft hour, and while yet we are unsevered, the presence of The Eternal that is within us, so that it shall not be as death, but as a short absence; and when once the pang of parting is over, you must think only that we are shortly to meet again.—*Last Chapter.*

THE IDEAL WORLD.

OUR DREAMS BELONG TO THE IDEAL—THE DIVINER LOVE FOR WHICH YOUTH SIGHS, NOT ATTAINABLE IN LIFE—BUT THE PURSUIT OF THAT LOVE, BEYOND THE WORLD OF THE SENSES, PURIFIES THE SOUL, AND AWAKES THE GENIUS—PETRARCH—DANTE.

I.

Thine are the Dreams that pass the Ivory Gates,
With prophet shadows haunting poet eyes!
Thine the beloved illusions youth creates
From the dim haze of its own happy skies.
In vain we pine—we yearn on earth to win
The being of the heart, our boyhood's dream.
The Psyche and the Eros ne'er have been,
Save in Olympus, wedded!—As a stream
Glasses a star, so life the Ideal love;
Restless the stream below—serene the orb above!
Ever the soul the senses shall deceive;
Here custom chill, there kinder fate bereave:
For mortal lips unmeet eternal vows!
And Eden's flowers for Adam's mournful brows!
We seek to make the moment's angel guest
The household dweller at a human hearth;
We chase the Bird of Paradise, whose nest
Was never found amid the bowers of earth.*

Yet loftier joys the vain pursuit may bring,
Than sate the senses with the boons of time;
The bird of Heaven hath still an upward wing,
The steps it lures and still the steps that climb,
And in the ascent, altho' the soil be bare,
More clear the daylight and more pure the air,
Let Petrarch's heart the human mistress lose,
He mourns the Laura, but to win the Muse:
Could all the charms which Georgian maids combine
Delight the soul of the dark Florentine,
Like one chaste dream of childlike Beatrice
Awaiting Hell's dark pilgrim in the skies,
Snatch'd from below to be the guide above,
And clothe Religion in the form of Love?†

* According to a belief in the East, which is associated with one of the loveliest and most familiar of Oriental superstitions, the Bird of Paradise is never seen to rest upon the earth—and its nest is never to be found.

† It is supposed by many of the commentators on Dante, that in the form of his lost Beatrice, who guides him in his Vision of Heaven, he allegorizes Religious Faith.

O, thou true Iris! sporting on thy brow
  Of tears and smiles—Jove's herald, Poetry!
Thou reflex image of all joy and woe—
  Both fused in light by thy dear phantasy!
Lo! from the clay how Genius lifts its life,
  And grows one pure Idea—one calm soul!
True, its own clearness must reflect our strife;
  True, its completeness must comprise our whole:
But as the sun transmutes the sullen hues
  Of marsh-grown vapors into vermeil dyes,
And melts them later into twilight dews,
  Shedding on flowers the baptism of the skies;
So glows the Ideal in the air we breathe—
  So from the fumes of sorrow and of sin,
Doth its warm light in rosy colors wreathe
  Its playful cloud-land, storing balms within.
O thou blood-stain'd Ideal of the free,
Whose breath is heard in clarions—Liberty!
Sublimer for thy grand illusions past,
Thou spring'st to Heaven—Religion at the last.
Alike below, or commonwealths, or thrones,
Where'er men gather some crush'd victim groans,
Only in death thy real form we see,
All life is bondage—souls alone are free.

Yet whatsoever be our bondage here,
All have two portals to the Phantom sphere,—
Who hath not glided through those gates that ope,
Beyond the Hour, to MEMORY or to HOPE!
Give Youth the Garden,—still it soars above—
Seeks some far glory—some diviner love.
Place Age amidst the Golgotha—its eyes
Still quit the graves, to rest upon the skies;
And while the dust, unheeded, moulders there,
Track some lost angel through cerulean air.

On yonder green two orphan children play'd;
By yonder rill two plighted lovers stray'd.
In yonder shrine two lives were blent in one,
And joy-bells chimed beneath a summer sun.
Poor was their lot—their bread in labor found;
No parent bless'd them, and no kindred own'd;
They smiled to hear the wise their choice condemn;
They loved—they loved—and love was wealth to them.
Hark—one short week—again the holy bell!
Still shone the sun; but dirge-like boom'd the knell
The icy hand had sever'd breast from breast;
Left Life to toil, and summon'd Death to rest.
Full fifty years since then have pass'd away.
Her cheek is furrow'd, and her hair is gray,
Yet, when she speaks of him (the times are rare),
Hear in her voice how youth still trembles there
The very name of that young life that died,
Still heaves the bosom, and recalls the bride.
Lone o'er the widow's hearth those years have fled,
The daily toil still wins the daily bread;

No books deck sorrow with fantastic dyes:
Her fond romance her woman heart supplies;
And, happy in the few still moments given,
(Day's taskwork done)—to memory, death, and heaven,
To that unutter'd poem may belong
Thoughts of such pathos as had beggar'd song.

VIII.

HENCE IN HOPE, MEMORY, AND PRAYER, ALL OF US ARE POETS.

Yes, while thou hopest, music fills the air,
While thou rememberest, life re-clothes the clod;
While thou canst feel the electric chain of prayer,
Breathe but a thought, and be a soul with God!
Let not these forms of matter bound thine eye,
He who the vanishing point of Human things
Lifts from the landscape—lost amidst the sky,
Has found the Ideal which the poet sings—
Has pierced the pall around the senses thrown,
And is himself a poet—tho' unknown.

X.

APPLICATION OF THE POEM CONTINUED—THE IDEAL LENDS ITS AID TO THE MOST FAMILIAR AND THE MOST ACTUAL SORROW OF LIFE—FICTION COMPARED TO SLEEP—IT STRENGTHENS WHILE IT SOOTHES.

Trite were the tale I tell of love and doom,
(Whose life hath loved not, whose not mourn'd a tomb?)
But fiction draws a poetry from grief,
As art its healing from the wither'd leaf.
Play thou, sweet Fancy, round the sombre truth,
Crown the sad Genius ere it lower the torch!
When death the altar, and the victim youth,
Flutes fill the air, and garlands deck the porch,
As down the river drifts the Pilgrim sail,
Clothe the rude hill-tops, lull the Northern gale
With childlike lore the fatal course beguile,
And brighten death with Love's untiring smile
Along the banks let fairy forms be seen
"By fountain clear, or spangled starlight sheen."
Let sound and shape to which the sense is dull
Haunt the soul opening on the Beautiful,
And when at length, the symbol voyage done,—
Surviving Grief shrinks lonely from the sun,
By tender types show Grief what memories bloom
From lost delight—what fairies guard the tomb.
Scorn not the dream, O world-worn,—pause awhile,
New strength shall nerve thee as the dreams beguile,
Strung by the rest—less far shall seem the goal!
As sleep to life, so fiction to the soul.

KENELM CHILLINGLY:

HIS ADVENTURES AND OPINIONS.

LEADING CHARACTERS.

SIR PETER CHILLINGLY, the representative of an ancient family.
LADY CHILLINGLY, wife of Sir Peter.
KENELM CHILLINGLY, son of Sir Peter.
CHILLINGLY GORDON, distant cousin of Sir Peter.
CHILLINGLY GORDON, JR., son of the above.
CHILLINGLY MIVERS, the chief proprietor of "The Londoner."
REV. JOHN STALWORTH CHILLINGLY, an adherent to the creed of what is called "muscular humanity" and a fine specimen of it.
MISS MARGARET, MISS SYBIL, MISS SARAH } CHILLINGLY, maiden sisters of Sir Peter.
MR. WELBY, a man of letters, elegant scholar, and effective writer.
SQUIRE LEOPOLD TRAVERS, a man of wealth and influence.
CECILIA TRAVERS, only daughter of Squire Travers.
MRS. CAMPION, a widow of literary distinction living with Cecilia Travers.
HON. GEORGE BELVOIR, eldest son of the richest nobleman of the country.
LADY GLENALVON, one of the queens of the London world.
MR. MELVILLE, an artist.
LILY MORDAUNT, in reality the orphan daughter of Alfred Fletwode.
MRS. CAMERON, in reality Lily's aunt, a Miss Fletwode.
TOM BOWLES, a reformed man, owing to Kenelm Chillingly.

THE VALE OF TEARS.

The vale of tears is not without a smile.—*Book I. Chap.* 3.

THE BABY.

The Baby returned the gaze of its relations with the most contemptuous indifference. Miss Sibyl was the first to pronounce an opinion on the Baby's attributes. Said she, in a solemn whisper—"What a heavenly mournful expression! it seems so grieved to have left the angels!"

THE REV. JOHN.—"That is prettily said, cousin Sibyl; but the infant must pluck up courage and fight its way among mortals with a good heart, if it wants to get back to the angels again."—*Book I. Chap.* 3.

TWO SCHOOLS OF THOUGHT.

There are two schools of thought for the formation of character—the Real and Ideal. I would form the character in the Ideal school, in order to make it bolder and grander and lovelier when it takes place in that every-day life which is called the Real.—*Book I. Chap.* 9.

ART AND SCIENCE.

Art gifts with soul all matter that it contemplates; Science turns all that is already gifted with soul into matter.—*Book I. Chap.* 14.

"BUT."

"'But,' Mrs. Bowles, is a word that cools many a warm impulse, stifles many a kindly thought, puts a dead stop to many a brotherly deed. Nobody would ever love his neighbor as himself if he listened to all the Buts that could be said on the other side of the question."—*Book II. Chap.* 14.

CONTENT.

There are times when the troubles of life are still;
The bees wandered lost in the depths of June,
And I paused where the chime of a silver rill
Sang the linnet and lark to their rest at noon.

Said my soul, "See how calmly the wavelets glide,
Though so narrow their way to their ocean-vent:
And the world that I traverse is wide, is wide,
And yet is too narrow to hold content."

"O my soul, never say that the world is wide—
The rill in its banks is less closely pent;
It is thou who art shoreless on every side,
And thy width will not let thee inclose content."

Book II. Chap. 16.

GOOD SURGEON AND GOOD POET.

The good surgeon and the good poet are they who understand the living man.—*Book II. Chap.* 16.

MIND AND MATTER.

It is the supernatural within us—viz., Mind—which can alone guess at the mechanism of the natural—viz., Matter. A stone cannot question a stone.—*Book II. Chap.* 16.

MAN'S HELPMATE.

Cecilia was one of those women whom heaven forms for man's helpmate—who, if he were born to rank and wealth, would, as

his partner, reflect on them a new dignity, and add to their enjoyment by bringing forth their duties—who, not less if the husband she chose were poor and struggling, would encourage, sustain, and soothe him, take her own share of his burdens, and temper the bitterness of life with the all-recompensing sweetness of her smile.—*Book III. Chap.* 1.

AS STRONG, BE GENTLE.

As you are strong, be gentle; as you can love one, be kind to all; as you have so much that is grand as Man—that is, the highest of God's works on earth,—let all your acts attach your manhood to the idea of Him to whom the voice of the bell appeals.—*Book III. Chap.* 7.

THE FLOWER-GIRL AT THE CROSSING.

By the muddy crossing in the crowded streets
Stands a little maid with her basket full of posies,
Proffering all who pass her choice of knitted sweets,
Tempting Age with heart's-ease, courting Youth with roses.

Age disdains the heart's-ease,
Love rejects the roses;
London life is busy—
Who can stop for posies?

One man is too grave, another is too gay—
This man has his hot-house, that man not a penny;
Flowerets too are common in the month of May,
And the things most common least attract the many.

Ill on London crossings
Fares the sale of posies;
Age disdains the heart's-ease,
Youth rejects the roses.

Book III. Chap. 9.

LOVE'S QUARREL.

Standing by the river, gazing on the river,
See it paved with starbeams; heaven is at our feet.
Now the wave is troubled, now the rushes quiver;
Vanished is the starlight—it was a deceit.

Comes a little cloudlet 'twixt ourselves and heaven,
And from all the river fades the silver track;
Put thine arms around me, whisper low, "Forgiven!"—
See how on the river starlight settles back.

THE BEST TEACHER.

The best teacher is the one who suggests rather than dogmatizes, and inspires his listener with the wish to teach himself.—*Book III. Chap.* 11.

PERSONS SO NATURAL.

There are persons so natural that they seem affected to those who do not understand them.—*Book III. Chap.* 17.

"OUGHT TO BE."

"Alas and alas! that 'ought to be;' what depths of sorrowful meaning lie within that simple phrase! How happy would be our lives, how grand our actions, how pure our souls, if all could be with us as it ought to be!"—*Book IV. Chap.* 7.

DUTY DIFFICULT.

A duty may be a very difficult thing, a very disagreeable thing, and, what is strange, it is often a very invisible thing. It is present—close before us, and yet we don't see it; somebody shouts its name in our ear, "Duty," and straight it towers before us a grim giant.—*Book V. Chap.* 5.

DOMINANT PASSIONS OF LIFE.

Kenelm came into a recess which bounded his steps and invited him to repose. It was a circle, so formed artificially by slight trellises, to which clung parasite roses heavy with leaves and flowers. In the midst played a tiny fountain with a silvery murmuring sound; at the background, dominating the place, rose the crests of stately trees on which the sunlight shimmered, but which rampired out all horizon beyond. Even as in life do the great dominant passions—love, ambition, desire of power, or gold, or fame, or knowledge—form the proud background to the brief lived flowerets of our youth, lift our eyes beyond the smile of their bloom, catch the glint of a loftier sunbeam, and yet, and yet, exclude our sight from the lengths and the widths of the space which extends behind and beyond them.—*Book V. Chap.* 4.

THE BEAUTY OF THE MISTRESS IS IN THE LOVER'S EYE.

"Is she not pretty, my Mabel May?
Nobody ever yet called her so.
Are not her lineaments faultless, say?
If I must answer you plainly—No.

"Joy to believe that the maid I love
None but myself as she is can see;
Joy that she steals from her heaven above
And is only revealed on this earth to me!"

A LITTLE PRAISE.

How a little praise warms out of a man the good that is in him, and the sneer of a contempt which he feels to be unjust chills the ardor to excel!—*Book VIII. Chap.* 3.

THE GOOD MAN.

The good man does good merely by living. And the good he does may often mar the plans he formed for his own happiness. But he cannot regret that Heaven has permitted him to do good.—*Book VIII. Chap.* 8.

"VICTORY OR WESTMINSTER ABBEY."

"I was not dreaming; I was telling myself that the time had come to replace the old Kenelm with the new ideas, by a new Kenelm with the Ideas of Old. Ah! perhaps we must—at whatever cost to ourselves,—we must go through the romance of life before we clearly detect what is grand in its realities. I can no longer lament that I stand estranged from the objects and pursuits of my race. I have learned how much I have with them in common. I have known love; I have known sorrow."

Kenelm paused a moment, only a moment, then lifted the head which, during that pause, had drooped, and stood erect at the full height of his stature; startling his father by the change that had passed over his face; lip—eye—his whole aspect eloquent with a resolute enthusiasm, too grave to be the flash of a passing moment.

"Ay, ay," he said, "Victory or Westminster Abbey! The world is a battle-field in which the worst wounded are the deserters, stricken as they seek to fly, and hushing the groans that would betray the secret of their inglorious hiding-place. The pains of wounds received in the thick of the fight is scarcely felt in the joy of service to some honored cause, and is amply atoned by the reverence for noble scars. My choice is made. Not that of deserter; that of soldier in the ranks."

"It will not be long before you rise from the ranks, my boy, if you hold fast to the Idea of Old, symbolized in the English battle-cry: 'Victory or Westminster Abbey.'"

So saying, Sir Peter took his son's arm, leaning on it proudly: and so, into the crowded thoroughfares, from the halting-place on the modern bridge that spans the legendary river, passes the Man of the Young Generation to fates beyond the verge of the horizon to which the eyes of *my* generation must limit their wistful gaze.—*The End.*

RIENZI,

THE LAST OF THE ROMAN TRIBUNES.

LEADING CHARACTERS.

COLA DI RIENZI, the hero, and liberator of Rome.
NINA DI RASELLI, "the idol and tyrant of her parents," wife of Rienzi.
IRENE, sister of Rienzi.
ADRIAN DI CASTELLO, a distant kinsman of the Colonna.
STEPHEN COLONNA, the most powerful noble of Rome.
WALTER DE MONTREAL, Knight of St. John, a bold adventurer.
ANGELO VILLANI, in reality the son of Walter de Montreal.
RAIMOND, the Bishop of Orvietto.
GILES, Cardinal d'Albornoz.
PANDULFO, a wealthy man of letters.
CECCO DEL VECCHIO, one of "the people."
MARTINO DI PORTO, of the great House of the Orsini.

Preserving generally the real chronology of Rienzi's life, the plot of this work extends over a space of some years, and embraces the variety of characters necessary to a true delineation of events. The story, therefore, cannot have precisely that order of interest found in fiction strictly and genuinely *dramatic*, in which (to my judgment at least) the time ought to be as limited as possible, and the characters as few;—no new character of importance to the catastrophe being admissible towards the end of the work. If I may use the word Epic in its most modest and unassuming acceptation, this Fiction, in short, though indulging in dramatic situations, belongs, as a whole, rather to the Epic than the Dramatic school.—*Extract from Preface.*

PATRIOTISM AND LOVE.

What state could fall, what liberty decay, if the zeal of man's noisy patriotism were as pure as the silent loyalty of a woman's love?—*Book I. Chap. 7.*

REVENGE AND PATRIOTISM.

Nothing so inspires human daring as the fond belief that it is the agent of a Diviner Wisdom. Revenge and patriotism united

in one man of genius and ambition—such are the Archimedean levers that find in FANATICISM the spot *out* of the world by which to move the world. The prudent man may direct a state; but it is the enthusiast who regenerates it—or ruins.—*Book I. Chap.* 8.

MEDIATOR BETWEEN PASSIONS AND PARTIES.

He who takes no share in the commencement of civil revolutions, can often become, with the most effect, a mediator between the passions and the parties subsequently formed.—*Book II. Chap.* 3.

MAN'S SOUL SUSTAINS HIM.

What then, sustains a man in such a situation, following his own conscience, with his eyes open to all the perils of the path? Away with the cant of public opinion,—away with the poor delusion of posthumous justice; he will offend the first, he will never obtain the last. What sustains him? HIS OWN SOUL! A man thoroughly great has a certain contempt for his kind while he aids them; their weal or woe is all; their applause —their blame—are nothing to him. He walks forth from the circle of birth and habit; he is deaf to the little motives of little men. High, through the widest space his orbit may describe, he holds on his course to guide or to enlighten; but the noises below reach him not! Until the wheel is broken,—until the dark void swallow up the star,—it makes melody, night and day, to its own ear: thirsting for no sound from the earth it illumines, anxious for no companionship in the path through which it rolls, conscious of its own glory, and contented, therefore, to be *alone!*

But minds of this order are rare. All ages cannot produce them. They are exceptions to the ordinary and human virtue, which is influenced and regulated by external circumstance. At a time when even to be merely susceptible to the voice of fame was a great pre-eminence in moral energies over the rest of mankind, it would be impossible that any one should ever have formed the conception of that more refined and metaphysical sentiment, that purer excitement to high deeds—that glory in one's own heart, which is so inmeasurably above the desire of a renown that lackeys the heels of others. In fact, before we can dispense with the world, we must, by a long and severe novitiate—by the probation of much thought, and much sorrow—by deep and sad conviction of the vanity of all that the world can give us, have raised ourselves—not in the fervor of an hour, but habitually—*above* the world: an abstraction—an idealism—

which, in our wiser age, how few, even of the wisest, can attain! Yet, till we are thus fortunate, we know not the true divinity of contemplation, nor the all-sufficing mightiness of conscience; nor can we retreat with solemn footsteps into that Holy of Holies in our own souls, wherein we know, and feel, how much our nature is capable of the self-existence of a God!—*Book II. Chap.* 3.

THE PAST A GUIDE FOR THE FUTURE.

Let the past perish!—Let darkness shroud it!—let it sleep forever over the crumbling temples and desolate tombs of its forgotten sons,—if it cannot afford us, from its disburied secrets, a guide for the present and the future. What, my lords, ye have thought that it was for the sake of antiquity alone that we have wasted our nights and days in studying what antiquity can teach us. You are mistaken; it is nothing to know what we have been, unless it is with the desire of knowing that which we ought to be. Our ancestors are mere dust and ashes, save when they speak to our posterity; and then their voices resound, not from the earth below, but the heaven above. There is an eloquence in memory, because it is the nurse of hope. There is sanctity in the past, but only because of the chronicles it retains,—chronicles of the progress of mankind,—stepping-stones in civilization, in liberty, and in knowledge. Our fathers forbid us to recede, they teach us what is our rightful heritage, they bid us reclaim, they bid us augment, that heritage,—preserve their virtues, and avoid their errors. These are the true uses of the past. Like the sacred edifice in which we are,—it is a tomb upon which to rear a temple.—*Book II. Chap.* 3.

BANISH CIVIL DISCORDS.

Banish these civil discords, or the men—how proud, how great soever—who maintain them! Pluck the scales from the hand of Fraud!—the sword from the hand of Violence!—the balance and the sword are the ancient attributes of Justice!—restore them to *her* again! This be your high task,—these be your great ends! Deem any man who opposes them a traitor to his country. Gain a victory greater than those of the Cæsars—a victory over yourselves!—*Book II. Chap.* 3.

WHEN REVOLUTIONS CANNOT BE WARDED OFF.

There are times when a revolution cannot be warded off; it must come—come alike by resistance or by concession. Woe to that race in which a revolution produces no fruits!—in which the thunderbolt smites the high place, but does not purify the

air! To suffer in vain is often the lot of the noblest individuals; but when a people suffer in vain, let them curse themselves! —*Book II. Chap.* 3.

TRUE BOAST OF A PATRICIAN.

May the people hereafter find, that the true boast of a patrician is, that his power the better enables him to serve his country.—*Book II. Chap.* 3.

REFORM AND THE REFORMER.

However august be the object we propose to ourselves, every less worthy path we take to insure it distorts the mental sight of our ambition; and the means, by degrees, abase the end to their own standard. This is the true misfortune of a man nobler than his age—that the instruments he must use soil himself; half he reforms his times; but half, too, the times will corrupt the reformer. His own craft undermines his safety,—the people, whom he himself accustoms to a false excitement, perpetually crave it; and when their ruler ceases to seduce their fancy, he falls their victim. The reform he makes by these means is hollow and momentary—it is swept away with himself; it was but the trick—the show—the wasted genius of a conjurer; the curtain falls—the magic is over—the cup and balls are kicked aside. Better one slow step in enlightenment,—which being made by the reason of a whole people, cannot recede,—than these sudden flashes in the depth of the general night, which the darkness, by contrast doubly dark, swallows up everlastingly again. —*Book II. Chap.* 4.

VALOR NEED NOT PRAY TO FORTUNE.

"Valor need never pray to Fortune," said the knight; "the first commands the last."—*Book II. Chap.* 4.

THE ROMAN HYMN OF LIBERTY.

"Let the mountains exult around! *
On her seven-hill'd throne renown'd,
Once more old Rome is crown'd!
Jubilate!

Sing out, O Vale and Wave!
Look up from each laurell'd grave,
Bright dust of the deathless brave!
Jubilate!

* "Exultent in circuito Vestro Montes," etc.—Let the mountains exult around! So begins Rienzi's letter to the Senate and Roman people, preserved by Hocsemius.

Pale Vision, what art thou?—Lo,
From Time's dark deeps,
Like a Wind, It sweeps,
Like a Wind, when the tempests blow.

A shadowy form—as a giant ghost—
It stands in the midst of the armed host!
The dead man's shroud on Its awful limbs;
And the gloom of Its presence the daylight dims;
And the trembling world looks on aghast—
All hail to the SOUL OF THE MIGHTY PAST!
Hail! all hail!

As we speak—as we hallow—It moves, It breathes,
From its clouded crest bud the laurel wreaths—
As a Sun that leaps up from the arms of Night,
The shadow takes shape, and the gloom takes light.
Hail! all hail!

THE SOUL OF THE PAST, again,
To its ancient home,
In the hearts of Rome,
Hath come to resume its reign!

O Fame, with a prophet's voice,
Bid the ends of the earth rejoice
Wherever the Proud are Strong,
And Right is oppress'd by Wrong;—
Wherever the day dim shines
Through the cell where the captive pines;—
Go forth, with a trumpet's sound!
And tell to the Nations round—
On the Hills which the Heroes trod—
In the shrines of the Saints of God—
In the Cæsars' hall, and the Martyrs' prison—
That the slumber is broke, and the Sleeper arisen!
That the reign of the Goth and the Vandal is o'er;
And Earth feels the tread of THE ROMAN once more!"

Book II. Chap. 6.

"Beauteous on the mountain—Lo,
The feet of him glad tidings gladly bringing;
The flowers along his pathway grow,
And voices, heard aloft, to angel harps are singing:
And strife and slaughter cease
Before thy blessed way, Young Messenger of Peace!
O'er the mount, and through the moor,
Glide thy holy steps secure.
Day and night no fear thou knowest,
Lonely—but with God thou goest.
Where the Heathen rage the fiercest,
Through the armed throng thou piercest.
For thy coat of mail, bedight
In thy spotless robe of white.
For the sinful sword—thy hand
Rearing bright the silver wand.
Through the camp and through the court,
Through the bandit's gloomy fort,

On the mission of the dove,
Speeds the minister of love;
By a word the wildest taming,
And the world to Christ reclaiming:
While, as once the waters trod
By the footsteps of thy God,
War, and wrath, and rapine cease,
Hush'd round thy charmed path, O Messenger of Peace!"

Book III. Chap. 2.

LOVE'S EXCUSE FOR SADNESS.

"Chide not, beloved, if oft with thee,
I feel not rapture wholly;
For aye the heart that's fill'd with love,
Runs o'er in melancholy.
To streams that glide in noon, the shade
From summer skies is given;
So, if my breast reflects the cloud,
'Tis but the cloud of heaven!
Thine image, glass'd within my soul,
So well the mirror keepeth,
That, chide me not, if with the *light*
The *shadow* also sleepeth."

Book III. Chap. 3.

TRUE SENTIMENT.

"No sound ever went to the heart," said Adrian, "whose arrow was not feathered by sadness. True sentiment, is twin with melancholy, though not with gloom."—*Book III. Chap.* 3.

GOD THE ONLY AGENT.

"Fate!" cried Rienzi; "there is *no* fate! Between the thought and the success, God is the only agent.—*Book IV. Chap.* 2.

MEN BETRAY REAL CHARACTER IN INTOXICATION.

"In intoxication," says the proverb, "men betray their real characters." There is a no less honest and truth-revealing intoxication in prosperity than in wine. The varnish of power brings forth at once the defects and the beauties of the human portrait.—*Book IV. Chap.* 3.

HEROIC BROTHERHOODS.

Those heroic Brotherhoods, who, however vilified in modern judgment by the crimes of some unworthy members, were yet in the dark times, the best, the bravest, and the holiest agents to whom God ever delegated the power to resist the oppressor —to feed the hungry—to minister to woe; and who, alone amidst that fiery pestilence (loosed, as it were, a demon from the abyss,

to shiver into atoms all that binds the world to Virtue and to Law), seemed to awaken, as by the sound of an angel's trumpet, to that noblest chivalry of the Cross—whose faith is the scorn of self—whose hope is beyond the Lazar-house—whose feet, already winged for immortality, trampled, with a conqueror's march, upon the graves of Death!—*Book VI. Chap.* 4.

DIFFERENCE BETWEEN SHAKESPEARE AND OTHER MASTERS.

There is this difference between the drama of Shakespeare, and that of almost every other master of the same art; that in the first, the catastrophe is rarely produced by one single cause—one simple and continuous chain of events. Various and complicated agencies work out the final end. Unfettered by the rules of time and place, each time, each place depicted, presents us with its appropriate change of action, or of actors. Sometimes the interest seems to halt, to turn aside, to bring us unawares upon objects hitherto unnoticed, or upon qualities of the characters hitherto hinted at, not developed. But, in reality, the pause in the action is but to collect, to gather up, and to grasp, all the varieties of circumstances that conduce to the Great Result: and the art of fiction is only deserted for the fidelity of history. Whoever seeks to place before the world the true representation of a man's life and times, and, enlarging the Dramatic into the Epic, extends his narrative over the vicissitudes of years, will find himself, unconsciously, in this, the imitator of Shakespeare. —*Book VII. Chap.* 1.

NAMES THAT OUTLIVE THE GRAVE.

Few, alas! are they whose *names* may outlive the grave; but the *thoughts* of every man who writes are made undying;—others appropriate, advance, exalt them; and millions of minds, unknown, undreamt of, are required to produce the immortality of one!—*Book VII. Chap.* 7.

WOMAN, HER WEAKNESS AND GREATNESS.

Woman, my lord, alas! your sex too rarely understand her weakness or her greatness! Erring—all human as she is to others—God gifts her with a thousand virtues to the one she loves! It is from that love that she alone drinks her nobler nature. For the hero of her worship she has the meekness of the dove—the devotion of the saint; for his safety in peril, for his rescue in misfortune, her vain sense imbibes the sagacity of the serpent —her weak heart the courage of the lioness!—*Book VII. Chap.* 9.

ERA OF PETRARCH.

In that era of passionate and poetical romance, which Petrarch represented rather than created, Love had already begun to assume a more tender and sacred character than it had hitherto known; it had gradually imbibed the divine spirit which it derives from Christianity, and which associates its sorrows on earth with the visions and hopes of heaven. To him who relies upon immortality, fidelity to the dead is easy; because death cannot extinguish hope, and the soul of the mourner is already half in the world to come. It is an age that desponds of a future life —representing death as an eternal separation—in which, if men grieve awhile for the dead, they hasten to reconcile themselves to the living. For true is the old aphorism, that love exists not without hope.—*Book VIII. Chap.* 3.

LIFE A RIDDLE.

"Life itself a riddle, why should riddles amaze us? *The Future!*—what mystery in the very word! Had we lived all *through* the Past, since Time was, our profoundest experience of a thousand ages could not give us a guess of the events that wait the very moment we are about to enter! Thus deserted by Reason, what wonder that we recur to the Imagination, on which, by dream and symbol, God sometimes paints the likeness of things to come? Who can endure to leave the Future all unguessed, and sit tamely down to groan under the fardel of the Present? No, no: that which the foolish-wise call Fanaticism, belongs to the same part of us as Hope. Each but carries us onward—from a barren strand to a glorious, if unbounded sea. Each is the yearning for the GREAT BEYOND, which attests our immortality. Each has its visions and chimeras—some false, but *some* true! Verily, a man who becomes great is often but made so by a kind of sorcery in his own soul—a Pythia which prophesies that he *shall* be great—and so renders the life one effort to fulfil the warning! Is this folly?—it were so, if all things stopped at the grave! But perhaps the very sharpening, and exercising, and elevating the faculties here—though but for a bootless end *on* earth—may be designed to fit the soul, thus quickened and ennobled, to some high destiny *beyond* the earth! Who can tell? not I!——Let us pray!"—*Rienzi to Nina: Book X. Chap.* 8.

THE LAST OF THE TRIBUNES.

"They dare not—they dare not," said the brave Colonna, "touch a hair of that sacred head!—If Rienzi fall, the liberties of Rome fall forever! As those towers that surmount the flames, the pride and monument of Rome, he shall rise above

the dangers of the hour. Behold, still unscathed amidst the raging element, the Capitol itself is his emblem!"

Scarce had he spoken, when a vast volume of smoke obscured the fires afar off, a dull crash (deadened by the distance) travelled to his ear, and the next moment the towers on which he gazed had vanished from the scene, and one intense and sullen glare seemed to settle over the atmosphere,—making all Rome itself the funeral pyre of THE LAST OF THE ROMAN TRIBUNES! —*The End.*

PELHAM;

OR,

ADVENTURES OF A GENTLEMAN.

LEADING CHARACTERS.

MR. PELHAM, younger son of one of the oldest earls, and a moderate Whig.
LADY FRANCES, wife of the above.
HENRY PELHAM, son of Lady Frances.
REGINALD GLANVILLE, son of a baronet of ancient and wealthy family.
ELLEN GLANVILLE, sister of Reginald, beautiful in mind as in person.
LADY GLANVILLE, mother of Reginald and Ellen.
SIR LIONEL GARRETT, of ancient family, } "Society their being's end and
LADY HARRIET, wife of Sir Lionel, } aim."
LADY ROSEVILLE, a widow, and the most fascinating woman of the day.
LORD VINCENT, a "promising young man" all his life."
LORD GLENMORRIS, uncle of Henry Pelham.
LORD GULOSETON, a facetious epicure.
LORD DAWTON, in political life.
MR. RUSSELTON, "the autocrat of the great world of fashion," etc.
SIR WILLOUGHBY TOWNSHEND, an old baronet of antediluvian age.
CHRISTOPHER CLUTTERBUCK, a bookworm.
SIR JOHN TYRELL, only son of a younger branch of the Tyrells.
GORDON, JONSON, THORNTON, DAWSON, } Four villains.

EXTRACT FROM PREFACE.

I have drawn for the hero of my Work, such a person as seemed to me best fitted to retail the opinions and customs of the class and age to which he belongs; a personal combination of antitheses—a fop and a philosopher, a voluptuary and a moralist—a trifler in appearance, but rather one to whom trifles are instructive, than one to whom trifles are natural—an Aristippus on a limited scale, accustomed to draw sage conclusions from the follies he adopts, and while professing himself a votary of Pleasure, desirous in reality to become a disciple of Wisdom. Such a character I have found it more difficult to portray than conceive: I have found it more difficult still, because I have with it nothing in common, except the taste for observation,

and some experience in the scenes among which it had been cast; and it will readily be supposed that it is no easy matter to survey occurrences the most familiar through a vision, as it were, essentially and perpetually different from that through which oneself has been accustomed to view them. This difficulty in execution will perhaps be my excuse in failure; and some additional indulgence may be reasonably granted to an author who has rarely found in the egotisms of his hero a vent for his own.

ARTS NO SOUNDNESS.

Tell arts they have no soundness,
But vary by esteeming;
Tell schools they want profoundness,
And stand too much on seeming.
If arts and schools reply,
Give arts and schools the lie.

Chap. 2.

MANNERS THE CHIEF ATTRACTION.

Her manners constituted her chief attraction: while they were utterly different from those of every one else, you could not, in the least minutiæ, discover in what the difference consisted: this is, in my opinion, the real test of perfect breeding. While you are enchanted with the effect, it should possess so little prominency and peculiarity, that you should never be able to guess the cause.—*Chap.* 3.

FASHION IN MANNERS.

Fashion with us is like the man in one of Le Sage's novels, who was constantly changing his servants, and yet had but one suit of livery, which every new comer, whether he was tall or short, fat or thin, was obliged to wear. We adopt manners, however incongruous and ill suited to our nature, and thus we always seem awkward and constrained.—*Chap.* 8.

HARDSHIPS OF A SINGLE MAN.

Oh! the hardships of a single man are beyond conception; and what is worse, the very misfortune of being single deprives one of all sympathy. "A single man can do this, and a single man ought to do that, and a single man may be put here, and a single man may be sent there," are maxims that I have been in the habit of hearing constantly inculcated and never disputed during my whole life; and so, from our fare and treatment being coarse in all matters, they have at last grown to be all matters in course.—*Chap.* 8.

OUR OWN CHARACTER.

We know not our own characters till time teaches us self-knowledge: if we are *wise*, we may thank ourselves; if we are *great*, we must thank fortune.—*Chap.* 14.

MANNERS RARE GIFT.

What a rare gift, by the bye, is that of manners! how difficult to define—how much more difficult to impart! Better for a man to possess them, than wealth, beauty, or even talent, if it fall short of genius—they will more than supply all. He who enjoys their advantages in the highest degree: viz, he who can please, penetrate, persuade, as the object may require, possesses the subtlest secret of the diplomatist and the statesman, and wants nothing but luck and opportunity to become "*great.*" —*Chap.* 14.

COMMON SENSE ALL NECESSARY.

Common sense is all that is necessary to distinguish what is good and evil, whether it be in life or in books: but then your education must not be that of public teaching and private fooling; you must not counteract the effects of common sense by instilling prejudice, or encouraging weakness; your education may not be carried to the utmost goal, but as far as it does go, you must see that the road is clear. Now, for instance, with regard to fiction, you must not first, as is done in all modern education, admit the disease, and then dose with warm water to expel it: you must not put fiction in your child's hands and not give him a single principle to guide his judgment respecting it, till his mind has got wedded to the poison, and too weak, by its long use, to digest the antidote. No: first fortify his intellect by reason, and you may then please his fancy by fiction. Do not excite his imagination with love and glory, till you can instruct his judgment as to what love and glory *are*. Teach him in short, to *reflect*, before you permit him full indulgence to *imagine*.—*Chap.* 15.

MAN'S RELATION TO SOCIETY.

Works which treat upon man in his relation to society, can only be strictly applicable so long as that relation to society treated upon continues. For instance, the play which satirizes a particular class, however deep its reflections and accurate its knowledge upon the subject satirized, must necessarily be obsolete when the class itself has become so. The political pamphlet, admirable for one state, may be absurd in another; the novel which exactly delineates the present age may seem strange

and unfamiliar to the next; and thus works which treat of men relatively, and not man *in se*, must often confine their popularity to the age and even the country in which they were written. While on the other hand, the work which treats of man himself, which seizes, discovers, analyzes the human mind, as it is, whether in the ancient or the modern, the savage or the European, must evidently be applicable, and consequently useful, to all times and all nations.—*Chap.* 16.

BENEVOLENCE INSEPARABLE FROM MORALITY.

Ah, Monsieur d'A——, since benevolence is inseparable from all morality, it must be clear that there is a benevolence in little things as well as in great, and that he who strives to make his fellow-creatures happy, though only for an instant, is a much better man than he who is indifferent to, or (what is worse) despises it.—*Chap.* 15.

BURNING INCENSE BEFORE THE NEEDLE.

"Ah!" said Vincent, "I should think he went to the best tailor, and said, 'Give me a collar like Lord So and So's'; one who would not dare to have a new waistcoat till it had been authoritatively patronized, and who took his fashions, like his follies, from the best proficients. Such fellows are always too ashamed of themselves not to be proud of their clothes;—like the Chinese mariners, they burn incense *before the needle!*" —*Chap.* 20.

TO BE PLEASED WITH ONE'S SELF.

Why is it, by-the-by, that to be pleased with one's self is the surest way of offending everybody else? If any one, male or female, an evident admirer of his or her own perfections, enter a room, how perturbed, restless, and unhappy every individual of the offender's sex instantly becomes: for them not only enjoyment but tranquillity is over, and if they could annihilate the unconscious victim of their spleen, I fully believe no Christian toleration would come in the way of that last extreme of animosity. For a coxcomb there is no mercy—for a coquette no pardon. They are, as it were, the Dissenters of society—no crime is too bad to be imputed to them; they do not believe the religion of others—they set up a deity of their own vanity—all the orthodox vanities of others are offended. Then comes the bigotry—the stake—the *auto-da-fé* of scandal. What, alas! is so implacable as the rage of vanity? What so restless as its persecution? Take from a man his fortune, his house, his reputation, but flatter his vanity in each, and he will forgive you.

Heap upon him benefits, fill him with blessings: but irritate his self-love, and you have made the very best man ungrateful. He will sting you if he can: you cannot blame him; you yourself have instilled the venom. This is one reason why you must rarely reckon upon gratitude in conferring an obligation. It is a very high mind to which gratitude is not a painful sensation. If you wish to please, you will find it wiser to receive —solicit even—favors, than accord them: for the vanity of the *obliger* is always flattered—that of the *obligee* rarely.—*Chap.* 23.

THE HIGHER THE RANK, THE LESS PRETENCE.

The higher the rank, indeed, the less pretence, because there is less to pretend *to*. This is the chief reason why our manners are better than low persons: ours are more natural, because they imitate no one else; theirs are affected, because they think to imitate ours; and whatever is evidently borrowed becomes vulgar. Original affectation is sometimes good *ton*,—imitated affectation, always bad.—*Chap.* 26.

POLITICAL SCIENCE.

Make but this distinction: that whereas, in political science, the rules you have learned may be fixed and unerring, yet the application of them must vary with time and circumstance. We must bend, temporize, and frequently withdraw, doctrines which, invariable in their truth, the prejudices of the time will not invariably allow, and even relinquish a faint hope of obtaining a great good, for the certainty of obtaining a lesser; yet in the science of private morals, which relate for the main part to ourselves individually, we have no right to deviate one single iota from the rule of our conduct. Neither time nor circumstance must cause us to modify or to change. Integrity knows no variation; honesty no shadow of turning. We must pursue the same course—stern and uncompromising—in the full persuasion that the path of right is like the bridge from earth to heaven, in the Mahometan creed;—if we swerve but a single hair's breadth, we are irrevocably lost.—*Chap.* 38.

DESIGN, NOT EXECUTION.

It is the *design*, not the *execution*, of all great undertakings which requires deliberation and delay. *Action* cannot be too prompt.—*Chap.* 39.

TWO CODES OF MORALITY IN DRESS.

Dress contains the two codes of morality—private and public. Attention is the duty we owe to others—cleanliness that which

we owe to ourselves. Dress so that it may never be said of you "What a well-dressed man!"—but, "What a gentlemanly-like man!"—*Chap.* 39.

NOTHING SUPERFICIAL TO THE DEEP OBSERVER.

Nothing is superficial to a deep observer! It is in trifles that the mind betrays itself. "In what part of that letter," said a king to the wisest of living diplomatists, "did you discover irresolution?"—"In its *n's* and *g's!*" was the answer.—*Chap.* 40.

INVENTIONS IN DRESSING.

Inventions in dressing should resemble Addison's definition of fine writing, and consist of "refinements which are natural, without being obvious."—*Chap.* 40.

ESTEEM FOR TRIFLES.

He who esteems trifles for themselves, is a trifler—he who esteems them for the conclusions to be drawn from them, or the advantage to which they can be put, is a philosopher.—*Chap.* 44.

AIM OF EVERY GOOD NOVEL.

Every good novel has one great end—the same in all—*viz.* the increasing our knowledge of the heart. It is thus that a novel-writer must be a philosopher. Whoever succeeds in showing us more accurately the nature of ourselves and species, has done science, and, consequently, virtue, the most important benefit; *for every truth is a moral.*—*Chap.* 52.

REQUIREMENTS FOR A GOOD WRITER.

It is not enough for a writer to have a good heart, amiable sympathies, and what are termed high feelings, in order to shape out a moral, either true in itself, or beneficial in its inculcation. Before he touches his tale, he should be thoroughly acquainted with the intricate science of morals, and the metaphysical, as well as the more open, operations of the mind. If his knowledge is not deep and clear, his love of the good may only lead him into error; and he may pass off the prejudices of a susceptible heart for the precepts of virtue. Would to Heaven that people would think it necessary to be instructed before they attempt to instruct! "*Dire simplement que la vertu est vertu parce qu'elle est bonne en son fonds, et le vice tout au contraire, ce n'est pas les faire connoître.*" For me, if I were to write a novel, I would first make myself an acute, active, and vigilant observer

of men and manners. Secondly, I would, after having thus noted effects by action in the world, trace the causes by books, and meditation in my closet. It is then, and not till then, that I would study the lighter graces of style and decoration; nor would I give the rein to invention, till I was convinced that it would create neither monsters of men, nor falsities of truth.—*Chap.* 52.

GREAT PHILOSOPHERS TO EACH OTHER.

"Alas! my dear friend," said Glanville—"we are great philosophers to each other, but not to ourselves; the moment we begin to *feel* sorrow, we cease to reflect on its wisdom. Time is the only comforter; your maxims are very true, but they confirm me in my opinion—that it is in vain for us to lay down fixed precepts for the regulation of the mind so long as it is dependent upon the body. Happiness and its reverse are constitutional in many persons, and it is then only that they are independent of circumstances. Make the health, the frames of all men, alike—make their nerves of the same susceptibility—their memories of the same bluntness, or acuteness—and I will then allow that you can give rules adapted to all men; till then, your maxim, 'never to regret,' is as idle as Horace's 'never to admire.' It may be wise to you—it is impossible to me!"—*Chap.* 54.

EYES DIM TO ESTIMATE KIN.

Who knows not the truth, that we have dim and short-sighted eyes to estimate the nature of our own kin, and that we borrow the spectacles which alone enable us to discern their merits or their failings from the opinion of strangers!—*Chap.* 63

RULE FOR DELINEATING THE BEAU MONDE.

"There is only one rule necessary for a clever writer who wishes to delineate the *beau monde.* It is this: let him consider that 'dukes, and lords, and noble princes,' eat, drink, talk, move, exactly the same as any other class of civilized people—nay, the very subjects in conversation are, for the most part, the same in all sets—only, perhaps, they are somewhat more familiarly and easily treated with us than among the lower orders, who fancy rank is distinguished by pomposity, and that state affairs are discussed with the solemnity of a tragedy—that we are always my lording and my ladying each other—that we ridicule commoners, and curl our hair with Debrett's Peerage."—*Chap.* 67.

THE NOBLEST OF PASSIONS THE MOST SELFISH.

Ah! why is it, that the noblest of our passions should be also the most selfish?—that while we would make all earthly sacrifice for the one we love, we are perpetually demanding a sacrifice in return; that if we cannot have the rapture of blessing we find a consolation in the power to afflict; and that we acknowledge, while we reprobate, the maxim of the sage: "*L'on veutfaire tout le bonheur, ou, si cella ne se peut ainsi, tout le malheur de ce qu'on aime.*"—*Chap.* 68.

REASON WHY WE DISLIKE VANITY.

"The reason we dislike vanity in others, is because it is perpetually hurting our own. Of all passions (if for the moment I may call it such) it is the most indiscreet; it is forever blabbing out its own secrets. If it would but keep its counsel, it would be as graciously received in society, as any other well-dressed and well-bred intruder of quality. Its garrulity makes it despised. But in truth it must be clear, that vanity in itself is neither a vice nor a virtue, any more than this knife, in itself, is dangerous or useful; the person who employs gives it its qualities: thus, for instance, a great mind desires to shine, *or is vain*, in great actions; a frivolous one, in frivolities; and so on through the varieties of the human intellect.

Never consider that vanity an offence which limits itself to wishing for the praise of good men for good actions; 'next to our own esteem,' says the best of the Roman philosophers, 'it is a virtue to desire the esteem of others.'"—*Chap.* 68.

THE CROWD KNOWS LITTLE OF THE INDIVIDUAL.

"How little," said Lady Roseville, "can the crowd know of the individuals who compose it! As the most opposite colors may be blended into one, and so lose their individual hues, and be classed under a single name, so every one here will go home, and speak of the '*gay scene*,' without thinking for a moment, how many breaking hearts may have composed it."

"I have often thought," said I, "how harsh we are in our judgments of others—how often we accuse those persons of being worldly, who merely seem so to the world."—*Chap.* 71.

THE REAL POWER OF MINISTERS.

It is by the bed of sickness or remorse, that the ministers of God have their real power! it is here that their office is indeed a divine and unearthly mission; and that, in breathing balm and comfort, in healing the broken heart, in raising the crushed and degraded spirit, they are the voice and oracle of the

FATHER, who made us in benevolence, and will judge us in mercy!—*Chap.* 83.

PORTRAYAL OF SOCIETY.

Whatever society—whether in a higher or lower grade—I have portrayed, my sketches have been taken rather as a witness than a copyist; for I have never shunned that circle, nor that individual, which presented life in a fresh view, or man in a new relation. It is right, however, that I should add, that as I have not wished to be an individual satirist, rather than a general observer, I have occasionally, in the subordinate characters (such as Russelton and Gordon), taken only the outline from truth, and filled up the colors at my leisure and will.

With regard to myself I have been more candid. I have not only shown—*non parcâ manu*—my faults, but (grant this is a much rarer exposure) my *foibles;* and, in my anxiety for your entertainment, I have not grudged you the pleasure of a laugh—even at my own expense. Forgive me, then, if I am not a fashionable hero—forgive me if I have not wept over a "*blighted spirit*," nor boasted of a "*British heart;*" and allow that a man who, in these days of alternate Werters and Worthies, is neither the one nor the other, is, at least, a novelty in print, though, I fear, common enough in life.

And now, my kind reader, having remembered the proverb, and in saying one word to thee having said two for myself, I will no longer detain thee. Whatever thou mayest think of me and my thousand faults, both as an author and a man, believe me it is with a sincere and affectionate wish for the accomplishment of my parting words, that I bid thee—*farewell!—The End.*

LUCRETIA;

OR,

THE CHILDREN OF NIGHT.

LEADING CHARACTERS.

SIR MILES ST. JOHN, "once a gay and sparkling beau, now a popular country gentleman."
CHARLES VERNON, "the London man of clubs and dinners." He succeeds to the name and estates of St. John.
OLIVER DALIBARD, a man of considerable learning and rare scientific attainments, but bold and unscrupulous. The first husband of Lucretia.
LUCRETIA CLAVERING, niece of Miles St. John, and wife of Dalibard, (second husband, Alfred Braddell.)
GABRIEL VARNEY, in reality the son of Oliver Dalibard.
WILLIAM MAINWARING, of a mercantile profession.
SUSAN HIVERS, half-sister to Lucretia and wife of William Mainwaring.
HELEN MAINWARING, daughter of William and Susan and wife of Percival St. John.
JOHN WALTER ARDWORTH, Sr.
JOHN ARDWORTH, son of the above, a talented lawyer and writer.
MR. FIELDEN, a good clergyman.
MR. PARCHMOUNT, a lawyer.
TOM VARNEY, an artist uncle of Gabriel.
LADY MARY, wife of Charles Vernon St. John.
PERCIVAL ST. JOHN, only surviving son of Charles Vernon St. John and Lady Mary.
CAPTAIN GREVILLE, tutor and friend of Percival St. John.
ALFRED BRADDELL, a trader at Liverpool, and the second husband of Lucretia.
BECK, a street sweeper, who is discovered to be the son of Alfred Braddell and Lucretia.
JEAN BELLANGER, the rich kinsman of Oliver Dalibard.
NICHOLAS GRABMAN, a dishonest attorney-at-law.
PIERRE GUILLOT, the Chouan.

LUCRETIA, OR THE CHILDREN OF NIGHT, was begun simultaneously with the THE CAXTONS, A FAMILY PICTURE. The two fictions were intended as *pendants;* both serving, among other collateral aims and objects, to show the influence of home education—of early circumstance and example—upon after character and conduct. LUCRETIA was completed and published before THE CAXTONS. The moral design of the first was misunderstood and assailed; that of the last was generally acknowledged and approved; the moral design in both was never-

theless precisely the same. But in one it was sought through the darker sides of human nature; in the other, through the more sunny and cheerful—one shows the evil, the other the salutary influences of early circumstance and training. Necessarily therefore the first resorts to the tragic elements of awe and distress—the second to the comic elements of humor and agreeable emotion. These differences serve to explain the different reception that awaited the two, and may teach us how little the real conception of an author is known, and how little it is cared for: we judge—not by the purpose he conceives, but according as the impressions he effects are pleasurable or painful.—*Ex. from Preface to edition of* 1853.

RUIN OF HUMANITY.

This was a ruin nobler than that which painters place on their canvas—the ruin, not of stone and brick, but of humanity and spirit; the wreck of man, prematurely old, not stricken by great sorrow, not bowed by great toil, but fretted and mined away by small pleasures and poor excitements—small and poor, but daily, hourly, momently at their gnome-like work.—*Part I. Chap.* 1.

CHILD MIXING WITH ADULTS.

It has a great influence upon a child, whether for good or for evil, to mix early and habitually with those grown up—for good to the mere intellect always—the evil depends upon the character and discretion of those the child sees and hears.—*Part I. Chap.* 2.

HOUSEHOLD GODS.

To noble and aspiring spirits, no homily to truth, and honor, and fair ambition is more eloquent, than the mute and melancholy canvas, from which our fathers, made by death our household gods, contemplate us still. They appear to confide to us the charge of their unblemished names. They speak to us from the grave, and heard aright, the pride of family is the guardian angel of its heirs.—*Part I. Chap.* 3.

FIDELITY OF DOGS.

Now, people praise the fidelity of dogs till the theme is worn out, but nobody knows what a dog is, unless he has been deceived by men; then, that honest face, then, that sincere caress; then that coaxing whine that never lied! Well, *then*—what then? A dog is long lived if he lives to ten years—small career this to truth and friendship.—*Part I. Chap.* 5.

GIVING AWAY TO DOUBT.

If one of those who glance over these pages chance to be a person more than usually able and acute—a person who has loved and been deceived—he or she, no matter which, will perhaps recall those first moments when the doubt, long put off, insisted to be heard; a weak and foolish heart gives way to the doubt at once, not so the subtler and more powerful; it rather, on the contrary, recalls all the little circumstances that justify trust and make head against suspicion; it will not render the citadel at the mere sound of the trumpet; it arms all its forces, and bars its gates on the foe. Hence it is, that the persons most easy to dupe in matters of affection are usually those most astute in the larger affairs of life.—*Part I. Chap.* 7.

CERTAIN STAGES OF GRIEF.

In certain stages of great grief our natures yearn for excitement. This has made some men gamblers; it has made even women drunkards—it had effect over the serene calm and would-be divinity of the Poet-sage. When his son dies, Goethe does not mourn—he plunges into the absorption of a study uncultivated before. But, in the great contest of life, in the whirlpool of actual affairs, the stricken heart finds all—the gambling, the inebriation, and the study.—*Part I. Chap.* 9.

THE BIRD THE TRUE ARTIST.

The bird was the only true artist there: it sang, as the poet sings, to obey its nature and vent its heart.—*Part I. Chap.* 10.

LIVES OF GREAT CRIMINALS.

It is a striking attribute of men once thoroughly tainted by the indulgence of vicious schemes and stratagems, that they become wholly blinded to those plain paths of ambition which common sense makes manifest to ordinary ability. If we regard narrowly the lives of great criminals, we are often very much startled by the extraordinary acuteness—the profound calculation—the patient meditative energy which they have employed upon the conception and execution of a crime. We feel inclined to think that such intellectual power would have commanded great distinction, worthily used and guided; but we never find that these great criminals seem to have been sensible of the opportunities to real eminence which they have thrown away. Often we observe that there have been before them vistas into worldly greatness, which, by no uncommon prudence and exertion, would have conducted honest men, half as clever, to fame and power; but, with a strange obliquity of vision, they

appear to have looked from these broad clear avenues into some dark, angled defile, in which, by the subtlest ingenuity, and through the most besetting perils, they might attain at last the success of a fraud, or the enjoyment of a vice. In crime once indulged, there is a wonderful fascination—and the fascination is, not rarely, great in proportion to the intellect of the criminal. There is always hope of reform for a dull, uneducated, stolid man, led by accident or temptation into guilt; but where a man of great ability, and highly educated, besots himself in the intoxication of dark and terrible excitements, takes impure delight in tortuous and slimy ways, the good angel abandons him forever.—*Epilogue to Part I.*

THE SPIRIT THAT SERVES THE WIZARD.

In the old Scottish legend, the spirit that serves the wizard must be kept constantly employed; suspend its work for a moment, and it rends the enchanter. It is so with minds that crave for excitement, and live, without relief of heart and affection, on the hard tasks of the intellect.—*Epilogue to Part I.*

DIVISIONS OF THE SEASONS.

Time has passed on, and Spring is over the world; the seeds, buried in the earth, burst to flower; but man's breast knoweth not the sweet division of the seasons. In winter or summer, autumn or spring alike, his thoughts sow the germs of his actions, and day after day his destiny gathers in her harvests.—*Epilogue to Part I.*

DEATH AND CRIME.

Take a sand from the shore, take a drop from the ocean less than sand-grain, and drop in man's planet one Death and one Crime! On the map, trace all oceans, and search out every shore,—more than seas, more than lands, in God's balance shall weigh one Death and one Crime!—*Epilogue to Part I.*

MINDS POETICAL, SUSCEPTIBLE.

All minds genuinely poetical, are peculiarly susceptible to movement—that is, to the excitement of numbers. If the movement is sincerely joyous, as in the mirth of a village holiday, such a nature shares insensibly in the joy. But if the movement is a false and spurious gayety, as in a state ball, where the impassive face and languid step are out of harmony with the evident object of the scene—then the nature we speak of feels chilled and dejected. Hence it really is, that the more delicate and ideal order of minds soon grow inexpressibly

weary of the hack routine of what are called fashionable pleasures. Hence the same person most alive to a dance on the green, would be without enjoyment at Almack's. It is not because one scene is a village green, and the other a room in King Street; nor is it because the actors in the one are of the humble, in the other of the noble class, but simply because the enjoyment in the first is visible and hearty, because in the other it is a listless and melancholy pretence.—*Prologue to Part II.*

TWO WINGS OF THE SPIRIT.

When the poetical nature quits its own dreams for the actual world, it enters and transfuses itself into the hearts and humors of others. The two wings of that spirit which we call Genius are reverie and sympathy.—*Prologue to Part II.*

ONE ALWAYS TRUE.

One who is always true in the great duties of life is nearly always wise.—*Part II. Chap.* 5.

THE POET NEEDS MANY GIFTS.

To the poet, practically developed and made manifest to the world many other gifts, besides the mere poetic sense, are needed; stern study and logical generalization of scattered truths, and patient observation of the characters of men, and the wisdom that comes from sorrow and passion, and a sage's experience of things actual, embracing the dark secrets of human infirmity and crime. But, despite all that has been said in disparagement or disbelief of "mute inglorious Miltons," we maintain that there are natures in which the divinest element of poetry exists, the purer and more delicate for escaping bodily from form, and evaporating from the coarser vessels into which the poet, so called, must pour the ethereal fluid. There is a certain virtue within us, comprehending our subtlest and noblest emotions, which is poetry while untold, and grows pale and poor in proportion as we strain it it into poems. Nay, it may be said of this airy property of our inmost being, that more or less, it departs from us, according as we give it forth into the world, even, as only by the loss of its particles, the rose wastes its perfume on the air.—*Part II. Chap.* 8.

USE OF GENIUS.

Now, genius is given to man, not only to enlighten others, but to comfort as well as to elevate himself. Thus, in all the sorrows of actual existence, the man is doubly inclined to turn to his genius for distraction. Harassed in this world of action,

he knocks at the gate of that world of idea or fancy which he is privileged to enter: he escapes from the clay to the spirit. And rarely, till some great grief comes, does the man in whom the celestial fire is lodged know all the gift of which he is possessed.—*Part II. Chap.* 9.

POETRY OF GENEROUS DEEDS.

A nobler poetry than we chain to rhythm—the poetry of generous deeds.—*Part II. Chap.* 11.

TILL OUR DESTINIES ARE FULFILLED.

"We live till our destinies below are fulfilled; till our uses have passed from us in this sphere, and rise to benefit another. For the soul is as a sun, but with this noble distinction, the sun is confined in its career—day after day it visits the same planets, or rather, as the astronomers hold, stands the motion-centre of moving worlds. But the soul, when it sinks into seeming darkness and the deep, rises to new destinies, fresh regions unvisited before. What we call Eternity, may be but an endless series of transitions which men call *deaths*, abandonments of home, ever to fairer scenes and loftier heights. Age after age, the spirit, that glorious Nomad, may shift its tent, fated not to rest in the dull Elysium of the Heathen, but carrying with it evermore its elements,—Activity and Desire. Why should the soul ever repose? God, its Principal, reposes never. While we speak, new worlds are sparkling forth—suns are throwing off their nebulæ—nebulæ are hardening into worlds. The Almighty proves his existence by creating. Think you that Plato is at rest, and Shakespeare only basking on a sun-cloud? Labor is the very essence of spirit as of divinity: labor is the purgatory of the erring; it may become the hell of the wicked, but labor is not less the heaven of the good!"

Ardworth spoke with unusual earnestness and passion; and his idea of the future was emblematic of his own active nature: for each of us is wisely left to shape out, amid the impenetrable mists, his own ideal of the Hereafter. The warrior child of the biting North placed his Hela amid snows, and his Himmel in the banquets of victorious war; the son of the East, parched by relentless summer—this hell amid fire, and his Elysium by cooling streams; the weary peasant sighs through life for rest, and rest awaits his vision beyond the grave; the workman of genius —ever ardent, ever young—honors toil as the glorious development of being—and springs refreshed over the abyss of the grave—to follow, from star to star, the progress that seems to him at once the supreme felicity and the necessary law. So be

it with the fantasy of each! Wisdom that is infallible, and love that never sleeps, watch over the darkness—and bid darkness be, that we may dream!—*Part II. Chap.* 12.

POWER TO DO GOOD.

There lives not a man on earth—out of a lunatic asylum—who has not in him the power to do good.—*Part II. Chap.* 12.

THROWING A STONE INTO THE WATER.

Any child who throws a stone into the water with all his force can make a splash; but he would be a fool indeed if he supposed that the splash was a sign that he had turned a stream.—*Part II. Chap.* 12.

RANGE OF ART.

Range, O Art, through all space, clasp together all extremes, shake idle wealth from its lethargy, and bid States look in hovels, where the teacher is dumb, and Reason unweeded runs to rot! Bid haughty Intellect pause in its triumph, and doubt if intellect alone can deliver the soul from its tempters!—only *that* lives uncorrupt, which preserves in all seasons the human affections in which the breath of God breathes, and is! Go forth to the world, O Art!—go forth to the innocent, the guilty;—the wise, and the dull!—go forth as the still voice of Fate!—speak of the insecurity even of Goodness below!—carry on the rapt vision of suffering Virtue through "the doors of the shadows of death!"—show the dim revelation symbolled forth in the Tragedy of old!—how incomplete is man's destiny, how undeveloped is the justice divine, if Antigone sleep eternally in the ribs of the rock, and Œdipus vanish forever in the Grove of the Furies! Here, below, "the waters are hid with a stone, and the face of the deep is frozen!" But above liveth He "who can bind the sweet influences of the Pleiades, and loose the bands of Orion." Go with Fate over the bridge, and she vanishes in the land beyond the gulf! Behold where the eternal demands Eternity for the progress of His creatures and the vindication of His justice!—*Part II. Chap.* 17.

TWO WINGS RAISE TO SUMMIT OF TRUTH.

Vainly, for its moral, dost thou gaze on the landscape, if thy soul puts no check on the dull delight of the senses. Two wings only raise thee to the summit of Truth—where the Cherub shall comfort the sorrow, where the Seraph shall enlighten the joy. Dark as ebon spreads the one wing, white as snow gleams the other—mournful as thy *reason* when it descends

into the deep—exulting as thy *faith* when it springs to the day-star.—*Epilogue to Part II.*

FOR HIM WHO ASPIRES.

For him who aspires, and for him who loves, life may lead through the thorns, but it never stops in the desert.—*Epilogue to Part II.*

PATIENCE NECESSARY.

No Deity presides where Prudence is absent. Man a world in himself, requires, for the development of his faculties, patience; and for the balance of his actions, order.—*Epilogue to Part II.*

GUARD PORTAL OF SIN—THE THOUGHT.

Guard well, O Heir of Eternity, the portal of sin—the *thought!* From the thought to the deed, the subtler thy brain, and the bolder thy courage, the briefer and straighter is the way. Read these pages in disdain of self-commune—they shall revolt thee, not instruct; read them, looking steadfastly within, and how humble soever the art of the narrator, the facts he narrates, like all history, shall teach by example. Every human Act, good or ill, is an Angel to guide or to warn; and the deeds of the worst have messages from Heaven to the listening hearts of the best. Amid the glens in the Apennine,—in the lone wastes of Calabria, the sign of the Cross marks the spot where a deed of violence has been done; on all that pass by the road, the symbol has varying effect; sometimes it startles the conscience, sometimes it invokes the devotion; the robber drops the blade, the priest counts the rosary. So is it with the record of the crime: and in the witness of Guilt, Man is thrilled with the whisper of Religion.—*The End.*

THE LAST DAYS OF POMPEII.

LEADING CHARACTERS.

GLAUCUS, the hero, an Athenian, the subject of Rome.
IONE, the good and beautiful heroine.
NYDIA, the blind flower girl, also a heroine.
APÆCIDES, brother to Ione. At the beginning of the story a priest of Isis.
DIOMED, the wealthy.
JULIA, the daughter of Diomed.
ARBACES, an Egyptian magician, the guardian of Apæcides and Ione.
PANSA, the ædile.
SALLUST, friend of Glaucus, devoted to pleasure.
CALENUS, a priest.
OLINTHUS, a Nazarene.
FULVIUS, the Roman poet.
LYDON, NIGER, SPORUS, BURBO, } Gladiators.
MEDON, a Christian slave, father of Lydon.

The city, whose fate supplied me with so superb and awful a catastrophe, supplied easily, from the first survey of its remains, the characters most suited to the subject and the scene: the half-Grecian colony of Hercules, mingling with the manners of Italy so much of the costumes of Hellas, suggested of itself the characters of Glaucus and Ione. The worship of Isis, its existent fane, with its false oracles unveiled—the trade of Pompeii with Alexandria—the associations of the Sarnus with the Nile, —called forth the Egyptian Arbaces, the base Calenus, and the fervent Apæcides. The early struggles of Christianity with the heathen superstition suggested the creation of Olinthus: and the burnt fields of Campania, long celebrated for the spells of the sorceress, naturally produced the Saga of Vesuvius. For the existence of the Blind Girl, I am indebted to a casual conversation with a gentleman, well known amongst the English at Naples for his general knowledge of the many paths of life. Speaking of the utter darkness which accompanied the first recorded eruption of Vesuvius, and the additional obstacle it presented to the escape of the inhabitants, he observed that the blind would be the most favored in such a moment, and find the

easiest deliverance. In this remark originated the creation of Nydia. The characters, therefore, are the natural offspring of the scene and time. The incidents of the tale are equally consonant, perhaps, to the then existing society; for it is not only the ordinary habits of life, the feasts and the forum, the baths and the amphitheatre, the commonplace routine of the classic luxury, which we recall the past to behold;—equally important, and more deeply interesting, are the passions, the crimes, the misfortunes, and reverses that might have chanced to the shades we thus summon to life! We understand any epoch of the world but ill if we do not examine its romance. There is as much truth in the poetry of life as in its prose.—*Ex. from Preface.*

HE WHO HAS LOVED OFTEN.

"He who has loved often," answered Glaucus, "has loved never. There is but one Eros, though there are many counterfeits of him."—*Book I. Chap.* 2.

NOTHING SO CONTAGIOUS AS ENTHUSIASM.

Nothing is so contagious as enthusiasm; it is the real allegory of the tale of Orpheus—it moves stones, it charms brutes. Enthusiasm is the genius of sincerity, and truth accomplishes no victories without it.—*Book I. Chap.* 3.

WATCH AND PRAY.

Watch and pray,—the darkness shall vanish, the storm sleep, and God himself, as He came of yore on the seas of Samaria, shall walk over the lulled billows, to the delivery of your soul. Ours is a religion jealous in its demands, but how infinitely prodigal in its gifts! It troubles you for an hour, it repays you by immortality.—*Book I. Chap.* 5.

THE HYMN OF EROS.

"By the cool banks where soft Cephisus flows,
A voice sail'd trembling down the waves of air;
The leaves blushed brighter in the Teian's rose,
The doves couch'd breathless in their summer lair;

While from their hands the purple flowerets fell,
The laughing Hours stood listening in the sky;—
From Pan's green cave to Ægle's haunted cell,
Heaved the charm'd earth in one delicious sigh.

'Love, sons of earth! I am the Power of Love!
Eldest of all the gods, with Chaos born;
My smile sheds light along the courts above,
My kisses wake the eyelids of the Morn.

Mine are the stars—there, ever as ye gaze,
Ye meet the deep spell of my haunting eyes;
Mine is the moon—and, mournful if her rays,
'Tis that she lingers where her Carian lies.

The flowers are mine—the blushes of the rose,
The violet-charming Zephyr to the shade;
Mine the quick light that in the Maybeam glows,
And mine the day-dream in the lonely glade.

Love, sons of earth—for love is earth's soft lore,
Look where ye will—earth overflows with ME;
Learn from the waves that ever kiss the shore,
And the winds nestling on the heaving sea.

All teaches love!'—The sweet voice, like a dream,
Melted in light; yet still the airs above,
The waving sedges, and the whispering stream,
And the green forest rustling, murmur'd 'LOVE!'"

Chap. 8.

SOUL ENAMORED OF SOUL.

There is a love, beautiful Greek, which is not the love only of the thoughtless and the young—there is a love which sees not with the eyes, which hears not with the ears; but in which soul is enamored of soul. The countryman of thy ancestors, the cave-nursed Plato, dreamed of such a love—his followers have sought to imitate it; but it is a love that is not for the herd to echo—it is a love that only high and noble natures can conceive—it hath nothing in common with the sympathies and ties of coarse affection;—wrinkles do not revolt it—homeliness of feature does not deter; it asks youth, it is true, but it asks it only in the freshness of the emotions; it asks beauty, it is true, but it is the beauty of the thought and of the spirit.—*Book II. Chap.* 4.

PEACE.

"Peace be with thee!"

"Peace!" echoed the priest, in so hollow a tone that it went at once to the heart of the Nazarene.

"In that wish," continued Olinthus, "all good things are combined—without virtue thou canst not have peace. Like the rainbow, Peace rests upon the earth, but its arch is lost in heaven! Heaven bathes it in hues of light—it springs up amidst tears and clouds,—it is a reflection of the Eternal Sun,—it is an assurance of calm—it is the sign of a great covenant between Man and God. Such peace, O young man! is the smile of the soul; it is an emanation from the distant orb of immortal light. PEACE be with you!"—*Book III. Chap.* 1.

NYDIA'S LOVE-SONG.

"The Wind and the Beam loved the Rose,
And the Rose loved one;
For who recks the wind where it blows?
Or loves not the sun?

None knew whence the humble Wind stole,
Poor sport of the skies—
None dreamt that the Wind had a soul,
In its mournful sighs!

Oh, happy Beam! how canst thou prove
That bright love of thine?
In thy light is the proof of thy love,
Thou hast but—to shine!

How its love can the Wind reveal?
Unwelcome its sigh;
Mute—mute to its Rose let it steal—
Its proof is—to die!"

Book III. Chap. 2.

THE AFFECTIONS IMMORTAL.

In the tale of human passion, in past ages, there is something of interest even in the remoteness of the time. We love to feel within us the bond which unites the most distant eras—men, nations, customs, perish; THE AFFECTIONS ARE IMMORTAL!—they are the sympathies which unite the ceaseless generations. The past lives again, when we look upon its emotions—it lives in our own! That which was, ever is! The magician's gift, that revives the dead—that animates the dust of forgotten graves, is not in the author's skill—it is in the heart of the reader!—*Book III. Chap.* 2.

THE BIRTH OF LOVE.

"Like a star in the seas above,
Like a dream to the waves of sleep,
Up—up—THE INCARNATE LOVE—
She rose from the charmed deep!
And over the Cyprian Isle
The skies shed their silent smile;
And the Forest's green heart was rife
With the stir of the gushing life—
The life that had leap'd to birth,
In the veins of the happy earth!
Hail! oh, hail!
The dimmest sea-cave below thee,
The farthest sky-arch above,
In their innermost stillness know thee,
And heave with the Birth of Love.
Gale! soft Gale!

Thou comest on thy silver winglets,
From thy home in the tender west;
Now fanning her golden ringlets,
Now hush'd on her heaving breast.
And afar on the murmuring sand,
The Seasons wait hand in hand
To welcome thee, Birth Divine,
To the earth which is henceforth thine.

"Behold! how she kneels in the shell,
Bright pearl in its floating cell!
Behold! how the shell's rose-hues
The cheek and the breast of snow,
And the delicate limbs suffuse
Like a blush with a bashful glow,
Sailing on, slowly sailing
O'er the wild water;
All hail! as the fond light is hailing
Her daughter,
All hail!
We are thine, all thine evermore:
Not a leaf on the laughing shore,
Not a wave on the heaving sea,
Nor a single sigh
In the boundless sky,
But is vow'd evermore to thee!

"And thou, my beloved one—thou,
As I gaze on thy soft eyes now,
Methinks from their depths I view
The Holy Birth born anew;
Thy lids are the gentle cell
Where the young Love blushing lies;
See! she breaks from the mystic shell,
She comes from thy tender eyes!
Hail! all hail!
She comes as she came from the sea,
To my soul as it looks on thee;
She comes, she comes!
She comes as she came from the sea!
To my soul as it looks on thee!
Hail! all hail! *Book III. Chap.* 2.

THE SONG OF GLAUCUS.

"As the bark floateth on o'er the summer-lit sea,
Floats my heart o'er the deeps of its passion for thee;
All lost in the space, without terror it glides,
For bright with thy soul is the face of the tides.
Now heaving, now hushed, is that passionate ocean,
As it catches thy smile or thy sighs;
And the twin-stars that shine on the wanderer's devotion,
Its guide and its god—are thine eyes!

The bark may go down, should the cloud sweep above,
For its being is bound to the light of thy love.
As thy faith and thy smile are its life and its joy,
So thy frown or thy change are the storms that destroy;

Ah! sweeter to sink while the sky is serene,
If time hath a change for thy heart!
If to live be to weep o'er what thou hast been,
Let me die while I know what thou art!"

Book III. Chap. 2.

A REGRET FOR CHILDHOOD.

"It is not that our earlier Heaven
Escapes its April showers,
Or that to childhood's heart is given
No snake amidst the flowers.
Ah! twined with grief,
Each brightest leaf,
That's wreath'd us by the Hours!
Young though we be, the Past may sing
The present feed its sorrow;
But hope shines bright on everything
That waits us with the morrow.
Like sun-lit glades,
The dimmest shades
Some rosy beam can borrow

It is not that our later years
Of cares are woven wholly,
But smiles less swiftly chase the tears,
And wounds are healed more slowly.
And Memory's vow
To lost ones now,
Makes joys too bright, unholy,
And ever fled the Iris bow
That smiled when clouds were o'er us.
If storms should burst, uncheer'd we go,
A drearier waste before us;—
And with the toys
Of childish joys,
We've broke the staff that bore us!"

Book IV. Chap 2.

GLAUCUS'S AVOWAL OF CHRISTIANITY.

After the destruction of Pompeii, I met once more with Olinthus—saved, alas! only for a day, and falling afterwards a martyr to the indomitable energy of his zeal. In my preservation from the lion and the earthquake he taught me to behold the hand of the unknown God! I listened—believed—adored! My own, my more than ever beloved Ione, has also embraced the creed!—a creed, Sallust, which, shedding light over this world, gathers its concentrated glory, like a sunset, over the next! We know that we are united in the soul, as in the flesh, forever and forever! Ages may roll on, our very dust be dissolved, the earth shrivelled like a scroll; but round and round the circle of eternity rolls the wheel of life—imperishable—unceasing! And as the earth from the sun, so immortality drinks

happiness from virtue, which is the smile upon the face of God! Visit me, then, Sallust; bring with you the learned scrolls of Epicurus, Pythagoras, Diogenes; arm yourself for defeat; and let us, amidst the groves of Academus, dispute, under a surer guide than any granted to our fathers, on the mighty problem of the true ends of life and the nature of the soul. . . . .

If anything can make me forget that I am an Athenian and not free, it is partly the soothing—the love—watchful, vivid, sleepless—of Ione :—a love that has taken a new sentiment in our new creed—a love which none of our poets, beautiful though they be, had shadowed forth in description; for mingled with religion, it partakes of religion; it is blended with pure and unworldly thoughts; it is that which we may hope to carry through eternity, and keep, therefore, white and unsullied, that we may not blush to confess it to our God! This is the true type of the dark fable of our Grecian Eros and Psyche—it is, in truth, the soul asleep in the arms of love.—*Glaucus to Sallust: Last Chapter.*

A NEW SENTIMENT IN LOVE.

What we now term, and feel to be, *sentiment* in love, was very little known amongst the ancients, and at this day, is scarcely acknowledged out of Christendom. It is a feeling intimately connected with—not a belief, but a *conviction*, that the passion is of the soul, and, like the soul, immortal. Chateaubriand, in that work so full both of error and of truth, his essay on "The Genius of Christianity," has referred to this sentiment with his usual eloquence. It makes, indeed, the great distinction between the amatory poetry of the moderns and that of the ancients. And I have thought that I might, with some consonance of truth and nature, attribute the consciousness of this sentiment to Glaucus after his conversion to Christianity, though he is only able vaguely to guess at, rather than thoroughly to explain, its cause.—*Author's Note.*

THE STORY OF POMPEII.

At present (1834) there have been about three hundred and fifty or four hundred skeletons discovered in Pompeii; but as a great part of the city is yet to be disinterred, we can scarcely calculate the number of those who perished in the destruction. Still, however, we have every reason to conclude that they were very few in proportion to those who escaped. The ashes had been evidently cleared away from many of the houses, no doubt for the purpose of recovering whatever treasures had been left behind. The mansion of our friend Sallust is one of those thus

revisited. The skeletons which, reanimated for awhile, the reader has seen play their brief parts upon the stage, under the names of Burbo, Calenus, Diomed, Julia, and Arbaces, were found exactly as described in the text:—may they have been re-animated more successfully for the pleasure of the reader than they have been for the solace of the author, who has vainly endeavored, in the work which he now concludes, to beguile the most painful, gloomy, and despondent period of a life, in the web of which has been woven less of white than the world may deem! But like most other friends, the Imagination is capricious and forsakes us often at the moment in which we most need its aid. As we grow older, we begin to learn that, of the two, our most faithful and steadfast comforter is—Custom. But I should apologize for this sudden and unseasonable indulgence of a momentary weakness—it is *but* for a moment. With returning health returns also that energy without which the soul were given us in vain, and which enables us calmly to face the evils of our being, and resolutely to fulfil its objects. There is but one philosophy (though there are a thousand schools), and its name is Fortitude; "TO BEAR IS TO CONQUER OUR FATE." —*Author's Note.*

HAROLD,

THE LAST OF THE SAXON KINGS.

LEADING CHARACTERS.

HILDA, a daughter of the royalty of Denmark. The reputed Morthwyrtha, the heathen prophetess.
EDITH, grandchild of Hilda, the orphan daughter of Ethelwolf, and Hilda's daughter. A Christian maid and the heroine of the story.
KING EDWARD, afterwards named the Confessor, the Saxon King.
WILLIAM, Count of the Normans, William the Conqueror.
GITHA, kinswoman of Hilda.
EARL GODWIN, husband of Githa, a banished earl.
SWEYN, the eldest son of Earl Godwin.
HAROLD, second son of Earl Godwin, and the last of the Saxon kings.
WOLNOTH, TOSTIG, LEOFWINE, GURTH, } other sons of Earl Godwin.
ODO, Bishop of Bayeux, and brother of Duke William.
ROLF, Earl of Hereford. The King's nephew.
FITZOSBORNE, Duke William's favorite confidant and haughtiest baron.
WILLIAM MALLET DE GRAVILLE, a Norman.
GODRITH, a young Saxon of considerable rank.
TAILLEFAR, a Norman.
LANFRANC, of Pavia, called Lanfranc the Scholar.
MATILDA, descendant of Charlemagne and Alfred. Wedded to Duke William the Norman.
ALFRED, Bishop of Winchester, the worthiest prelate in the land.
HACO, son of Sweyn.
EDITH, THYRA, } Daughters of Earl Godwin. Edith the wife of King Edward.
EARL ALGER, son of Leofric.
SEXWOLF, a Saxon.
GRYFFYTH, the Welsh king.
LADY ALDYTH, wife of Gryffyth, and afterwards wife of Harold.
EDGAR, the Atheling.

In treating of an age with which the general reader is so unfamiliar as that preceding the Norman Conquest, it is impossible to avoid (especially in the earlier portions of my tale), those explanations of the very character of the time which would have been unnecessary if I had only sought in History the picturesque accompaniments to Romance. I have to do more

than present an amusing picture of national manners—detail the dress, and describe the banquet. According to the plan I adopt, I have to make the reader acquainted with the imperfect fusion of races in Saxon England, familiarize him with the contests of parties and the ambition of chiefs, show him the strength and the weakness of a kindly but ignorant Church; of a brave but turbulent Aristocracy; of a People partially free, and naturally energetic, but disunited by successive immigrations, and having lost much of the proud jealousies of national liberty by submission to the preceding conquests of the Dane; acquiescent in the sway of foreign kings, and with that bulwark against invasion which an hereditary order of aristocracy usually erects, loosened to its very foundations by the copious admixture of foreign nobles. I have to present to the reader, here, the imbecile priestcraft of the illiterate monk; there, the dark superstition that still consulted the deities of the North by runes on the elm-bark and adjurations of the dead. And in contrast to these pictures of a decrepit monarchy and a fated race, I have to bring forcibly before the reader the vigorous attributes of the coming conquerors—the stern will and deep guile of the Norman chief—the comparative knowledge of the rising Norman Church—the nascent spirit of chivalry in the Norman Vavasours; a spirit destined to emancipate the very people it contributed to enslave, associated, as it imperfectly was, with the sense of freedom: disdainful, it is true, of the Villein, but proudly curbing, though into feudal limits, the domination of the Liege. In a word, I must place fully before the reader, if I would be faithful to the plan of my work, the political and moral features of the age, as well as its lighter and livelier attributes, and so lead him to perceive, when he has closed the book, why England was conquered, and how England survived the Conquest.—*Extract from Preface.*

THE BRAVE MAN.

"The brave man wants no charms to encourage him to his duty, and the good man scorns all warnings that would deter him from fulfilling it."—*Book I. Chap.* 2.

STERN NATURES ATTRACTED BY MEEK ONES.

It is ever the case with stern and stormy spirits, that the meek ones which contrast them steal strangely into their affections. This principle of human nature can alone account for the enthusiastic devotion which the mild sufferings of the Savior awoke in the fiercest exterminators of the North. In proportion, often, to the warrior's ferocity, was his love to that Di-

vine model, at whose sufferings he wept, to whose tomb he wandered barefoot, and whose example of compassionate forgiveness he would have thought himself the basest of men to follow! —*Book I. Chap.* 1.

PRUDENCE, PATIENCE, LABOR, VALOR.

Prudence, patience, labor, valor; these are the stars that rule the career of mortals.—*Book III. Chap.* 2.

BELIEF AS THE WIND.

The Prophetess bowed her head and replied, "Belief cometh as the wind. Can the tree say to the wind, 'Rest thou on my boughs?' or Man to Belief, 'Fold thy wings on my heart!'"—*Book III. Chap.* 4.

FATE OF MAN SWORN TO GUARD HIS COUNTRY.

The fate of a man sworn to guard his country, love justice, and do right.—*Book III. Chap.* 4.

SMOKE AND FLAME.

A dead silence succeeded, till, pointing with her staff to the fire, the Vala said, "Lo, where the smoke and the flame contend!—the smoke rises in dark gyres to the air, and escapes to join the wrack of clouds. From the first to the last we trace its birth and its fall; from the heart of the fire to the descent in the rain, so is it with human reason, which is not the light but the smoke; it struggles but to darken us; it soars but to melt in the vapor and dew. Yet lo, the flame burns in our hearth till the fuel fails, and goes at last, none know whither. But it lives in the air though we see it not; it lurks in the stone and waits the flash of the steel; it coils round the dry leaves and sere stalks, and a touch re-illumines it; it plays in the marsh—it collects in the heavens—it appalls us in the lightning—it gives warmth to the air—life of our life, and element of all elements. O Githa, the flame is the light of the soul, the element everlasting; and it liveth still, when it escapes from our view; it burneth in the shapes to which it passes; it vanishes but is never extinct." —*Book V. Chap.* 1.

ATTESTING THE BETROTHAL.

Then Hilda, placing one hand over their heads, and raising the other toward heaven, all radiant with bursting stars, said in her deep and thrilling tones,—

"Attest the betrothal of these young hearts, O ye Powers that draw nature to nature by spells which no Galdra can trace,

and have wrought in the secrets of creation no mystery so perfect as love.—Attest it, thou temple, thou altar!—attest it, O sun and O air! While the forms are divided, may the souls cling together—sorrow with sorrow, and joy with joy. And when, at length, bride and bridegroom are one,—O stars, may the trouble with which ye are charged have exhausted its burthen; may no danger molest, and no malice disturb, but, over the marriage-bed, shine in peace, O ye stars!"—*Book V. Chap.* 7.

THE BOLD SYMPATHIZE WITH THE BOLD.

The bold sympathize with the bold; and in great hearts, there is always a certain friendship for a gallant foe.—*Book VIII. Chap.* 1.

WHAT LOVE HAS MOST TO DREAD.

What love has most to dread in the wild heart of aspiring man, is not persons, but things,—is not things, but their symbols.—*Book VIII. Chap.* 3.

MYSTIC LAW OF DESIRE.

Harold lifted his eyes toward the stars, and murmured—"If it be a sin, as the priests say, to pierce the dark walls which surround us here, and read the future in the dim world beyond, why gavest thou, O Heaven, the reason, never resting, save when it explores? Why hast thou set in the heart the mystic Law of Desire, ever toiling to the High, ever grasping at the Far?"

Heaven answered not the unquiet soul. The clouds passed to and fro in their wanderings, the wind still sighed through the hollow stones, the fire shot with vain sparks toward the distant stars. In the cloud and the wind and the fire couldst thou read no answer from Heaven, unquiet soul? —*Book VIII. Chap.* 5.

MAN DRIVEN TO FAITH.

There are sometimes event and season in the life of man the hardest and most rational, when he is driven perforce to faith the most implicit and submissive; as the storm drives the wings of the petrel over a measureless sea, till it falls tame, and rejoicing at refuge, on the sails of some lonely ship. Seasons when difficulties, against which reason seems stricken into palsy, leave him bewildered in dismay—when darkness, which experience cannot pierce, wraps the conscience, as sudden night wraps the traveller in the desert—when error entangles his feet in its inextricable web—when, still desirous of the right, he sees before him but a choice of evil; and the Angel of the Past, with a flaming sword, closes on him the gates of the Future. Then, Faith

flashes on him, with a light from the cloud. Then, he clings to Prayer as a drowning wretch to the plank. Then, that solemn authority which clothes the Priest, as the interpreter between the soul and the Divinity, seizes on the heart that trembles with terror and joy; then, that mysterious recognition of Atonement, of Sacrifice, of purifying lustration (mystery which lies hid in the core of all religions), smooths the frown on the Past, removes the flaming sword from the Future. The Orestes escapes from the hounding Furies, and follows the oracle to the spot where the cleansing dews shall descend on the expiated guilt.

He who hath never known in himself, nor marked in another, such strange crisis in human fate, cannot judge of the strength and the weakness it bestows. But till he can so judge, the spiritual part of all history is to him a blank scroll, a sealed volume. He cannot comprehend what drove the fierce Heathen, cowering and humbled, into the fold of the Church; what peopled Egypt with eremites; what lined the roads of Europe and Asia with pilgrim homicides; what, in the elder world, while Jove yet reigned on Olympus, is couched in the dim traditions of the expiation of Apollo, the joy-god, descending into Hades; or why the sinner went blithe and light-hearted from the healing lustrations of Eleusis. In all these solemn riddles of the Jove-world, and the Christ's, is involved the imperious necessity that man hath of repentance and atonement; through their clouds, as a rainbow, shines the covenant that reconciles the God and the Man.—*Book X. Chap.* 2.

THREE THINGS SILENT.

"When the soul communes with itself the lip is silent."

"True," said Haco, "and I am no babbler. Three things are ever silent: Thought, Destiny, and the Grave."—*Book X. Chap* 2.

HEAVEN, WHERE LOVE IS.

"It is the persons we love that make beautiful the haunts we have known," answered the betrothed. "Those persons at least we shall behold again, and wherever *they* are—there is heaven."—*Book X. Chap.* 2.

HAPPINESS DERIVED FROM THE AFFECTIONS.

It is the nature of that happiness which we derive from our affections to be calm; its immense influence upon our outward life is not known till it is troubled or withdrawn. By placing his heart at peace, man leaves vent to his energies and passions, and permits their current to flow toward the aims and objects

which interest labor or arouse ambition. Thus absorbed in the occupation without, he is lulled into a certain forgetfulness of the value of that internal repose which gives health and vigor to the faculties he employs abroad. But once mar this scarce-felt, almost invisible harmony, and the discord extends to the remotest chords of our active being. Say to the busiest man whom thou seest in mart, camp, or senate, who seems to thee all intent upon his worldly schemes, "Thy home is reft from thee—thy household gods are shattered—that sweet noiseless content in the regular mechanism of the springs which set the large wheels of thy soul into movement, is thine nevermore!"—and straightway all exertion seems robbed of its object—all aim of its alluring charm. "Othello's occupation is gone!" With a start, that man will awaken from the sun-lit visions of noontide ambition, and exclaim in his desolate anguish, "What are all the rewards to my labor, now thou hast robbed me of repose? How little are all the gains wrung from strife, in a world of rivals and foes, compared to the smile whose sweetness I knew not till it was lost; and the sense of security from mortal ill which I took from the trust and sympathy of love!"—*Book X. Chap* 10.

THE SOUL REALLY GRAND, TESTED ONLY IN ITS ERRORS.

The soul really grand is only tested in its errors. As we know the true might of the intellect by the rich resources and patient strength with which it redeems a failure, so do we prove the elevation of the soul by its courageous return into light, its instinctive rebound into higher air, after some error that has darkened its vision and soiled its plumes.—*Book XI. Chap.* 7.

THE PRAYER OF GITHA.

All clustered round Githa, the mother of the three guardians of the fated land, and all knelt before her by the side of Harold. Suddenly, the widowed queen, the virgin wife of the last heir of Cerdic, rose, and holding on high the sacred rood over those bended heads, said, with devout passion,—"O Lord of hosts—we children of Doubt and Time, trembling in the dark, dare not take to ourselves to question thine unerring will. Sorrow and death, as joy and life, are at the breath of a mercy divine, and a wisdom all-seeing; and out of the hours of evil thou drawest, in mystic circle, the eternity of Good. 'Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven.' If, O Disposer of events, our human prayers are not adverse to thy pre-judged decrees, protect these lives, the bulwarks of our homes and altars, sons whom the land offers as a sacrifice. May thine angel turn aside the blade—as of old from the heart of Isaac! But if, O

Ruler of Nations, in whose sight the ages are as moments, and generations but as sands in the sea, these lives are doomed, may the death expiate their sins, and, shrived on the battle-field, absolve and receive their souls!"—*Book XII. Chap.* 2.

DUTY HERE.

Keep we to the broad truths before us; duty here; knowledge comes alone in the Hereafter.—*Book XII. Chap.* 4.

SUPERSTITION NATIVE TO THE BORDER-LAND.

Come what may, all change of creed,—be the faith ever so simple, the truth ever so bright and clear,—there *is* a SUPERSTITION native to that Border-land between the Visible and the Unseen, which will find its priest and its votaries, till the full and crowning splendor of Heaven shall melt every shadow from the world!—*Book XII. Chap.* 4.

THE DEATH OF EDITH.

At the sight of that face, a wild shriek broke from Edith's heart. She started to her feet—put aside the monks with a wild and angry gesture, and bending over the face, sought with her long hair to wipe from it the clotted blood; then, with convulsive fingers, she strove to loosen the buckler of the breast-mail. The knight knelt to assist her. "No, no," she gasped out. "He is mine—mine now!"

Her hands bled as the mail gave way to her efforts; the tunic beneath was all dabbled with blood. She rent the folds, and on the breast, just above the silenced heart, were punctured in the old Saxon letters, the word "EDITH;" and just below, in characters more fresh, the word "ENGLAND."

"See, see!" she cried in piercing accents; and, clasping the dead in her arms, she kissed the lips, and called aloud, in words of the tenderest endearments, as if she addressed the living. All there knew then that the search was ended; all knew that the eyes of love had recognized the dead.

"Wed, wed," murmured the betrothed; "wed at last! O Harold, Harold! the words of the Vala were true—and Heaven is kind!" and laying her head gently on the breast of the dead, she smiled and died.—*Book XII. Chap.* 9.

THE TOMB OF HAROLD.

At the east end of the choir in the abbey of Waltham, was long shown the tomb of the last Saxon king, inscribed with the touching words—"Harold Infelix." But not under that stone, according to the chronicler who should best know the truth,

mouldered the dust of him in whose grave was buried an epoch in human annals.

"Let his corpse," said William the Norman, "let his corpse guard the coasts which his life madly defended. Let the seas wail his dirge, and girdle his grave; and his spirit protect the land which hath passed to the Norman's sway."

And Mallet de Graville assented to the word of his chief, for his knightly heart turned into honor the latent taunt; and well he knew, that Harold could have chosen no burial-spot so worthy his English spirit and his Roman end.

The tomb at Waltham would have excluded the faithful ashes of the betrothed, whose heart had broken on the bosom she had found; more gentle was the grave in the temple of Heaven, and hallowed by the bridal death-dirge of the everlasting sea.

So, in that sentiment of poetry and love, which made half the religion of a Norman knight, Mallet de Graville suffered death to unite those whom life had divided. In the holy burial-ground that encircled a small Saxon chapel, on the shore, and near the spot on which William had leapt to land, one grave received the betrothed; and the tomb of Waltham only honored an empty name.

Eight centuries have rolled away, and where is the Norman now? or where is not the Saxon? The little urn that sufficed, for the mighty lord is despoiled of his very dust; but the tombless shade of the kingly freeman still guards the coasts, and rests upon the seas. In many a noiseless field, with Thoughts for Armies, your relics, O Saxon Heroes, have won back the victory from the bones of the Norman saints; and whenever, with fairer fates, Freedom opposes Force, and Justice, redeeming the old defeat, smites down the armed Frauds that would consecrate the wrong,—smile, O soul of our Saxon Harold —smile, appeased, on the Saxon's land!—*The End.*

THE LAST OF THE BARONS.

LEADING CHARACTERS.

RICHARD NEVILE, Earl of Salisbury and Warwick, the last of the Barons.
THE COUNTESS, wife of Warwick.
LORD MONTAGU, Warwick's brother.
MARMADUKE NEVILE, son of Sir Guy Nevil of Arsdale.
NICHOLAS ALWYN, a goldsmith.
RAOUL DE FULKE, a young noble.
ADAM WARNER, a skilled mathematician and alchemist.
SIBYLL WARNER, daughter of Adam.
ISABEL NEVILE, daughter of Warwick, wedded to the Duke of Clarence.
ANNE NEVILE, daughter of Warwick.
KING EDWARD IV.
GEORGE, Duke of Clarence, brother to Edward.
ANTHONY WOODVILLE, Lord Scales.
ROBERT HILYARD, the outlaw chief.
WILLIAM, LORD HASTINGS, one of the most remarkable men of the age.
PRINCE RICHARD, Duke of Gloucester, afterward Richard III.
KING HENRY VI.
MARGARET OF ANJOU, wife of Henry VI.
ALLERTON, a young man personally attached to Henry.
ELIZABETH, Queen of England, wife of Edward IV.
DUCHESS OF BEDFORD, mother of Elizabeth.
LORD RIVERS, father of Elizabeth.
PRINCESS MARGARET, sister of Edward, wedded to Charles the Bold.
COUNT OF CHAROLOIS, son of Duke Philip.
ALICE DE LONGUEVILLE, a lady of Queen Margaret's court.
LADY KATHERINE BONVILLE, sister to Warwick. After Lord Bonville's death wedded to Hastings.
GEORGE NEVILE, Archbishop of York.
PRINCE EDWARD, son of Henry VI.
LOUIS XI. of France.
JOHN OF CALABRIA.
RENE, father of Queen Margaret.
SIR JOHN CONIERS.
FRIAR BUNGEY, a magician.

This was the first attempt of the Author in Historical Romance upon English ground. Nor would he have risked the disadvantage of comparison with the genius of Sir Walter Scott had he not believed that that great writer and his numerous imitators had left altogether unoccupied the peculiar field in Historical Romance which the Author has here sought to bring into cultivation. In the "Last of the Barons," as in "Harold,"

the aim has been to illustrate the actual history of the period, and to bring into fuller display than general History itself has done, the characters of the principal personages of the time—the motives by which they were probably actuated—the state of parties—the condition of the people—and the great social interests which were involved in what, regarded imperfectly, appear but the feuds of rival factions.

"The Last of the Barons" has been by many esteemed the best of the Author's romances, and perhaps in the portraiture of actual character, and the grouping of the various interests and agencies of the time, it may have produced effects which render it more vigorous and life-like than any of the other attempts in romance by the same hand.

It will be observed that the purely imaginary characters introduced are very few; and, however prominent they may appear, still, in order not to interfere with the genuine passions and events of history, they are represented as the passive sufferers, not the active agents, of the real events. Of these imaginary characters, the most successful is Adam Warner, the philosopher in advance of his age; indeed as an ideal portrait, I look upon it as the most original in conception, and the most finished in execution, of any to be found in my numerous prose works, "Zanoni" alone excepted.

For the rest, I venture to think that the general reader will obtain from these pages a better notion of the important age, characterized by the decline of the feudal system, and immediately preceding that great change in society which we usually date from the accession of Henry VII., than he could otherwise gather without wading through a vast mass of neglected chronicles and antiquarian dissertations.—*Preface.*

THE DAY SEPARATING CHILDHOOD FROM YOUTH.

In our earlier years, most of us may remember that there was one day which made an epoch in life—the day that separated Childhood from Youth; for that day seems not to come gradually, but to be a sudden crisis, an abrupt revelation. The buds of the heart open to close no more.—*Book I. Chap. 2.*

POWERS OF REFLECTION—ORGAN OF LOCALITY.

We trust we shall not be deemed discourteous, either, on the one hand, to those who value themselves on their powers of reflection, or, on the other, to those who lay claim to what, in modern phrenological jargon, is called the Organ of Locality, when we venture to surmise that the two are rarely found in combination; nay, that it seems to us a very evident truism, that

in proportion to the general activity of the intellect upon subjects of pith and weight, the mind will be indifferent to those minute external objects by which a less contemplative understanding will note, and map out, and impress upon the memory, the chart of the road its owner has once taken.—*Book I. Chap.* 4.

PATIENCE

Patience is a good palfrey, and will carry us a long day.—*Book I. Chap* 5.

WOMAN'S FANCY AND MAN'S GENIUS.

The man pursued his work—the girl renewed her dream—the dark evening hour gradually stealing over both. The silence was unbroken, for the forge and the model were now at rest, save by the grating of Adam's file upon the metal, or by some ejaculation of complacency now and then vented by the enthusiast. So, apart from the many-noised, gaudy, babbling world without, even in the midst of that bloody, turbulent, and semi-barbarous time, went on (the one neglected and unknown, the other loathed and hated) the two movers of the ALL that continues the airy life of the Beautiful from age to age—the Woman's dreaming Fancy, and the man's active Genius.—*Book III. Chap.* 1.

GENTLENESS OF BEARING AND IRON WILL.

In our common and more vulgar intercourse with life, we must have observed, that where external gentleness of bearing is accompanied by a repute for iron will, determined resolution, and a serious, profound, and all-inquiring intellect, it carries with it a majesty wholly distinct from that charm which is exercised by one whose mildness of nature corresponds with the outward humility; and, if it does not convey the notion of falseness, bears the appearance of that perfect self-possession, that calm repose of power, which intimidates those it influences far more than the imperious port and the loud voice.—*Book III. Chap.* 5.

MAIDEN LOVING WORTHILY.

"A maiden, methinks," answered Sibyll, with reluctant but charming hesitation, "cannot love truly, if she love unworthily; and if she love worthily, it is not rank nor wealth she loves."—*Book III. Chap.* 8.

WHAT A NOBLE-HEART DARES LEAST BELIE.

"*He durst not*," said Warwick, "*because what a noble heart dares least is to belie the plighted word, and what the kind heart shuns most is to wrong the confiding friend.*"—*Book IV. Chap.* 2.

NOT PROSPERITY THAT SPOILS THE HEART.

The girl smiled at the young man's confusion.

"It is not prosperity that spoils the heart," she said, touchingly, "unless it be mean, indeed. Thou rememberest, Master Alwyn, that when God tried his saint, it was by adversity and affliction."—*Book IV. Chap.* 4.

MEN'S STATURE MEASURED BY SOUL.

In the hour of strait and need, we measure men's stature not by the body, but the soul!—*Book V. Chap.* 4.

THE GENIUS AND THE QUACK.

The world was not large enough to contain two such giants —Bungey and Warner—the Genius and the Quack. To the best of our experience, the quacks have the same creed to our own day. He vowed deep vengeance upon his associate, and spared no arts to foment the popular hatred against him. Friar Bungey would have been a great critic in our day!—*Book V. Chap.* 6.

WOMAN'S TRUE AMBITION.

"Surely true ambition lives not only in the goods of fortune. Is there no nobler ambition than that of the vanity? Is there no ambition of the heart?—an ambition to console, to cheer the griefs of those who love and trust us?—an ambition to build a happiness out of the reach of fate?—an ambition to soothe some high soul, in its strife with a mean world—to lull to sleep its pain, to smile to serenity its cares? Oh, methinks, a woman's true ambition would rise the bravest when, in the very sight of death itself, the voice of him in whom her glory had dwelt through life should say, 'Thou fearest not to walk to the grave and to heaven by my side!'"—*Book V. Chap.* 7.

INGRATITUDE THE VICE OF MEN.

"Alas!" said Warwick, "whether man be rich or poor, ingratitude is the vice of men; and you, who have felt it from the mob, menace me with it from a king. But each must carve out his own way through this earth, without over-care for applause or blame; and the tomb is the sole judge of mortal memory!" —*Book VII. Chap.* 4.

DISSIMULATION OFTEN HUMBLE.

Dissimulation is often humble—often polished—often grave, sleek, smooth, decorous; but it is rarely gay and jovial, a hearty laugher, a merry, cordial, boon companion. Such, however, was the felicitous craft of Edward IV.; and, indeed, his spirits

were naturally so high—his good-humor so flowing—that this joyous hypocrisy cost him no effort.—*Book VII. Chap.* 5.

LOVE OF YOUTH TO YOUTH.

Oh! beautiful is the love of youth to youth, and touching the tenderness of womanhood to woman; and fair in the eyes of the happy sun is the waking of holy sleep, and the virgin kiss upon virgin lips smiling and murmuring the sweet "Good morrow!" —*Book VIII. Chap.* 3.

HOPE.

Though Hope be a small child, she can carry a great anchor!—*Book VIII. Chap.* 4.

LOVE KNOWS NO AGE.

Love knows no age—it foresees no grave! its happiness and its trust behold on the earth but one glory, melting into the hues of heaven, where they who love lastingly pass calmly on to live forever!—*Book VIII. Chap.* 5.

LOVE CANNOT SACRIFICE WHAT MAKES LOVE.

"Alas, my lord, I am but a poor casuist, but I feel that if I asked thee to forfeit whatever men respect,—honor, and repute for valor,—to be traitor and dastard, thou couldst love me no more; and marvel you, if when man wooes woman to forfeit all that her sex holds highest—to be in woman what dastard and traitor is in man—she hears her conscience and her God speak in a louder voice than can come from a human lip! The goods and pomps of the world we are free to sacrifice, and true love heeds and counts them not: but true love cannot sacrifice that which makes up love—it cannot sacrifice the right to be loved below, the hope to love on in the realm above, the power to pray with a pure soul for the happiness it yearns to make, the blessing to seem ever good and honored in the eyes of the one by whom alone it would be judged—and therefore, sweet lord, true love never contemplates this sacrifice; and if once it believe itself truly loved, it trusts with a fearless faith in the love on whom it leans."—*Book VIII. Chap.* 5.

GRIEF AND SOLITUDE OF THE PURE.

Amidst the grief and solitude of the pure, there comes, at times, a strange and rapt serenity—a sleep-awake—over which the instinct of life beyond the grave glides like a noiseless dream; and ever that heaven that the soul yearns for is colored by the fancies of the fond human heart,—each fashioning the above from the desires unsatisfied below.

"There," thought the musing maiden, "cruelty and strife shall cease—there, vanish the harsh differences of life—there, those whom we have loved and lost are found, and through the Son, who tasted of mortal sorrow, we are raised to the home of the Eternal Father!"

"And there," thought the aspiring sage, "the mind, dungeoned and chained below, rushes free into the realms of space—there, from every mystery falls the veil—there, the Omniscient smiles on those who, through the darkness of life, have fed that lamp, the soul,—there, thought, but the seed on earth, bursts into the flower, and ripens to the fruit!"

And on the several hopes of both maid and sage the eyes of the angel stars smiled with a common promise.—*Book IX. Chap.* 5.

GOD EVERYWHERE.

Night, to the earnest soul, opens the Bible of the Universe, and on the leaves of Heaven is written—"God is everywhere!"—*Book IX. Chap.* 5.

TRIFLING OBJECTS SUGGEST IDEAS.

To the thinker, the most trifling external object often suggests ideas, which, like Homer's chain, extend, link after link, from earth to heaven.—*Book IX. Chap.* 5.

BEFORE THE SLEEP OF INNOCENCE.

Go to thine infant's couch, ere thou seek thine own, and, before the sleep of Innocence, calm thyself back to Womanhood.—*Book IX. Chap.* 10.

GOD KINDER THAN MAN CAN KNOW.

God is kinder to us all than man can know; for man looks only to the sorrow on the surface, and sees not the consolation in the deeps of the unwitnessed soul.—*Book X. Chap.* 1.

DESTINY BUT A PHANTOM.

"It is destiny!"—phrase of the weak human heart! "It is destiny!" dark apology for every error! The strong and the virtuous admit *no* destiny! On earth, guides Conscience—in heaven, watches God. And Destiny is but the phantom we invoke to silence the one—to dethrone the other.—*Book X. Chap.* 6.

THE DOMAIN OF THE HEART BEYOND THE REALM OF MEN.

In the storms of a revolution which convulsed a kingdom and hurled to the dust a throne, Love saw but a single object—Science but its tranquil toil. Beyond the realm of men lies ever with its joy and sorrow, its vicissitude and change, the domain

of the human heart. In the revolution, the toy of the scholar was restored to him; in the revolution, the maiden mourned her lover. In the movement of the mass, each unit hath its separate passion. The blast that rocks the tree, shakes a different world in every leaf!—*Book X. Chap.* 10.

WHEN CHIEFS ARE PERJURED.

"When chiefs and suzerains are false and perjured, Lord Hastings," answered Montagu, "to obey them is not loyalty, but serfdom; and revolt is not disloyalty, but a freeman's duty. One day thou mayest know that truth, but too late!"—*Book X. Chap.* 7.

GOD PRESENT ALWAY.

From the ivory crucifix gleamed the sad and holy face of the God—present alway—and who, by faith and patience, linketh evermore grief to joy—but earth to heaven.—*Chap.* 11.

THE MAIDEN'S TRUE DOWER.

At the repetition of that implied desire to transfer *her* also to another—a noble indignation came to mar the calm for which she had hitherto not vainly struggled. "Oh man!" she exclaimed, with passion, "does thy deceit give me the right to deceive another? I—I wed!—I—I—vow at the altar—a love dead, dead forever—dead as my own heart! Why dost thou mock me with the hollow phrase, 'Thou art pure and stainless?' Is the virginity of the soul still left? Do the tears I have shed for thee—doth the thrill of my heart when I heard thy voice—doth the plighted kiss that burns, burns now into my brow, and on my lips—do these, these leave me free to carry to a new affection the cinders and ashes of a soul thou hast ravaged and deflowered? Oh, coarse and rude belief of men,—that nought is lost, if the mere form be pure! The freshness of the first feelings, the bloom of the sinless thought, the sigh, the blush of the devotion—never, never felt but once! these, these make the true dower a maiden should bring to the heart to which she comes as wife."—*Book XII. Chap.* 2.

THE DEATH OF WARWICK.

But numbers rushed on numbers, as the fury of conflict urged on the lukewarm. Montagu was beaten to his knee—Warwick covered him with his body—a hundred axes resounded on the earl's stooping casque—a hundred blades gleamed round the joints of his harness:—a simultaneous cry was heard:—over the mounds of the slain, through the press into the shadow of the oaks, dashed Gloucester's charger. The conflict had ceased—

the executioners stood mute in a half-circle. Side by side, axe and sword still griped in their hands, lay Montagu and Warwick. The young duke, his vizor raised, contemplated the fallen foes in silence. Then dismounting, he unbraced with his own hand the earl's helmet. Revived for a moment by the air, the hero's eyes unclosed, his lips moved, he raised, with a feeble effort, the gory battle-axe, and the armed crowd recoiled in terror. But the earl's soul dimly conscious, and about to part, had escaped from that scene of strife—its later thoughts of wrath and vengeance—to more gentle memories, to such memories as fade the last from true and manly hearts!

"Wife!—child!" murmured the earl, indistinctly. "Anne—Anne! Dear ones, God comfort ye!" And with these words the breath went—the head fell heavily on its mother earth—the face set, calm and undistorted, as the face of a soldier should be, when a brave death has been worthy of a brave life.—*Book XII. Chap.* 7.

EDWARD, THE MAN OF THE AGE.

High from the battlements against the westering beam floated Edward's conquering flag—a sun shining to the sun. Again, and the third time, rang the trumpets, and on the balcony, his crown upon his head, but his form still sheathed in armor, stood the king. What mattered to the crowd his falseness and his perfidy—his licentiousness and cruelty? All vices ever vanish in success! Hurrah for King Edward! THE MAN OF THE AGE suited the age, had valor for its war and cunning for its peace, and the sympathy of the age was with him! So there stood the king;—at his right hand, Elizabeth, with her infant boy (the heir of England) in her arms—the proud face of the duchess seen over the queen's shoulder. By Elizabeth's side was the Duke of Gloucester, leaning on his sword, and at the left of Edward, the perjured Clarence bowed his fair head to the joyous throng! At the sight of the victorious king, of the lovely queen, and, above all, of the young male heir, who promised length of days to the line of York, the crowd burst forth with a hearty cry—"Long live the king and the king's son!" Mechanically Elizabeth turned her moistened eyes from Edward to Edward's brother, and suddenly, as with a mother's prophetic instinct, clasped her infant closer to her bosom, when she caught the glittering and fatal eye of Richard Duke of Gloucester (York's young hero of the day, Warwick's grim avenger in the future), fixed upon that harmless life—destined to interpose a feeble obstacle between the ambition of a ruthless intellect and the heritage of the English throne!—*The End.*

CALDERON THE COURTIER.

LEADING CHARACTERS.

PHILIP III. of Spain.
DUKE OF LERMA.
RODERIGO CALDERON, Count Oliva, Marquis de Siete Iglesias.
FRAY LOUIS DE ALIAZA, a renowned Jesuit and confessor to the king.
DUKE D'UZEDA, son of the Cardinal Duke.
DON FELIX DE CASTRO, an old noble.
DON DIEGO SARMIENTO DE MENDO.
MARTIN FONSECA, a brave soldier of an ancient but impoverished house.
PHILIP, the Infant of Spain.
BEATRIX COELLO, a young actress, daughter of Roderigo and his wife Inez.
DON JUAN DE LA NUZA.
GASPAR DE GUZMAN, a gentleman of the Prince's chamber.

It was midnight, in the chapel of the convent.

The moonlight shone with exceeding lustre through the tall casements and lit into a ghastly semblance of life the marble images of saint and martyr, that threw their long shadows over the consecrated floor. Nothing could well be conceived more dreary, solemn, and sepulchral, than that holy place: its distainted and time-hallowed walls; the impenetrable mass of darkness that gathered into those recesses which the moonlight failed to reach; its antique and massive tombs, above which reclined the sculptured effigies of some departed patroness or abbess, who had exchanged a living grave for the Mansions of the Blest. But there—oh, wonderful human heart!—even there, in that spot, the very homily and warning against earthly affections, and mortal hopes—even there, couldst thou beat with as wild, as bright, and as pure a passion as ever heaved the breast, and shone in the eyes of Beauty, in the free air that ripples the Guadiana, or amidst the twilight dance of Castilian maids.—*Chap.* 8.

EXECUTION OF RODERIGO CALDERON.

An immense crowd, one bright day in summer, were assembled in the place of execution. A shout of savage exultation rent the air as Roderigo Calderon, Marquis de Siete Iglesias,

appeared upon the scaffold. But when the eyes of the multitude rested—not upon that lofty and stately form, in all the pride of manhood, which they had been accustomed to associate with their fears of the stern genius and iron power of the favorite—but upon a bent and spectral figure, that seemed already on the verge of a natural grave, with a face ploughed deep with traces of unutterable woe, and hollow eyes that looked, with dim and scarce conscious light, over the human sea that murmured and swayed below, the tide of the popular emotion changed; to rage and triumph succeeded shame and pity. Not a hand was lifted up in accusation—not a voice was raised in rebuke or joy. Beside Calderon stood the appointed priest, whispering cheer and consolation. "Fear not, my son," said the holy man. "The pang of the body strikes years of purgatory from thy doom. Think of this, and bless even the agony of this hour."

"Yes!" muttered Calderon; "I do bless this hour. Inez thy daughter has avenged thy murder! May Heaven accept the sacrifice! and may my eyes, even athwart the fiery gulf, awaken upon thee!"

With that a serene and contented smile passed over the face on which the crowd gazed with breathless awe.—*Chap.* 11.

PAUSANIAS, THE SPARTAN.

LEADING CHARACTERS.

PAUSANIAS, Regent of Sparta, and general of the allied troops at Platæa.
CIMON, son of Miltiades.
ARISTIDES.
ANTAGORAS, a Greek.
GONGYLUS, a Greek, the governor of Byzantium.
ULIADES of Samos.
ALCMAN, the foster brother of Pausanias.
THRASYLLUS, a Spartan of rank.
LYSANDER, a Spartan.
DIAGORAS.
CLEONICE, daughter of Diagoras.
ARIAMANES, kinsman to Xerxes.
DATIS the Mede, a warrior, brother to the most renowned of the Magi.
POLYDORUS.
GELON.
CLEOMENES.
PERICLIDES, ZEUXIDAMUS, AGESILAUS, } representatives of the Spartan people.
ALITHEA, mother of Pausanias.
PERCALUS, a Spartan girl, betrothed to Lysander.

MOTHON'S SONG.

Carry a sword in the myrtle bough,
Ye who would honor the tyrant-slayer;
I, in the leaves of the myrtle bough,
Carry a tyrant to slay myself.

I pluck'd the branch with a hasty hand,
But love was lurking amidst the leaves;
His bow is bent and his shaft is poised,
And I must perish or pass the bough.

Maiden, I come with a gift to thee;
Maiden, I come with a myrtle wreath;
Over thy forehead, or round thy breast,
Bind, I employ thee, my myrtle wreath.

From hand to hand by the banquet lights
On with the myrtle bough passes song;
From hand to hand by the silent stars
What with the myrtle wreath passes? Love.

I bear the god in a myrtle wreath,
Under the stars let him pass to thee.
Empty his quiver and bind his wings,
Then pass the myrtle wreath back to me.

Book I. Chap. 4.

FEWER BLOWS THE BETTER.

The fewer blows the better. Brave men fight if they must; wise men never fight if they can help it.—*Book II. Chap.* 3.

WOMAN YEARNS TO BE SOOTHER.

Centuries roll, customs change, but, ever since the time of the earliest mother, woman yearns to be the soother.—*Book II. Chap.* 5.

THE ISLE OF SPIRITS.

Many wonders on the ocean
By the moonlight may be seen;
Under moonlight on the Euxine
Rose the blessed silver isle,

As Leostratus of Croton,
At the Pythian god's behest,
Steered along the troubled waters
To the tranquil spirit-land.

In the earthquake of the battle,
When the Locrians reel'd before
Croton's shock of marching iron,
Strode a Phantom to their van:

Strode the shade of Locrian Ajax,
Guarding still the native soil,
And Leostratus, confronting,
Wounded fell before the spear.

Leech and herb the wound could heal not;
Said the Pythian god, "Depart,
Voyage o'er the troubled Euxine
To the tranquil spirit-land.

"There abides the Locrian Ajax.
He who gave the wound shall hea;
Godlike souls are in their mercy
Stronger yet than in their wrath."

While at ease on lullèd waters
Rose the blessed silver isle,
Purple vines in lengthening vistas
Knit the hill-top to the beach.

And the beach had sparry caverns,
And the floor of golden sands,
And wherever soar'd the cypress,
Underneath it bloom'd the rose.

Glimmer'd there amid the vine-trees,
Thoro' cavern, over beach,
Life-like shadows of a beauty
Which the living know no more;

Towering statures of great heroes,
They who fought at Thebes and Troy;
And with looks that poets dream of
Beam'd the women heroes loved.

Kingly, forth before their comrades,
As the vessel touch'd the shore,
Came the stateliest Two by Hymen
Ever hallow'd into One.

As He strode, the forests trembled
To the awe that crown'd his brow:
As She stepp'd, the ocean dimpled
To the ray that left her smile.

"Welcome hither, fearless warrior!"
Said a voice in which there slept
Thunder-sounds to scatter armies,
As a north wind scatters leaves.

"Welcome hither, wounded sufferer,"
Said a voice of music low
As the coo of doves that nestle
Under summer boughs at noon.

"Who are ye, O shapes of glory?"
Ask'd the wondering living man:
Quoth the Man-ghost, "This is Helen,
And the Fair is for the Brave.

"Fairest prize to bravest victor;
Whom doth Greece her bravest deem?"
Said Leostratus, "Achilles:"
"Bride and bridegroom then are we."

"Low I kneel to thee, Pelides,
But, O marvel, she thy bride,
She whose guilt unpeopled Hellas,
She whose marriage lights fired Troy!"

Frown'd the large front of Achilles,
Overshadowing sea and sky,
Even as when between Olympus
And Oceanus hangs storm.

"Know, thou dullard," said Pelides,
"That on the funereal pyre
Earthly sins are purged from glory,
And the Soul is as the Name.

"If to her in life—a Paris,
If to me in life—a slave,
Helen's mate is *here* Achilles,
Mine—the sister of the stars.

" Naught of her survives but beauty,
Naught of me survives but fame;
Here the Beautiful and Famous
Intermingle evermore."

Then throughout the Blessed Island
Sung aloud the Race of Light,
Know, the Beautiful and Famous
Marry here for evermore!

Book III. Chap. 4.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE SOUL.

Out of its development here, that soul comes on to a new development elsewhere. If here the beginning lead to that new development in what we call virtue, it moves to light and joy; if it can only roll on through the grooves it has here made for itself, in what we call vice and crime, its path is darkness and wretchedness.—*Book III. Chap.* 1.

MANY KINDS OF MUSIC.

Thou knowest that there are many kinds of music—for instance, the Doric, the Æolian, the Ionian—in Hellas. The Lydians have their music, the Phrygians theirs, too. The Scyth and the Mede doubtless have their own. Each race prefers the music it cultivates, and finds fault with the music of other races. And yet a man who has learned melody and measure will recognize a music in them all. So it is with virtue, the music of the human soul. It differs in differing races. But he who has learned to know what virtue is can recognize its harmonies, wherever they be heard. And thus the soul that fulfils its own notions of music, and carries them up to its idea of excellence, is the master-soul; and in the regions to which it goes, when the breath leaves the lips, it pursues the same art set free from the trammels that confined and the false judgments that marred it here. For then the soul is no longer Spartan, or Ionian, Lydian, Median, or Scythian. Escaped into the upper air it is the citizen of universal freedom and universal light. And hence it does not live as a ghost in gloomy shades, being merely a pale memory of things that have passed away; but in its primitive being as an emanation from the one divine principle which penetrates everywhere, vivifies all things, and enjoys in all.—*Book III. Chap.* 1.

LOVE, THE CREATIVE POWER.

" What drew forth that music?" he asked, smiling. " My hand and my will, from a genius not present, not visible. Was that genius a blind fate? No, it was a grand intelligence. Na-

ture is to the Deity what my hand and will are to the unseen genius of the musician. They obey an intelligence and they form a music. If creation proceed from an intelligence, what we call fate is but the consequence of its laws. And Nature operates not in the external world alone, but in the core of all life; therefore in the mind of man obeying only what some supreme intelligence has placed there; therefore in man's mind producing music or discord, according as he has learned the principles of harmony, that is, of good. And there be sages who declare that Intelligence and Love are the same. Yet," added the Mothon, with an aspect solemnly compassionate, "not the love thou mockest by the name of Aphrodite. No mortal eye hath ever seen that love within the known sphere, yet all insensibly feel its reign. What keeps the world together but affection? What makes the earth bring forth its fruits but the kindness which beams in the sunlight and descends in the dews? What makes the lioness watch over her cubs, and the bird, with all air for its wanderings, come back to the fledglings in its nest? Strike love, the conjoiner, from creation, and creation returns to a void. Destroy love, the parental, and life is born but to perish. Where stop the influence of love, or how limit multiform degree? Love guards the fatherland; crowns with turrets the walls of the freeman. What but love binds the citizens of states together, and frames and heeds the laws that submit individual liberty to the rule of the common good? Love creates, love cements, love enters and harmonizes all things. And as like attracts like, so love attracts in the hereafter the loving souls that conceived it here. From the region where it summons them, its opposites are excluded. There ceases war; there ceases pain. There, indeed, intermingle the beautiful and glorious, but beauty purified from earthly sin, the glorious resting from earthly toil. Ask ye how to know on earth where love is really presiding? Not in Paphos, not in Amathus. Wherever thou seest beauty and good; wherever thou seest life, and that life pervaded with faculties of joy, there thou seest love; there thou shouldst recognize the Divinity!"

"And where I see misery and hate," said the Spartan, "what should I recognize there?"

"Master," returned the singer, "can the good come without a struggle? Is the beautiful accomplished without strife? Recall the tales of primeval chaos, when, as sung the Ascræan singer, love first darted into the midst; imagine the heave and throe of joining elements; conjure up the first living shapes, born of the fluctuating slime and vapor. Surely they were things incomplete, deformed ghastly fragments of being, as are the

dreams of a maniac. Had creative Love stopped there, and thou, standing on the height of some fair completed world, had viewed the warring portents, wouldst thou not have said, But these are the works of Evil and Hate? Love did not stop there, it worked on; and out of the chaos once ensouled, this glorious world swung itself into ether, the completed sister of the stars. Again, O my listeners, contemplate the sculptor, when the block from the granite shaft first stands, rude and shapeless, before him. See him in his earlier strife with the obstinate matter—how uncouth the first outline of limb and feature; unlovelier often in the rugged commencements of shape than when the dumb mass stood shapeless. If the sculptor had stopped there, the thing might serve as an image for the savage of an abominable creed, engaged in the sacrifice of human flesh. But he pauses not, he works on. Stroke by stroke comes from the stone shape of more beauty than man himself is endowed with, and in a human temple stands a celestial image.

"Thus is it with a soul in the mundane sphere; it works its way on through the adverse matter. We see its work half completed; we cry, 'Lo! this is misery, this is hate,' because the chaos is not yet a perfected world, and the stone block is not yet a statue of Apollo. But for that reason must we pause? No; we must work on, till the victory brings the repose.

"All things come into order from the war of contraries; the elements fight and wrestle to produce the wild flower at our feet; from a wild flower man hath striven and toiled to perfect the marvellous rose of the hundred leaves. Hate is necessary for the energies of love, evil for the activity of good; until, I say, the victory is won, until Hate and Evil are subdued, as the sculptor subdues the stone; and then rises the divine image serene forever, and rests on its pedestal in the Uranian Temple. Lift thine eyes; that temple is yonder. O Pausanias, the sculptor's workroom is the earth."—*Book III. Chap.* 1.

DEWDROP.

"Dewdrop that weepest on the sharp-barbed thorn,
Why didst thou fall from Day's golden chalices?
'My tears bathe the thorn,' said the Dewdrop,
'To nourish the bloom of the rose.'

"Soul of the Infant, why to calamity
Comest thou wailing from the calm spirit-source?
'Ask of the Dew,' said the Infant,
'Why it descends on the thorn!'

"Dewdrop from storm, and soul from calamity
Vanish soon—whither? let the Dew answer thee;
'Have not my tears been my glory?
Tears drew me up to the sun.'

" What were thine uses, that thou art glorified?
What did thy tears give, profiting earth or sky?
'There to the thorn-stem a blossom:
Here, to the Iris a tint.'"

Book III. Chap. 1.

CREED OF THE PERSIANS.

Knowest thou not that in the creed of the Persians each mortal is watched on earth by a good spirit and an evil one? And they who loved us below, or to whom we have done beneficent and gentle deeds, if they go before us into death, pass to the side of the good spirit, and strengthen him to save and to bless thee against the malice of the bad, and the bad is strengthened in his turn by those whom we have injured.—*Book III. Chap.* 2.

LARGE PREPONDERANCE OF HOPE.

If we were enabled minutely to examine the mental organization of men who have risked great dangers, whether by the impulse of virtue or in the perpetration of crime, we should probably find therein a large preponderance of hope. By that preponderance we should account for those heroic designs which would annihilate prudence as a calculator, did not a sanguine confidence in the results produce special energies to achieve them, and thus create a prudence of its own, being, as it were, the self-conscious admeasurement of the diviner strength which justified the preterhuman spring. Nor less should we account by the same cause for that audacity which startles us in criminals on a colossal scale, which blinds them to the risks of detection, and often at the bar of justice, while the evidences that insure condemnation are thickening round them, with the persuasion of acquittal or escape. Hope is thus alike the sublime inspirer or the arch corrupter; it is the foe of terror, the defier of consequences, the buoyant gamester which at every loss doubles the stakes, with a firm hand rattles the dice, and, invoking ruin, cries within itself, "How shall I expend the gain?"

In the character, therefore, of a man like Pausanias, risking so much glory, daring so much peril, strong indeed must have been this sanguine motive power of human action. Nor is a large and active development of hope incompatible with a temperament habitually grave and often profoundly melancholy. For hope itself is often engendered by discontent. A vigorous nature keenly susceptible to joy, and deprived of the possession of the joy it yearns for by circumstances that surround it in the present, is goaded on by its impatience and dissatisfaction; it hopes for the something it has not got, indifferent to the things it possesses, and saddened by the want which it experiences.

And therefore it has been well said by philosophers that real happiness would exclude desire; in other words not only at the gate of hell, but at the porch of heaven, he who entered would leave hope behind him. For perfect bliss is but supreme content. And if content could say to itself, "But I hope for something more," it would destroy its own existence.—*Book III. Chap.* 6.

IN PRAISE OF THE ATHENIAN KNIGHTS.

[Imitated from the Knights of Aristophanes, v. 565. etc.]

Chant the fame of the Knights, or in war or in peace,
Chant the darlings of Athens,* the bulwarks of Greece,
Pressing foremost to glory, on wave and on shore,
Where the steed has no footing, they win with the oar.†

On their bosoms the battle splits, wasting its shock.
If they charge like the whirlwind, they stand like the rock.
Ha! they count not the numbers, they scan not the ground;
When a foe comes in sight, on his lances they bound.

Fails a foot in its speed? heed it not. One and all ‡
Spurn the earth that they spring from, and own not a fall.
Oh, the darlings of Athens, the bulwarks of Greece,
Wherefore envy the love-locks they perfume in peace!

Wherefore scowl if they fondle a quail or a dove,
Or inscribe on a myrtle the names that they love?
Does Alcides not teach us how valor is mild?
Lo, at rest from his labors he plays with a child.

When the slayer of Python has put down his bow,
By his lute and his love-locks Apollo we know.
Fear'd, O rowers, those gallants their beauty to spoil
When they sat on your benches, and shared in your toil?

When with laughter they row'd to your cry "Hippopai,"
"On, ye coursers of wood, for the palm wreath, away!"
Did those dainty youths ask you to store in your holds
Or a cask from their crypt or a lamb from their folds?

No, they cried, "We are here both to fight and to fast,
Place us first in the fight, at the board serve us last!
Wheresoever is peril, we Knights lead the way,
Wheresoever is hardship, we claim it as pay.

Call us proud, O Athenians, we know it full well,
And we give you the life we're too haughty to sell."
Hail the stoutest in war, hail the mildest in peace,
Hail the darlings of Athens, the bulwarks of Greece!

Book IV. Chap. 7.

* Variation—
"The adorers of Athens, the bulwarks of Greece."

† Variation—
"Keenest racers to glory, on wave or on shore,
By the rush of the steed or the stroke of the oar!"

‡ Variation—
"Falls there one? never help him! Our knights one and all.

RICHELIEU;

OR, THE CONSPIRACY.

A PLAY IN FIVE ACTS.

PERSONS OF THE DRAMA.

LOUIS THE THIRTEENTH.
GASTON, Duke of Orleans (brother to Louis XIII.).
BARADAS (favorite of the King, first gentleman of the Chamber, premier, ecuyer, etc.).
CARDINAL RICHELIEU.
THE CHEVALIER DE MAUPRAT.
THE SIEUR DE BERINGHEN (in attendance on the King, one of the conspirators).
JOSEPH (a Capuchin, Richelieu's confidant).
HUGUET (an officer of Richelieu's household guard—a spy).
FRANCOIS (first page to Richelieu).
FIRST COURTIER.
CAPTAIN OF THE ARCHERS.
FIRST, SECOND, THIRD } Secretaries of State.
GOVERNOR OF THE BASTILE.
JAILER.
Courtiers, Pages, Conspirators, Officers, Soldiers, etc.
JULIE DE MORTEMAR (an orphan ward to Richelieu).
MARION DE LORME (mistress to Orleans, but in Richelieu's pay).

AUTHOR'S PREFACE TO RICHELIEU.

The administration of Cardinal Richelieu, whom (despite all his darker qualities,) Voltaire and History justly consider the true architect of the French monarchy, and the great parent of French civilization, is characterized by features alike tragic and comic. A weak king—an ambitious favorite; a despicable conspiracy against the minister, nearly always associated with a dangerous treason against the State—these, with little variety of names and dates, constitute the eventful cycle through which, with a dazzling ease, and an arrogant confidence, the great luminary fulfilled its destinies. Blent together, in startling contrast, we see the grandest achievements and the pettiest agents; —the spy—the mistress—the capuchin;—the destruction of feudalism; the humiliation of Austria;—the dismemberment of Spain.

Richelieu himself is still what he was in his own day—a man of two characters. If, on the one hand, he is justly represented as inflexible and vindictive, crafty and unscrupulous; so, on the other, it cannot be denied that he was placed in times in which the long impunity of every license required stern examples—that he was beset by perils and intrigues, which gave a certain excuse to the subtlest inventions of self-defence—that his ambition was inseparably connected with a passionate love for the glory of his country—and that, if he was her dictator, he was not less her benefactor. It has been fairly remarked by the most impartial historians, that he was no less generous to merit than severe to crime—that, in the various departments of the State, the Army, and the Church, he selected and distinguished the ablest aspirants—that the wars which he conducted were, for the most part, essential to the preservation of France and Europe itself, from the formidable encroachments of the Austrian House—that, in spite of those wars, the people were not oppressed with exorbitant imposts—and that he left the kingdom he had governed in a more flourishing and vigorous state than at any former period of the French history, or at the decease of Louis XIV.

The cabals formed against the great statesman were not carried on by the patriotism of public virtue, nor the emulation of equal talent; they were but court struggles, in which the most worthless agents had recourse to the most desperate means.—In each, as I have before observed, we see combined the twofold attempt to murder the minister, and to betray the country. Such, then, are the agents, and such the designs, with which truth, in the Drama, as in History, requires us to contrast the celebrated Cardinal; not disguising his foibles or his vices, but not unjust to the grander qualities (especially the love of country) by which they were often dignified, and, at times, redeemed.

The historical drama is the concentration of historical events. In the attempt to place upon the stage the picture of an era, that license with dates and details, which Poetry permits, and which the highest authorities in the Drama of France herself, have sanctioned, has been, though not unsparingly, indulged. The conspiracy of the Duc de Bouillon is, for instance, amalgamated with the denouncement of the *Day of Dupes;* and circumstances connected with the treason of Cinq-Mars (whose brilliant youth and gloomy catastrophe tend to subvert poetic and historic justice, by seducing us to forget his base ingratitude and his perfidious apostacy,) are identified with the fate of the earlier favorite Baradas, whose sudden rise and as sudden fall

passed into a proverb. I ought to add, that the noble romance of Cinq-Mars suggested one of the scenes in the fifth Act; and that for the conception of some portion of the intrigue connected with De Mauprat and Julie, I am with great alterations of incident, and considerable if not entire reconstruction of character, indebted to an early and admirable novel by the author of *Picciola*.

LONDON, *March*, 1839.

DIVINE AFFECTIONS.

De Maup. "Who lonely in the midnight tent,
Gazed on the watch-fires in the sleepless air,
Nor chose one star amidst the clustering hosts
To bless it in the name of some fair face
Set in his spirit as the star in Heaven?
For our divine Affections, like the Spheres,
Move ever, ever musical.

Bar. You speak
As one who fed on poetry.

De Maup. Why, man,
The thoughts of lovers stir with poetry
As leaves with summer wind. The heart that loves
Dwells in an Eden, hearing angel-lutes,
As Eve in the First Garden.

Act I.

LOVE HAS NO NEED OF WORDS.

Love hath no need of words;—nor less within
That holiest temple—the heaven-builded soul—
Breathes the recorded vow.—Base night,—false lover
Were he, who barter'd all that brighten'd grief,
Or sanctified despair, for life and gold.

Act I.

GODLIKE POWER.

Oh, godlike Power! Woe, Rapture, Penury, Wealth—
Marriage and Death, for one infirm old man
Through a great empire to dispense—withhold—
As the will whispers! And shall things, like motes
That live in my daylight; lackeys of court wages,
Dwarf'd starvelings; manikins upon whose shoulders
The burthen of a province were a load
More heavy than the globe on Atlas—cast
Lots for my robes and sceptre? France, I love thee!
All earth shall never pluck thee from my heart!

My mistress, France ; my wedded wife, sweet France ;
Who shall proclaim divorce for thee and me ! *Act I.*

THE PEN MIGHTIER THAN THE SWORD.

Rich. (*who has seated himself as to write, lifts the pen*).
True THIS !
Beneath the rule of men entirely great
The pen is mightier than the sword. Behold
The arch enchanter's wand—itself a nothing !
By taking sorcery from the master hand
To paralyze the Cæsars, and to strike
The loud earth breathless ! Take away the sword—
States can be saved without it ! *Act II.*

NO SUCH WORD AS FAIL.

Rich. Fail—
In the lexicon of youth, which Fate reserves
For a bright manhood, there is no such word
As—*fail !* *Act II.*

TWO THINGS IMMORTAL, FAME AND A PEOPLE.

Beyond
The map of France, my heart can travel not,
But fills that limit to the farthest verge ;
And while I live—Richelieu and France are one.
We priests, to whom the Church forbids in youth
The plighted one—to manhood's toil denies
The soother helpmate—from our wither'd age
Shuts the sweet blossoms of the second spring
That smiles in the name Father—we are yet
Not holier than humanity, and must
Fulfil humanity's condition—Love !
Debarr'd the Actual, we but breathe a life
To chill the marble of the Ideal—Thus,
In the unseen and abstract Majesty,
My France—my Country, I have bodied forth
A thing to love. What are these robes of state,
This pomp, this palace ? perishable baubles !
In this world two things only are immortal—
Fame and a People ! *Act II.*

RICHELIEU'S SOLILOQUY.

Rich. " In silence, and at night the conscience feels
That life should soar to nobler ends than Power : "
So sayest thou, sage and sober moralist !

But wert thou tried? Sublime Philosophy,
Thou art the Patriarch's ladder, reaching heaven,
And bright with beck'ning angels, but alas!
We see thee like the Patriarch, but in dreams,
By the first step—dull-slumbering on the earth.
I am not happy! With the Titan's lust
I woo'd a goddess, and I clasp a cloud.
When I am dust, my name shall, like a star,
Shine through wan space, a glory—and a prophet
Whereby pale seers shall from their aëry towers
Con all the ominous signs, benign or evil,
That make the potent astrologue of kings.
But shall the Future judge me by the ends
That I have wrought, or by the dubious means
Through which the stream of my renown hath run
Into the many-voiced unfathomed Time?
Foul in its bed lie weeds—and heaps of slime,
And with its waves—when sparkling in the sun.
Oft times the secret rivulets that swell
Its might of waters—blend the hues of blood.
Yet are my sins not those of CIRCUMSTANCE,
That all-pervading atmosphere wherein
Our spirits, like the unsteady lizzard, take
The tints that color, and the food that nurtures?
O! ye, whose hour-glass shifts its tranquil sands
In the unvex'd silence of a student's cell;
Ye, whose untempted hearts have never toss'd
Upon the dark and stormy tides where life
Gives battle to the elements,—and man
Wrestles with man for some slight plank, whose weight
Will bear but one—while round the desperate wretch
The hungry billows roar—and the fierce Fate
Like some huge monster, dim-seen through the surf,
Waits him who drops;—ye safe and formal men,
Who write the deeds and with unfeverish hand
Weigh in nice scales the motives of the great,
Ye cannot know what ye have never tried!
History preserves only the fleshless bones
Of what we are—and by the mocking skull
The would-be wise pretend to guess the features!
Without the roundness and the glow of life
How hideous is the skeleton! Without
The colorings and humanities that clothe
Our errors, the anatomists of schools
Can make our memory hideous!

I have outlived love
O! beautiful—all golden—gentle youth!
Making thy palace in the careless front
And hopeful eye of man—ere yet the soul
Hath lost the memories which (so Plato dream'd)
Breath'd glory from the earlier star it dwelt in—
O! for one gale from thine exulting morning,
Stirring amidst the roses, where of old
Love shook the dew-drops from his glancing hair!
Could I recall the past—or had not set
The prodigal treasures of the bankrupt soul
In one slight bark upon the shoreless sea!
The yoked steer, after his day of toil,
Forgets the goad and rests—to me alike
Or day or night. Ambition has no rest!
Shall I resign?—Who can resign himself?
For custom is ourself! As drink and food
Become our bone and flesh—the aliments
Nurturing our nobler part, the mind—thoughts, dreams,
Passions and aims, in the revolving cycle
Of the great alchemy—at length are made
Our mind itself! and yet the sweets of leisure—
An honor'd home—far from these base intrigues—
An eyrie on the heaven-kiss'd heights of wisdom—
Speak to me, moralist! I'll heed thy counsel.

Act III.

RICHELIEU TO BARADAS.

Bar. The country is the King!
Rich. Ay, is it so;
Then wakes the power, which in the age of iron
Burst forth to curb the great, and raise the low.
Mark where she stands, around her form I draw
The awful circle of our solemn Church!
Set but a foot within that holy ground,
And on thy head—yea, though, it wore a crown—
I launch the curse of Rome!

Act IV.

JULIE'S APPEAL TO THE KING.

Julie. Stay, stay. You have a kind and princely heart,
Tho' sometimes it is silent: you were born
To *power*—it has not flushed you into madness,
As it doth meaner men. Banish my husband—
Dissolve our marriage—cast me to that grave

Of human ties, where hearts congeal to ice,
In the dark convent's everlasting winter—
(Surely eno' for justice—hate—revenge—)
But spare this life, thus lonely, scathed, and bloomless;
And when thou stand'st for judgment on thine own,
The deed shall shine beside thee as an angel.
Rich. Ah, Joseph,
See, my liege—see thro' plots and counterplots—
Thro' gain and loss—thro' glory and disgrace—
Along the plains where passionate Discord rears
Eternal Babel—still the holy stream
Of human happiness glides on!
Louis. And must we
Thank for *that* also—our prime minister?
Rich. No—let us own it:—there is ONE above
Sways the harmonious mystery of the world
Ev'n better than prime ministers.
Alas!
Our glories float between the earth and heaven
Like clouds that seem pavilions of the sun,
And are the playthings of the casual wind;
Still, like the cloud which drops on unseen crags
The dews the wild flower feeds on, our ambition
May from its airy height drop gladness down
On unsuspected virtue; and the flower
May bless the cloud when it hath pass'd away.

The End.

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